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PICTURESQUE DUBLIN * * * *
OLD AND NEW * *

By
FRANCES A GERARD
AUTHOR OF "CELEBRATED IRISH BEAUTIES"

WITH
NINETY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ROSE BARTON
A.R.W.S.
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INTRODUCTION.

DUBLIN is eminently picturesque : its architectural buildings have pretensions of no mean order ; they are mostly in the same style and of the same date, and are disposed to the best advantage, with an evident eye to picturesque effect. The broad streets, the statues, here and there what looks like a Greek temple, the bridges that span the river, the narrow quays, the shipping—all tend to give a foreign and attractive air.

When we come to Dublin from the busy activity, the struggle for the very breath of life which is a salient feature of provincial towns such as Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, we are struck with the *dolce far niente* that pervades the Irish capital. There is no struggle for room here ; all is empty in what Carlyle was pleased to call the " vapid, inane streets, full of side cars and trashery " ; we move amidst traditions ; the past is everything, the present has small place.

In the last century this cheerful city was the second capital in the British dominions. It gave itself all the airs of a centre of fashion and gaiety ; and so far it was in its right, for the Viceroy's Court exceeded in brilliance that of George III. Lords and commoners of distinction dwelt within its walls. They were as fine as any

of the fine gentlemen in Europe—magnificent in their profuse expenditure, in their dress, their equipages, their establishments. Every nobleman had his town mansion, some palatial in size and design. One of these, now degraded into a counting-house, might fit an artistic corner in Venice. Some have been turned into barracks, others are public institutions; but all testify to a rich, costly taste and boundless expense. In Stephen's Green there are rows of stately old-fashioned houses, with spacious halls flowered over with elaborate stucco devices, wrought by Italian artists specially imported for the purpose. Here, too, we have broad stone staircases, exquisite Italian chimney-pieces, ceiling and door panels, decorated with medallions painted by Angelica Kauffmann or Valdré.

The public buildings in Dublin are mostly Grecian in character, and generally of such elegant proportions as to call for the admiration of foreign artists, who are particularly struck with the unity of design. On the other hand, some visitors have taken a very different view of the Irish capital. One of these was Carlyle, who has left on record his sad "Reflections upon Dublin," which he pronounces is "not now the capital, for here," he says, "are no lords of any kind; not even the sham lords with their land revenues come hither now." It is a surprise to find the author of "Sartor Resartus" setting such store of lords, sham or otherwise; and again he asks the question, "Alas! when will there be any real aristocracy arise, here or elsewhere, to need a capital for residing in?"

Carlyle's radicalism was very much on the surface; it was apt to disappear when he came in contact with either a lord or lady of high degree. An amusing proof of this little weakness is given in his "Irish Tour." In a fit of pettish annoyance at Lord Clarendon (Viceroy in 1849) not having at once responded to his card by an invitation to the Lodge, Carlyle made arrangements to leave Dublin, when, on the day of departure, arrived an aide-de-camp with "apologies, invitations, introductions to divers great personages," all of which had to be declined, very evidently to the disappointment of the sage of Chelsea.

All through his visit to Dublin, Carlyle was suffering from the effects of his journey, which he made in a wretched sailing vessel from the London docks, the voyage lasting a week, during which period he endured agonies from sea-sickness. As was usual with him, all his impressions of the country he had come to visit were tinged by this unfortunate start. Everything was wrong—even the Bay of Dublin did not please him. He talks of the long line of granite embankment coming into the docks: "No ships in it, no human figure on it, the genius of vacancy alone possessing it; the look of it in one's own cold, wretched humour, sad."[1] This wretched humour lasted all through

[1] There is no doubt Carlyle went to Ireland with the best intentions. Writing to Margaret Carlyle, he says: "I do not expect to find much new knowledge in Ireland if I go; but much that I have lying in me to say might get nearer to some way of utterance if I were looking face to face upon the ruin and wretchedness prevalent there." In the end his purpose of writing the book came to nothing. In its place he gave the public his notes, the outcome of his dyspeptic temperament.

his visit, except when he was the guest of "*Lord George Hill*," when his humour was serene; otherwise his remarks upon those who entertained him are in the *worst taste*.

Far pleasanter is Thackeray's account of his visit to Ireland, which took place in the same year as Carlyle's. It would be impossible that so keen an observer of human nature should not have been alive to the patent faults of the nation. There are occasional sneers at the reverence displayed "by the honest Dubliners for great folk, and how they make the most of such a small dignitary as his Excellency, to whose sham Court they go in long trains, the men figuring in very dirty tights." But one cannot feel angry at this, or his funny remarks upon the statue of George I. peering over the paling in Dawson Street close to the Mansion House, or at the teapot without a spout, the lady with the dubious curl-papers, or the window in the Shelbourne Hotel held up by the hearth-brush. There is no ill-nature in the tone of these criticisms; on the other hand, his admiration is genuine for the stately, well-built streets, the prospect from Carlisle Bridge, the Quays, resembling the Paris Quays; while over the Bay of Dublin he gushes: "In the morning veiled in mist, towards noon shining under the most beautiful clear sky, which presently became rich with the thousand gorgeous hues of sunset." [1]

[1] Far worse, however, than either Carlyle or Thackeray is the verdict passed by Mr. George Moore (an Irishman), who only finds four objects worthy of attention in Dublin, which he informs his readers is divided into four parts—the Castle, the Shelbourne Hotel, the Kildare Street Club, and Mrs. Rusville, the fashionable dressmaker!

In all this one regrets the fact that no one was at the trouble to show such distinguished visitors the more picturesque side of Dublin City, or to tell them the traditions which make such places as Kilmainham, Chapelizod, and Glasnevin worth a visit. Few tourists have even penetrated into that curious, old-world quarter the Liberties, where once the nobility of Ireland had fine houses, where is situated the old Dutch and Huguenot quarter, and where in the Coombe five hundred weavers plied their shuttles manufacturing those lovely brocades which were sent to all parts of the world, and which fetched high prices.

The weaving trade has long since departed from Dublin City. With it went the linen, the leather, and the woollen trades. "There is practically no manufacture," says Carlyle, "save and except ale and whisky." And although since his visit there has been some show of revival, there still remains a marked absence of the presence of a broad, loud-voiced, influential trading class. Such as does exist lacks the bone and sinew which are needed to make its influence felt.

This, however, is trenching upon subjects not within the purpose of our volume, which, it is hoped, may direct attention to the picturesque points to be found in the little capital of Ireland. They are many, and full of interest. It is not for a moment suggested that this is a new subject; there have been many books written on the City of Dublin, of all sizes and sorts, from Sir John Gilbert's important three volumes to Mr. Harrison's duodecimo "Memorable Houses." The

subject, however, is interesting enough to allow of many writers. I may add that it holds a special attraction for me. I love every corner and nook of the quaint old town where the happy days of my youth were spent.

Miss Barton is equally enthusiastic in her appreciation, and I think has imparted to her sketches that melancholy air which gives such a tinge of romance to the scenes of the long-vanished glories of Ireland. We can only hope that our public may catch a spark of the enthusiasm we feel in our task, in which case we shall be more than rewarded for any trouble it may have given us.

I make no excuse to my readers for taking for granted that they are acquainted with the leading features of Dublin and its suburbs. The labours of the photographer, professional and amateur, as well as Mr. Cook's pleasant tours, have made Irish scenery, so far as its salient points are in question, familiar to all tourists. Such places as the Bay, Kingstown, the Lovers' Leap, are familiar as household words; and to these I shall not allude. There are, however, many points of interest in both the city and suburbs which are not on Messrs. Cook's Visiting List: there are nooks and corners, picturesque alleys, and artistic "bits" which well repay a visit; and it is with the purpose of drawing attention to these that this volume is now presented to the lovers of such old-world relics. Alas! many such reminders of the past are gone, others fast disappearing—perhaps rightfully. The old order changes; and who would desire to keep the picturesque but insanitary dwelling-

houses of a hundred years ago? Still, there are some who, like myself, cling to the past, and look with distaste upon the levelling of all old-world associations. To such as these we trust this endeavour to guide their footsteps may be acceptable.

In conclusion, I have to offer my grateful thanks to the kind friends who have helped in this undertaking, especially to Mr. Robert Armstrong, of Edinburgh, who, personally a stranger to me, has aided me most materially; and also to my ever-kind friends the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, whose interest in the subject is as keen as my own, and Mrs. Geale.

FRANCES GERARD.

August 18, 1897.

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I.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Castle of Dublin.—Ancient History.—The Worst Castle in Christendom.—Upper and Lower Castle Yards.—Curious Trial by Combat.—Higher Functions of the Upper Castle Yard.—State Apartments.—Amusing History of the Old Days in the Castle.—St. Patrick's Hall.—Trooping of the Colours on St. Patrick's Day.—The Banquet and Ball.—Curious Dancing.—Levées and Drawing-Rooms.—Melrose by Candle-light.—The Kissing Viceroys.—Story of Lord Anglesey.—The Superiority over St. James's in the Matter of the Masculine Element.—The Incoming of the Viceroys.—State Visits to the Theatre.—Bazaars, Concerts.—Story of Bluefacing.

CHAPTER I.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

"The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome; if you would breathe hills, they are not far off, if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."—STANIHURST (*Old Chronicler*).

MR. FROUDE, whose testimony as regards Ireland is not certainly biased by warmth of friendship, has declared that "it is an enchanted country"; and if we go back to its earlier days, we would be inclined to say that he is right, for here did dwell giants and fairies, King Arthur's Knights and fair *demoiselles* like "la belle Isolde," with whose story we are now familiar through the music of the great Wagner. According to Stanihurst, Isolde lived at Izod's Tower, which was situated at Dame's Gate, close to the river's side. This fact points to some sort of city being in existence at the time Tristran was sent to fetch his uncle's bride. This question of the actual date when Dublin could be called a city is hard to decide, so many conflicting testimonies exist. Antiquarians tell us that Ptolemy speaks of Eblana as a magnificent city. This statement would seem to be a polite exaggeration on the part of the Greek geographer, for the prefix *Dun*

to the word "Eblana" in the Celtic tongue means *fort*, not "city"; but it may be that Ptolemy was not aware of this.

From the time Ptolemy mentions Eblana, we hear no more of Dublin until it turns up as Drum-choll-coil, which is a pretty name signifying "the brow of a hazel wood," the wood at that time surrounding the town, which was nothing more than a straggling village. At a later period it figures as Bally-ath-cleath, pronounced, we are told by experts, "Blacleea." This, translated into English, means "a town on the ford of the hurdles." The ford was across the River Liffey, and the bridge, or passage, was roughly made of hurdles laid upon the marshy portion of the rude harbour: hence the name Leam Cleath, from "leam," *harbour*, "cleath," *hurdle*. On the northern bank of the river the old town was built on the site of Cork Hill, Christchurch Place, Fishamble Street, etc. Here, after St. Patrick visited the island, rose St. Patrick's Cathedral; and St. Mary's Abbey dates from the same period.

It was during the occupation of the country by the Danes that "Dublinn," or the Dark Pool, as it was called by the strangers, was made the capital of the country. Up to this date Tara in Meath took precedence, being the chief town. This, however, did not suit the invaders, who wished to have a stronghold near to the sea. These Otmen, or Northmen, made Dublinn into a fortified town. The rest of the story is well known: how the Danes were beaten at the Battle of Clontarf, but their power not altogether subdued—they remained

CHAPEL ROYAL, CASTLE YARD.

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in a quarter of the city, where traces of their occupation are still evident ; how they sowed dissensions and caused many troubles ; how romance came into the story, as it often does in the history of countries. Dermot McMorrogh, King of Leinster, had appropriated the wife of the Prince of Breffua. Breffua's cause was championed by O'Connor, King of Ireland, who advanced upon the monarch of Leinster (probably his virtuous championship had for its real object the annexation of the province). McMorrogh, who was wonderfully astute, fled to England, and laid his allegiance at the feet of Henry II., who snapped it up greedily, and despatched forthwith the great Strangu-leusis, or Stringuil, commonly called Strongbow, Lord of Chepstow, to subdue O'Connor, which he very effectually did ; and likewise Asculf McToreal, the former and rightful King of Ireland, who, hearing that a row was going on, thought it a good time to strike in. Asculf sailed up the Liffey with a fleet of sixty Norwegian ships, curious conical-shaped things, which were "andled," says Cambriensis, "by a Norwegian of gigantic stature, commonly called John the Mad, from his furious manner of fighting." But not even Mad John could make head against the Anglo-Normans, and Asculf was beheaded and Mad John slain in battle. Strongbow then married the beautiful Eva, daughter to the traitor McMorrogh. The wedded pair abode in Ireland, and Stringuil is buried in Christ Church Cathedral.

It was during the government of FitzHenry, who succeeded Strongbow, that the Norman invaders set

to building a fortress round which they could gather their trusty followers. They had need of some such defence against the native Irish, who, driven from their homes, had taken refuge in the woods and mountains, whence they could make predatory onslaughts upon their conquerors, and take reprisal for their wrongs. One sanguinary reprisal took place one Easter Monday, when five hundred of the citizens of Bristol, to whom King Henry had *presented* the City of Dublin, crossed over in boats to view their new acquisition, and have a couple of days' pleasuring. They were enjoying themselves mightily, when, on a sudden, descended the wild hordes from the mountains, and of the Bristol holiday-makers none returned to tell the tale. This misadventure quickened FitzHenry's resolve to erect a strong fortress against sudden attacks, and in 1205 he commenced building the ancient Castle of Dublin, which, when finished, made a stout defence against the attacks of the turbulent natives. Its position was one of great security. Standing half-way up the hill now called Cork Hill (then outside the town), it commanded the city, and was well fortified in case of sudden attack. It was entered on the north side by crossing a drawbridge between two round towers, the westward of which was taken down in 1766. A portcullis armed with iron was erected between these two towers, and served as a second defence in case the drawbridge should be captured by the enemy. A high curtain or wall extended from the westward tower, called Cork Tower, to the Birmingham Tower, afterwards used as a prison.

From the Birmingham Tower another high curtain or wall continued to the Wardrobe Tower, and thence to Stove House Tower, near Dames' Gate; and from there it was carried on to the eastern gateway tower at the entrance of the Castle, this being furthermore surrounded by a deep moat. The fortress is said to have been built in the short space of fifteen years, which may in some way account for its going to ruin with sudden rapidity, for in Queen Elizabeth's reign we find that a royal mandate was issued that the Castle of Dublin should be repaired and enlarged so as to make a fitting residence for the newly appointed Governor of Ireland. It cannot be said that her Majesty's wishes were carried out in a satisfactory manner, for in 1688 Lord Arran complains that it was the "worst castle in the worst situation in Christendom." [1]

Dublin Castle has been little altered since this verdict was passed upon it. No one can say it is either picturesque or possessed of architectural merit.

[1] The occasion which called for this remark from Lord Arran was a fierce fire which broke out in the Castle in April, 1688. It burned the bed on which Lord Arran was lying; fortunately he had time to escape. It was only by destroying the gallery which communicated with the powder magazine that a frightful explosion was prevented. "What damage your Grace and I have suffered by this accident," writes Lord Arran to his father the Duke of Ormonde, Viceroy of Ireland, "I cannot yet learn; but I find the King has lost nothing except six barrels of powder and the worst castle in the worst situation in Christendom."

It is strange that later on, when the King had agreed to build a new castle, it was this same Lord Arran who prevented the undertaking, declaring that if the walls were lowered to the height of thirty feet it might be made a wholesome residence.

Its aspect is gloomy, with the oppressive "silence of age," which nevertheless lends it dignity; and like to some shrivelled and antiquated courtesan, it has secrets untold locked away in its silent keeping. All its strong defences have long since disappeared, and we now enter through a large gateway surmounted by statues of Fortitude and Justice. For uniformity's sake there is another gateway leading nowhere; and between the two stands the Bedford Tower, which was erected during the viceroyalty of the Duke of that name. Some traces of the old Norman fortress remain in the arrangement of the *courts*, or *yards*, as they are called. The object of the two yards, upper and lower, was no doubt for greater security, as in troublous times the Governor, or Viceroy, could retreat within the Citadel, and stand a siege if necessary. The Castle, however, has never been precisely an object of attack, although in times of rebellion it has been threatened, and even in later days (when the Duke of Abercorn was Lord-Lieutenant) put in defence order—a regiment of Lancers picketing in the Courtyard, and cannon pointing ominously on the gates.

The Lower Castle Yard is much more picturesquely situated than is the Upper. It lies on the slope of the hill; and the Round Tower and Castle Chapel are of architectural merit.

Birmingham Tower—now the Record Tower—is *not* the original one where Hugh O'Donnell, the Irish chieftain, was confined, but that which was rebuilt. A portion of the old wall still remains, as is pointed

out by an inscription upon a tablet: "This Tower was built 1411, *i.e.* in the 13 year of the K. Henry IV., and rebuilt A.D. 1775 by his Excellency Simon Earl Harcourt, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

Birmingham Tower has for many years been the repository of the ancient records of Irish history. Piles of old papers have lain hidden there for centuries. These are being gradually brought to light, and the revelations made in consequence incline one to believe that Lord Castlereagh had some justification for his well-known saying that "every man has his *price*."

BIRMINGHAM TOWER (NOW RECORD TOWER) AND CASTLE CHAPEL.

The Ordnance Office and the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police are situated in the Lower Castle Yard, as likewise the Castle Chapel, this last being for its size a most finished piece of Gothic work. A curious set of heads, cut in Tullamore marble, adorn the exterior; they include all the sovereigns of England.

The first stone of the Castle Chapel was laid in 1807 by the Duke of Bedford, and it was opened for service in 1815. Here come on Sundays the Viceroy and his Court, together with the rank and fashion of Dublin, who for the time desert the more time-honoured cathedrals. Fashionable marriages are generally celebrated at the Castle Chapel.

ENTRANCE TO LOWER CASTLE YARD.

A curious trial by combat took place in the Lower Castle Yard in 1583. Connor MacCormack O'Connor accused Teig MacGilpatrick O'Connor before the Lords Justices and Council of killing his men, who were under protection. Teig retorted with a counter-accusation of treason, and asserted his plea by right of single combat—weapons, sword and target. The two chiefs were stripped to the waist, and fought in presence

of a crowded audience. Teig, the accused, won the victory.

With the Upper Castle Yard all the higher functions of the viceregal office are connected. Here the Viceroy, during the six weeks of the season, resides with his personal staff, private secretary, comptroller, chaplain,

DRAWING-ROOM, DUBLIN CASTLE.

gentlemen-at-large, and aides-de-camp in waiting. For these, residences are provided in the Quadrangle, where the houses, being irregularly built, impart an unfinished, not to say untidy, air to the square.

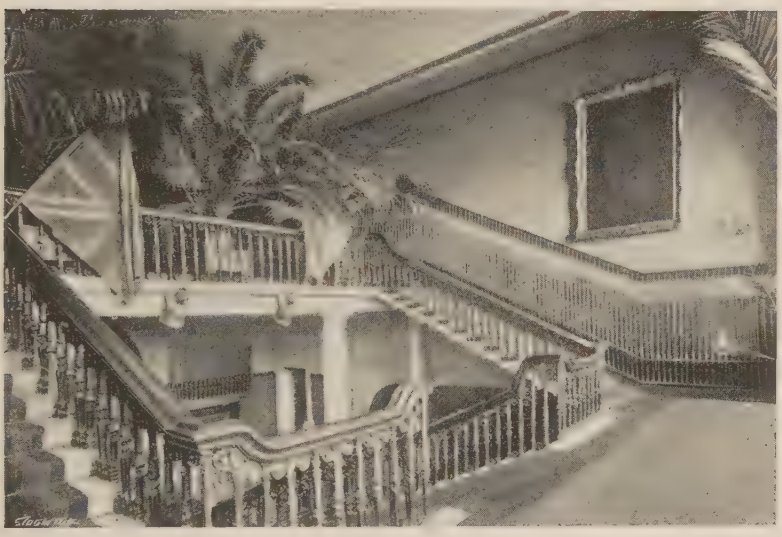
The State apartments are very handsome—the staircase and corridors singularly well suited to viceregal entertainment, and on a night when a drawing-room

or ball takes place present a really striking appearance. Before St. Patrick's Hall was built, balls were given in the Beefeaters' Hall, where that graphic writer Mrs. Delany tells us that the ladies who desired to dance were ranged in rows or tiers which reached to the ceiling. This was called being in paradise. Sir Bernard Burke, who lived all his life under the shadow of Dublin Castle, has left a very amusing record of the forms in use at the mimic Court in the days of the first Georges, when the strictest etiquette was enforced.

Solicitors' wives and physicians' ladies were not then considered of social rank such as would allow them to be presented to the King's representative; even those who claimed for themselves high position had their pretensions carefully overhauled, and only a certain number were allowed to enter the circle called the Cross Benches.[1] *Peeresses* sat in dignified seclusion on the red benches, and no lady was allowed to dance before the Vice-King and his consort unless her station permitted her to enter the sacred enclosure of cross or red benches. A ball at the Castle was then, as it is now, the acmé of a young *débutante's* desire; and according to the accounts of contemporary writers, these festivities were conducted upon an unusual scale

[1] The daïs at the extreme end of Patrick's Hall, where the Viceroy and Vice-Queen have their thrones (in actuality large armchairs), now takes the place of the Cross Benches. Peeresses and baronets' ladies have *the right* to sit here; and there are others who are on the fringe, so to speak, of high life who are allowed a seat at the extreme end. The daïs, however, is not much in favour with the younger portion of society, who find the aristocratic precincts rather inimical to a pleasant night's dancing.

of magnificence. "Between each dance the company retired to the long gallery. Here they might stop at counters or shops, elegantly formed, where was *cold eating* and all sorts of wines and sweetmeats, the whole most beautifully disposed by transparent paintings, through which a shade was cast like moonlight. Flutes



STAIRCASE, DUBLIN CASTLE.

and other instruments were playing all the while, but, like the candles, unseen. Fountains of lavender-water diffused a grateful odour through this fairy scene, which certainly surpassed everything of the kind in Spenser."

An amusing history could be written of the doings in Dublin Castle, especially in the last century, when there was less outward decorum than prevails in our

time. From the old memoirs we learn that the Vice-Kings were oftentimes jovial, and permitted somewhat of a saturnalia to prevail—as when the game of Cutcha-cutchoo was introduced, and was in high favour at the Castle. "Two recesses were fitted up at the end of the grand saloons, and here behind a curtain the ladies prepared their toilet for the sport. In a moment the floor was crowded with 'belles,' 'dowagers,' and 'beaux,' hopping about in the sitting attitude required by the game. Great was the laughter when a gentle dame of high degree was capsized by the heavier assault of a stouter rival. Presently, as the fun waxed more furious, dresses were torn, hair disordered, paint on the fair faces began to rub off, and the whole became a romp."

But there were other and more dignified amusements—as when the King's birthday was celebrated, when great solemnities took place. There was a court in the morning, a ball at night, and Sheridan or some other celebrity would write an ode which Mr. Dubourg set to music, to be sung and fiddled by choir and orchestra. Mrs. Delany describes a scene at one of these festivals, which, it must be owned, does not give a pleasant idea of the civilization of the guests. The company burst into the supper-room, "squalling, shrieking, making all sorts of noises. Ladies were stripped of their lappets, hustled, squeezed in the scuffle; and poor Lady Santry was more dead than alive." But, after all, we read of some such scuffles at the Drawing-rooms of our own day.

Patrick's Hall, where all entertainments are now

given, was not finished until 1778, during the viceroyalty of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. The ceiling, which is very fine, was painted by Vincent Valdré, who was invited to Dublin by the Viceroy. It is divided into compartments, two of which represent periods of Irish history, *viz.* St. Patrick converting the Druids, Henry II. meeting the Irish chiefs, while the third depicts George II. supported by Liberty and Justice.

Of late St. Patrick's Hall is especially connected with the ancient Order of Knights of St. Patrick, for here since 1868 the installation of a new knight takes place. The last installation in the Cathedral was in 1868, when the Prince of Wales was installed Knight of St. Patrick; and the other day in St. Patrick's Hall we assisted at the installation of the Duke of York. It would be difficult to say which was the more interesting ceremonial; perhaps the dim religious air of the grand old Cathedral lent more dignity to the entrance of the Knight. There is always a flutter amongst the ladies when the Grand Master pronounces the words, "Bring in the Knight."

St. Patrick's Hall, however, is more particularly associated with the festival of Ireland's patron saint, which falls on March 17. Iconoclast though he may be, the Lord-Lieutenant from time immemorial has been obliged to "drown the shamrock" in honour of St. Patrick; not that he need of necessity over-indulge, but he has to wear the national emblem and make merry, and the people are to be merry with him—it is to be carnival for one day. Trooping the colours and

mounting the guard furnish the share the populace have in this festival; it is an old-established custom in which the "unsoaped" take part. From an early hour the Castle Yard is filled by an eager, excited mob, for whose delectation certain military exercises are gone through to the sound of martial music. Then the Viceroy, with his Vice-Queen and a brilliant staff, appears on the balcony. Some of the ladies wear green frocks, or perhaps green hats, which now are the fashion; the Viceroy sports an exceedingly unbecoming green tie; and every one is decorated with a large bunch of the national emblem. This excites yells of delight, to which the occupants of the balcony respond by bows and smiles. Then the national air is played, the cavalry charges, the horses curvet and caracole, there is a fearful din of brass instruments, an occasional conflict between the police and the mob, a rush and a scuffle, and all is over. Of late years the pageant has lost much of the original flavour, the Irish mob being by no means so enthusiastic over the national festival as they were in Lord Carlisle's time, when that genial nobleman would throw sixpences from the balcony, which were fought for by the denizens of the back lanes—a spectacle which afforded his Excellency infinite amusement.

Far greater fun reigns at night, when a banquet is given at the Castle, and later in the evening the time-honoured "*St. Patrick's Ball.*" This, as before said, is given in the hall of that name, which hardly holds the crowd of dancers. Trains are dispensed

with ; but feathers and veils are worn. As the season closes with this entertainment, a sort of general licence prevails, and the Chamberlain, that awful personage who holds in his hand the sesame to Castle festivities, relaxes for this night only his usually stern morality, and allows some pretty *débutante* who has not been presented to taste the joys of a private presentation

UPPER CASTLE YARD.

which admits her to the halls of delight. Fast and furious grows the fun, and so too the flirtations, many a halting lover being helped over the bridge which separates flirtation from matrimony by the kindly influence of the patron saint, aided by the Viceroy's champagne.

To the public the great event of the evening is the country dance, led by his Excellency, and numbering a couple of hundred dancers. This is really a most imposing sight.

Later on, after the country dance is over, the ropes are lowered; the waltzers fly round, jostle and cannon one another in giddy confusion. The floor after one of these rushes presents a curious spectacle, so strewn is it with trophies of the fray. Then come the tumbles, generally caused by some awkward youngster fresh from college, who has not learned the art of steering his partner. His awkwardness shows likewise in not getting up quickly. In some cases this causes unpleasant consequences. On one occasion, when a scene of this kind occurred, a Crimean general, somewhat stricken in years, who had the indiscretion to join in the mazy whirl, was tripped up by one of these awkward youngsters; he managed to save his partner, but it was found impossible to raise him from the ground, every effort causing him agony. A stretcher had to be brought, when it was found that the gallant general who had escaped the Russian guns had broken his leg on the polished floor of St. Patrick's Hall.

All other festivals, however, pale before the grand yearly function of the Levées and Drawing-rooms which take place in the winter season. Then Dublin awakes from its usual quiet, almost somnolent condition. Hotels are crowded, houses are taken, the shop windows make a goodly display of finery, and Mrs. Sims,[1] who is the "Worth" of Dublin, has so much on her hands that even her patience is sometimes sorely tried. On the "Levey" day a stream of vehicles

[1] Mrs. Sims died shortly after these lines were written.

GOING TO THE LEVÉE UP CORK HILL.

HANOVER SQUARE

make their way up Cork Hill; they are of all sorts and conditions, from the handsome brougham which conveys the Lord Chancellor in his wig and gown, to the jarvey upon which lounge a couple of officers in resplendent uniform—or possibly they are deputy-lieutenants, whose gold epaulets and swords present a deceptive but martial appearance. This cannot be said of the ordinary Court dress worn at the Viceroy's Levées and Drawing-rooms, which is singularly unbecoming, its mean and flunkey-like air being added to by the fact that it is not always the property of the wearer. The motley throng in the side-walks indulge their pungent wit, not unmixed with sarcasm, at the expense of each individual as he goes by; but, on the whole, the comments of the crowd, though pointed with personal allusions, are taken in good part.

The Levée, as having to do with the inferior male, is but a poor affair as compared with the Drawing-room, when the Castle is a scene of wonderful animation. The windows blaze with light, scarlet cloth covers the staircase and corridors, which are filled with lovely *débutantes* and handsome matrons. There is the frou-frou of silken dresses, and the chatter of many voices; there is the crowding into the ante-chamber, the passing into the pen, the letting down of trains, the final presentation,—all very much on the pattern of the superior Court at St. James.

It cannot be denied that, so far as the fair sex are in question, they order matters better in Dublin

than in London. "The conditions upon which Melrose is to be seen aright are familiar to all; and if moonlight is such a necessary adjunct to proper effect, so the natural and appropriate condition fitted to the display of women's charms should be the flare of wax-lights, which softens all acerbities and heightens every natural advantage." A Dublin Drawing-room is a veritable bouquet of beauty gathered from many gardens. Young belles come hither fresh from the provinces, before the bloom has been brushed from off their cheeks by the sleeves of a hundred waltzers. "Here we may see," says a recent writer, "Mrs. Murphy, of 'Kestle Murphy,' from the south-west, a gross and earthly creature, possessed by seven demons of vulgarity;. and yet, after her walks something so—extra refined—that it would seem incomprehensible how there should be any relationship between them. In another direction, coming, say, from the north, we have a perfect bit of Dresden china or Sèvres, a *petite mignonne* or fairy in floating chiffons and laces, a rival to the Dublin belle *en titre*, who is cast in another mould, and is somewhat coarse and loud. It is the enviable privilege of the Viceroy in office to exact tribute from every one of these fair creatures when they come before him for the first time. Only imagine a procession of lips going on through the night! It seems too much for one mortal. Yet, stay, there is the dark side. If there is unrestricted right over these blooming pastures, so are there stony, arid patches which must be accepted on like conditions.

Glorvina's mamma has to be taken as an alterative, and nothing but a stern sense of duty could carry any man through kissing Glorvina's mamma. Some one has said wittily that the Vice-King's osculatory bill is, as it were, discounted after the fashion of ordinary usurious dealings—one-third old wine, one-third in paintings, and one-third in bright gold and silver."[1]

During Lord Anglesey's viceroyalty an amusing incident occurred which afforded the gossips of Dublin much food for talk. At the first Drawing-room given by his Excellency the very young and pretty daughter of a well-known solicitor residing in Mountjoy Square was presented, and duly received the viceregal kiss. It must here be explained that there is in the presence chamber, in front of the throne, a space reserved where high personages and personal friends of the Viceroy are allowed to remain after they have been presented. The privilege of admittance to the Pen (for by this bucolic title is the enclosure designated) is eagerly sought for. Here those who have passed through the ordeal of presentation may at their ease criticise the dresses and laugh at the awkwardness of their intimate friends as they trip over their trains. The heroine of our little tale should have followed her chaperone into this Garden of the Hesperides; but, being a *débutante*, she was unaware of the rules, and made her way to the Drawing-room, at the door of which she was stopped by the aide-de-camp in waiting, who informed her she should join her party in the Pen. To do this

[1] From the *Art Journal*, September, 1896.

she had to again pass through the presence chamber. She tried to do so unobtrusively; but the Viceroy's keen eye detected the attempt. He was not minded to forego his privileges, and, regardless of the proper dignity of her Majesty's representative, he caught the delinquent as she was stealing past, and imprinted "a brace of kisses upon her velvet cheek."

Another contrast to the London Drawing-room is the large percentage of males present. Uniforms abound; there is a camp within an hour's drive, there are barracks in a dozen quarters of the city—so we can be glutted with every variety of shape and colour, cavalry, foot, and military train, and what *must* surely be the uniform of that exceptional corps the *chevaux marins*, for there are mysterious garments, too, not known even to Nathan—uniforms of a local pattern—officers associated with the administration of counties, who are splendid as French senators. These entities—gorgeous in green and gold, and general braiding, far more sumptuous than riflemen are police. Then we have our household uniform, Windsorial in a degree, and the flashing aides-de-camp resplendent in bullion. Prudent mammas look distrustfully on the attentions of these glorious creatures, "eddicongs" being proverbially of the class of "detrimentals." Their attentions, nevertheless, are well received by the object of them, who is always ready to throw over a "warm" country gentleman for one of these danglers. Then comes the getting away, generally a scene of great confusion—chaperones trying to gather their fair charges,

who, to the last, cling to the gold-laced sleeve of some military admirer. At last, however, the cloak-room is reached; but even then the harassed matron's cares are not over. There is the long wait for the carriages, which allows of *tête-à-têtes* in corners where Captain Murphy can still improve the occasion. The corridor has been the scene of many proposals, likewise of some droll incidents. A story was long current which dates back to the time when a peculiar vehicle called an "inside car" was in much requisition with those who did not possess carriages. On one occasion the policeman on duty to call the carriages kept on shouting Mrs. A, B, or C's "inside is coming up"—an announcement received with shouts of laughter not pleasant in the ears of the subjects of the merriment.

Much of the success of the Castle season depends upon the popularity of the Viceroy—whether he is generous or stingy, free and frank of manner. The most magnificent of modern Viceroys was the Duke of Abercorn, whose banquets to a hundred guests given once a week during the season, set off by sumptuous plate, excellent fare, and attended by all the rank, beauty, and talent of the land, were worthy of the Tuileries in the days of the Empire. Another passport to popular favour is to be handsome and a good horseman. Stock of both these qualities are taken on the Viceroy's entry, when he rides at the head of "the procession," his wife and family (should he be provided with such) following in an open carriage. The new-comers are regarded with intense curiosity by the multitude who line the streets.

They are criticised in the freest manner. "Mike, did ye see her now? Ah! a poor buttermilk sort of cratur, I wouldn't give the lash of me whip for"; "He isn't much of a man, afther all!"—this as though distinguished personal appearance followed of necessity upon the high character of the office. In the early part of this century it was the custom to draw up a regiment round King William's statue, and when the Viceroy was sworn in at the Castle to discharge three volleys. This method of honouring ascendency produced oftentimes the strangest results in a street blocked with cars, carriages, and riders—the horses setting off at full gallop, the air filled with sounds of smashing panels, the cries of alarmed females. The populace invariably call the Viceroy the Lord-Leff*nent*, while his wife, with an odd inconsistency, is styled the Lady-Lif*tin*ant, the accent being placed on wholly different syllables. Beauty of person and great dignity amounting to reserve commands much respect, familiarity being a fatal fault in a ruler of Ireland. A curious exemplification of this well-known fact was given during the viceroyalty of Lord Spencer, who was much more approachable than his predecessor the Duke of Abercorn. "Shure, he's mighty pleasant," said an Irish country gentleman; "but give me *Abercarne*. He trated us like the dirt of his shoe."

The bygone fashion of a State visit to the theatre, which was in use in the days when Garrick and Peg Woffington were the stars of Smock Alley Theatre, is still kept up when a piece is "commanded," and the

Court goes in state. "This little show is highly popular. A retinue of some seven or eight carriages starts from the Castle, each proceeding according to the rank of the parties; and a file of cavalry with jingling accoutrements forms an escort to the colonnade of the theatre. The house is crowded to the roof; two State boxes are thrown into one, and set off with mirrors, chandeliers, and draperies; the manager, in a Court suit, and holding a pair of wax candles, leads the way; and at the head of a glittering staff the Viceroy, blazing in gold, garter, etc., enters. Every one stands up, while the familiar greeting of 'God Save the Queen' is played, the audience being generally good-humoured. Occasionally 'the gods' give vent to some piquant and not always amiable observations."

The Viceroy and his Queen are likewise much in demand at flower shows, bazaars, and concerts, where the stewards generally present a miserable state of agitation awaiting their Excellencies' arrival. They precede the viceregal procession with a long line of wands, which are ill-managed and dangerous to the visitors, from nervousness. The Viceroy is placed on an elevated throne, seated in a gilt chair, so that every one may have the best view; while the staff, in the regulation uniform—coats with gilt buttons and blue satin facings, with white waistcoats—are grouped round in graceful order. These enjoy a sort of inferior worship, and exhibit a condescending graciousness to friends and familiars. To be seen with the blue silk facings glinting over a lady's shoulder is distinction indeed!

In connection with the Bluefacings, a story was told to the writer not long since, which, as it is perfectly harmless, may be considered as not a privileged communication. A kindly Vice-Queen, so goes the tale, saw the number of partnerless girls who were wistfully looking on at their more fortunate companions gyrating over the best dancing-floor in the United Kingdom. Being moved to pity, the Vice-Queen beckoned to one of the suite, and bade him provide these damsels without loss of time with waltzers. It was not altogether an easy task, as the men of war who congregate at viceregal functions follow the fashion of the superior city, and only the "boys" dance. Bluefacing, however, did his best; and by dint of repeating her Ladyship's command and other devices, he roused some unwilling warriors to do their duty, for which it is to be hoped the maidens were properly grateful. The mother of one girl, having with maternal pride seen her daughter fitted to a high-stepping dragoon, approached Bluefacing, and, having thanked him for his kind attention, proceeded to inform him that she came from a northern county, and that it was her particular desire that her daughter should be "introjuiced" to and dance with Lord ——, who was likewise from the north. Hypocritical Bluefacing said, "Certainly"; but with, I am afraid, no intention of fufilling his promise. The maternal eye was on him, however; and after a decent interval the matron approached him with, "Had he arranged the introjucing?" "Madam, it is impossible; his Lordship

is engaged for the next four dances"; and then, alarmed at the flash of the matron's eye, he glided away, but not so far as to prevent the following conversation reaching his ear. "Who is that blue-faced fellow," asked another matron with a Minerva headdress, "that you seem so thick with?" "Not one of me knows," returned matron number one; "but he is one of them Castle brutes." "And this is gratitude," thought Blue-facing as he walked sadly away.

II.

A VICEROY'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

Political *rôle* of the Castle.—Wraxall's Definition.—Political Squibs:—"A List of the Pack;" "The Poor Be-devilled Viceroy."—Advertisement Extraordinary.—Hacks.—Rats.—Lord Anglesey and the Ladies' Petition.—Reply.—Lord Normanby, Frank Sheridan, Osborne, Lord Fortescue, and Lady Somerville.—Earl of Bessborough.—Lord Clarendon.—Castle and Beauty.—Verses.—Miss Roche, etc.—Lord Carlisle.—Lord Houghton

CHAPTER II.

A VICEROY'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

THE Castle has played a great part in the distracted politics of Ireland; it has been "denounced" and "boycotted," nicknamed and pelted with sarcasm; the officials have been designated "Castle hacks" and "Castle rats," and the Lord-Lieutenant has not fared better than his merry men. The reason for all this is not far to seek; but it would be trenching upon the odious subject of "politics," which we wish as much as possible to avoid. We may, however, put a rule-of-three sum to our readers. Given two hundred and thirty-six years, how many Viceroys? That is a sum easily answered by looking through the list. At a rough guess there must have been seventy or eighty; but I am open to correction. These seventy or eighty men, all of high position, were of all creeds in politics, according to the party in power; they changed with every minister; hence an uncertainty in government particularly disastrous to the nation.

There were other reasons why the Viceroy and his merry men had often an unpleasant quarter of an hour. The office was up to George III.'s reign almost a sinecure, the Viceroy only spending six months in

every two years in the country he was supposed to govern. The same system was applied to the principal officials, who, being generally Englishmen, resided in their own country, pocketed the revenues, and devolved their duties to ill-paid deputies, which gave rise to the saying that Ireland was always "*in deputation.*" George III. put an end to this abuse. The difficulty, however, of inducing any nobleman to reside "as a permanent exile" in a *savage country* seemed at first almost insurmountable. The Earl of Bristol, who had accepted the post on the resignation of Lord Hertford, declined, although he was half-way across the Channel, when he heard the conditions. Lord Townshend took his place.

Here we have the key to what followed. The permanent residence of the Viceroy was quite as unpleasing to the underlings as it was to the "exile from civilization." These Jacks-in-office had enjoyed a good time; corrupt practices, bribes, and pensions had filled their pockets. They resolved to make matters as unpleasant as it was possible to make it to the representatives of royalty. Their success was dependent on the character of the representatives. Some of these have been mere lay figures, holders of the bauble of office; while others have left their mark for good or evil upon the country they were sent to govern. Such men were Chesterfield, Rutland, Townshend, Fitzwilliam, Cornwallis, Bessborough, Clarendon, Carlisle, Abercorn, Marlborough; to this list may be added the present holder of the office, who seems to

have got a firm hold of the liking of the people, and to have a real interest in developing the resources of the country. There were others for whom the circumstances in which they were placed proved too adverse for any possible outlet for such abilities as they may have possessed, as in the instances of Lord Spencer and Lord Houghton, who, under different auspices, might have left a different record. As a matter of fact Lord Spencer's first essay was marked by success.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Taken all round it must be owned that the position of Viceroy is somewhat like Mr. Gilbert's policeman, not a happy one. Before the Act of Union was passed the Viceroy occupied politically a more important position than he now does. He was then surrounded by officers of State; he opened, prorogued (often with a high hand), and dissolved the Parliaments in College Green; and he had a Privy Council, with whom he could deliberate certain matters of finance, commerce, etc.

Wraxall defined the Viceroys of the day thus: "Lord Harcourt, too grave. Lord Buckingham, too stiff and cold. Lord Carlisle, too true a gentleman. The Duke of Portland and Earl Temple, too rigorous in observing temperance and abstemiousness. Lord Northampton, too infirm. The Duke of Rutland, by the magnificence of his establishment, the conviviality of his temper, and the excesses of his table, obliterated Lord Townshend; but he paid for his triumphs with his life." A better ruler than the last named Ireland never enjoyed. Mr. Lecky says at the close of his administration that there was absolute calm. In the private correspondence between him and Sidney, lately published by the Historical Commission, proof is given of how great a share the Viceroy had in the government of Ireland. So too with the Fitzwilliam viceroyalty; short as it was, it

LORD SPENCER.

demonstrates the power then held by the Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland.

If, however, they had more power, on the other hand they were exposed to all the annoyances that such power brings. A glance through the broadsides of the day shows how difficult must have been the task of governing so turbulent a body as the Irish Houses of Parliament, and how, if the Viceroy succeeded in pleasing one party, he was exposed to the attacks of the other.

LORD TOWNSHEND.

The anonymous political squib or pamphlet has always been in favour in Ireland, where it was handled with great effect at election times. Swift was a master of the art. His bitter lines addressed to Lord Carteret began :

> So to effect his Monarch's ends
> From hell a Viceroy devil ascends,
> His budget with corruptions crammed,
> The contributions of the damned,
> Which with unsparing hand he strews.

In "Baratariana" there is some hard hitting directed

against the most unpopular of Viceroys, Lord Townshend. The names of the writers of this clever skit, which was compared to Junius's Letters, were kept secret at the time, but are now known to have been Henry Grattan, Flood, Burke, and Langrishe. Another publication, less clever and even more scurrilous, was "The Nettle; or, An Irish Bouquet to tickle the Nose of an Irish Viceroy." This was dedicated "to the Right Honourable Marquis Grimbaldo, Governor of the Island of Barataria."[1]

One ballad, too long to quote, is quite in the Dean's manner; it was called:

A LIST OF THE PACK.

Fellow-citizens, all to my ballad give ear,
That we must be undone I will make it appear,
Unless in defence of our freedom we stand
'Gainst Townshend, that dunce, and his damnable band.
Then kick out those rascally knaves, boys;
Freemen we'll be to our graves, boys;
Better be dead than be slaves, boys:
A coffin or freedom for me.
Etc., etc.

Of "The Poor Be-devilled Viceroy," Townshend is again the hero:

THE POOR BE-DEVILLED VICEROY.

Though now a haughty Viceroy, I'm loaded with disgrace,
And on all sides affronted, I scarce can show my face;
Yet once behind a counter a merchant's clerk was I,
Till in unlucky hour I laid the business by;

[1] Barataria was an island mentioned in "Don Quixote," and Townshend and his officials had all titles drawn from the same source.

A Viceroy's Life is not a Happy One

For by a stroke of fortune a title to me fell,
And then a noble Earl made, my pride began to swell.
Who then could guess I e'er would be, so wise I seemed in place,
A *poor be-devilled Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace?

When once I quitted Ireland, I wish I'd stayed away;
That day was mine—but every dog, alas! must have his day.
Now sunk in a minority, Pitt throws the blame on me,
And says, had I some of his arts, it otherwise would be.
Sore galled by his reproaches, I've also cause to fear
Some mark of public hatred will yet o'ertake me here;
Yet what to do I know not, so doleful is my case,
A *poor be-devilled Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace!

The censures of both Houses I dreaded worse than all:
But what if they address the King, and beg for my recall?
That blow would quite destroy me; yet how to ward it off,
And save my irritated pride from many a bitter scoff,
Is more than I can think of, and left without a friend,
By ev'ry party jeered at, detested, and contemned;
What step to take I know not, so doleful is my case,
A *poor be-devilled Viceroy*—and loaded with disgrace!

If the Viceroy was thus lampooned, the officials of his suite came in for even worse. "Castle hacks" and "Castle rats" were their cognomens, and the publications of the day are full of attacks conceived in the following strain:

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

In a few days will be published "The Natural History of Rats," wherein the various species of this wonderful Animal will be fully explained and delineated; with curious observations on their ears and tails, their colour and smell. Remarkable instances will be related of their sagacity and cunning, their timidity, their treachery, their despair, and their combinations for securing themselves against danger, and guarding their provisions when attacked by an enemy.

"A Treatise on the Best Methods of destroying Vermin," by John Fits, Rat-catcher to the King's Most Excellent Majesty. *6s. 6d.* Grierson.

Again, we have a ballad entitled:

THE HACKS, ETC.

SCENE I. One of the Committee Rooms, House C——.

Several Round Robbinites sitting round a table—some framing Resolutions, others drawing up Addresses.

AIR—"Sherwood Grove."

In College Green,
Since we have been,
No other Hacks outdid us!
With bows so low,
'Twas Aye or No,
Just as the Viceroy bid us.
Prattling,
Sometimes battling,
Such sport the like ne'er was seen, O;
Hey down derry, derry,
Patriots and place-men,
Caballing on the Green, O.

Here is a pleasant little duet:

DUET.

MARQUIS AND HACK.

MARQ. Out of my sight, or your wig I'll pull;
HACK. I'll fit you soon for your haughty skull;
MARQ. I'll turn you out to appease my pride;
HACK. To-night I'll vote on the other side.
MARQ. A place and pension:
HACK. What's that you mention?
MARQ. Go train your hacks with your fiddle dee dee,
A hireling staunch is the man for me.
HACK. A whipper in—is there any like me?
MARQ. Like bridewell to me the Senate seems,
HACK. The morning air like a cook-shop steams;
MARQ. I look in the glass and view disgrace;
HACK. I'll vote you out though I lose my place.
MARQ. A place and pension, etc. (*Exeunt severally.*)

A Viceroy's Life is not a Happy One

In a book entitled "The Viceroy," by Fisher Murray, the whole system of "Castle-hacking" which prevailed in Lord Anglesey's time is described; there is a key to the personages, and from it we learn that at this time the Upper Castle Yard was known as "The Devil's Half-acre." "This territory" (I quote from Mr. Murray), "though of limited extent, has been for centuries cultivated with a devoted perseverance worthy a better soil by those who make the bargain and sale of place and patronage of Ireland the business of their lives." He then goes on to give an amusing account of the hungry seekers for office, "wandering up and down hour after hour, lying in ambuscade at the corners and in the narrow entries, with the *desperate* purpose of seizing an unhappy under-secretary by the button." Mr. Murray's pen is dipped in very acrid ink; but it is probable that, although he has overpainted some of his descriptions, there is a certain amount of truth in the general corruption that did prevail, and which the more calm judgment of Miss Edgeworth condemns in "Patronage."

But of this ugly side of human nature we have had more than enough.

Any detailed notice of the Irish Viceroys would be out of place here, albeit a most amusing chronicle might be given of the mimic Court. I think, however, my readers may be amused by some sidelights on viceregal life during the Victorian era.

It was in the year 1831 that the Marquis of Anglesey succeeded the Duke of Northumberland as

Viceroy. Handsome, like all the Pagets, he had the additional interest of being a Waterloo hero. His popularity with ladies was unbounded. This popularity was shown when he left Ireland in 1834; his departure was the occasion of an impromptu written by Lady Clarke[1] in the name of the ladies of Dublin:

Ye ladies all, attend my call:
Let's write the King[2] some funny thing
By way of a petition,
That Anglesey forthwith may be
Restored to us with gay days;
He'll not say nay, if you but pray—
He never refused the ladies!

Each dame that springs from Irish kings—
I'm sure I know a dozen!—
Each royal name your rights proclaim
To call the King your cousin.
O'Connells, Dons, and Sullivans,
Ye Burkes, ye Blakes, ye Bradys,
In each sweet face there's so much grace—
He'll never refuse the ladies!

The Captain great who rules the state,
Though high so e'er his station,
We'd soon disarm, did we but form
A fair association.
No Brunswicker would dare to stir,
For they are no true Paddys
Who do not side or e'er denied
Petitions from the ladies!

And, sure, small blame to each fair dame,
If Paget she delights in;
We'll have him back, or they shall lack
Our Irish boys for fighting.

[1] Olivia Owenson, sister to Lady Morgan. [2] William IV.

The King must grant whate'er we want,
And dry the tears of sad eyes,
For people say 'tis not his way
To e'er refuse the ladies!

Lord Anglesey was too gallant not to respond to this flattering demonstration of his popularity. With the assistance of his Chief Secretary, Lord Francis Gower,[1] he produced the following reply, which is a better specimen of a statesman's verse-making than Sir Robert Walpole's stanzas to "Heliotrope," or his rival Lord Bolingbroke's lines to "Clara"; in truth, there is a certain military spirit and flavour about his Lordship's answer which is attractive:

PROCLAMATION IN REPLY TO THE LADIES' PETITION.

Whereas you've heard that 'tis meant to evade
All laws and all statutes that ever were made
To control the O'Connells, Shiels, Murphys, and Bradys,
By sinking the men and convening the ladies,
In person we fain would proceed to the place
In a summary manner to look to the case.
But whereas 'twould take time to the spot to repair,
We perhaps might arrive a day *after the fair.*
We hereby depute to our late Secretary
New penals to cope with this awful vagary,
And we give him to enter such meetings the right
At his own *indiscretion* by day or by night;
And unless such unlawful assembly disperses,
We shall read them this clause of our act which in-verses;
And if then the desire to quit does not take them,
The Devil take me if I know what will make them.

[1] Afterwards Earl of Ellesmere.

> And this we enact for the better security
> Of Church and of State in their rigour and purity;
> And now such a worthy design to fulfil
> That this clause shall stand first in the Catholic Bill.[1]

From 1834 to 1839 Ireland was governed by the elegant Mulgrave (Marquis of Normanby), statesman, diplomatist, politician, and author, although his efforts in the last direction were principally confined to poems in Lady Blessington's "Books of Beauty," and novels of a terribly weak character. The awful flail wielded by Giffard and Morgan Rattler descended upon him without regard to his high station; but these attacks had no salutary effect in curbing the literary genius of the Marquis. His Court at Dublin Castle was especially brilliant, the handsome but vain Viceroy liking to be the centre of a group of equally handsome men and women. Lord Normanby, who was a firm believer in the *argumentum ad hominem*, would daily show himself to a delighted and gaping crowd as he rode through the streets of Dublin dressed after the fashion introduced by the fashionable D'Orsay (to whom indeed he bore some resemblance), with a high black satin stock, frock coat made by Stulz and fitting without a crease, trousers well strapped under Hoby's best varnished boots, the pointed toes sticking well up in the stirrups. He was generally accompanied by his two favourite aides-de-camp, Frank Sheridan, the handsome young brother of Lady Dufferin, and Mr. Osborne, later known as Bernal Osborne.

[1] The Catholic Emancipation.

The Viceroy was likewise partial to exhibiting his fine person at the theatre, his command nights being marked by unusual brilliance. The play was generally followed by a *petit souper* at the Castle, the aides-de-camp being sent round to different boxes to invite any pretty woman who was looking her best, or agreeable man; no one being invited who could not, as the French say, *payer de sa personne*, otherwise contribute to the general effect either beauty, wit, or musical gifts. Frank Sheridan and Mr. Osborne were great promoters of music and theatricals, both having gifts in this direction. They sang duets together without accompaniment most charmingly, says one who knew the Viceregal Court in those days. Lady Morgan's gifted nieces, with Frank Sheridan and Bernal Osborne, took charge of the music, which was impromptu and

LADY MORGAN.

unaccompanied, Moore's melodies being the favourites of the hour; the beautiful and charming Lady Guy Campbell (Pamela's daughter), pretty Lady Somerville and her sister Miss Arabella Geale,[1] the reigning belle of Lord Normanby's Court, and a host of other beaux and belles, contributed youth and beauty; while wit, which is never wanting in Irish society, had for its exponents Lady Morgan, Chief Justice Doherty, and a host of others, Frank Sheridan and Bernal Osborne, who were fast allies, making fun out of everything. Sometimes they carried their jokes too far, and once made a most disagreeable fracas by sending a card of invitation to a lady without the knowledge of the Chamberlain. The poor lady found out it was a hoax on her arrival at the Castle, and was justly indignant. But no one could long be angry with Frank Sheridan; he was so handsome, so clever, he won all hearts. His untimely death was one of Mrs. Norton's many sorrows.

There was great lamentation amongst the ladies when the delightful Normanby had to pack his trunks and depart. But the populace had grown tired of the once popular favourite; he had made the fatal error of being too *come-at-able*, and a change was welcome. He was succeeded by Lord Ebrington, the eldest son to the Earl of Fortescue. This appointment bid fair to beat the record of a Viceroy's popularity, the incoming Lord-Lieutenant being unmarried. So too was the Chief Secretary, the handsome and fascinating Norman

[1] She was daughter to Piers Geale, Esq., and one of a group of beautiful sisters.

McDonell, whose success with ladies got him the sobriquet of "The Norman Conqueror." The season was a brilliant one. Golden visions floated before the eyes of mothers with pretty daughters, and the number of presentations was abnormal. The vision ended in the disappointment of many and the glorification of one. When Lord Ebrington, after a year of office, succumbed to the charms of the before-named beauty, Lady Somerville, widow of Sir Marcus Somerville, Bart., the rejected ones, with no proper *esprit de corps*, were one and all furious. The Viceroy's popularity sank to zero, and it was said he was recalled in consequence of the cabal raised by the Irish ladies, who absolutely refused to attend the Drawing-rooms, if held by their successful rival. The Chief Secretary remained; but, alas! "The Norman Conqueror" had grown obese in person and cold in heart—he went his way unwedded.

The Earl of Bessborough comes next. This most amiable nobleman belonged to a family which, although English by descent, had done good service to Ireland, where they had settled in Anne's reign. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1779, was said to be the only man who would not take a bribe, and it was with tears in his eyes that he declared that in the Assembly there were one hundred and ten placemen. The fact that he was twice elected Speaker showed his popularity. The same sense of justice characterized his descendant. The Viceroy, when a young man, had seen what a

fatal error it was to administer an estate by deputy, as was very much the custom with English landlords, and in his father's lifetime he resided at Bessborough Castle, Kilkenny, devoting himself to the improvement of the people. His choice as Lord-Lieutenant was very popular. It was said that the anxiety of mind consequent upon the first approaches of the troubles of 1846 brought on the illness of which he died in 1845.[1] His death excited universal sympathy and regret. "No man," says the usually cynical Greville, "ever quitted the world more surrounded

[1] It is somewhat singular that, of the long line of Viceroys who have strutted their brief hour in Dublin Castle, only two of the number died in office. The Duke of Rutland, who fell a victim to his desire to conciliate the country gentlemen by eating and drinking too much whilst on a tour of three months through the provinces, died at the Lodge, Phœnix Park, in 1789. The ceremonial of his lying in state at Parliament House, College Green, was a magnificent one. The entrance to the chamber of death was through a suite of rooms lighted with wax candles, and hung with black, even the floor being covered with the same lugubrious cloth. At the head of the coffin a ducal coronet was supported by two of his Grace's aides-de-camp, and on each side stood six mutes, holding wax tapers. On November 17 the coffin, preceded by the choirs of the two cathedrals chanting a dirge, was conveyed to the funeral chariot at the great portico, and from there brought in procession to the water's side. Lord Bessborough laid in state at the Castle prior to removal to the family vault. One Vice-Queen died in Dublin during her lord's term of office. This was Charlotte Compton, daughter of the Earl of Northampton, wife to the wild, erratic Townshend, Viceroy in 1769. She was a sweet, amiable woman, and had begun to endear herself to the people, who were truly sorry for her early death. Even "Baratariana" gives a tribute to her memory. Her singular husband evinced his grief in an hysterical fashion, at one moment weeping bitterly, the next indulging in the wildest excesses with his boon companions. Marriages have been less frequent than funerals; perhaps for the reason that it is usually considered a *sine qua non* that the Viceroy should be provided with a Vice-Queen. There have been only three exceptions to this rule—Lord Ebrington, the Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Houghton.

with respect, approbation, and sympathy. He retained possession of his faculties to the last, dictating letters to Lord John Russell and his colleagues in office." Curiously enough, Daniel O'Connell, who had been released from confinement in Richmond Prison in 1844, died the same day as the Viceroy; but his popularity had waned, and the Earl's death excited far more interest amongst the people.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Greville's Diary of this date is full of the difficulty to find a successor to the deceased Viceroy, the choice being circumscribed to the Duke of Bedford, who was advanced in years and disinclined to accept office, and the Earl of Clarendon, who was eager for the appointment, but insisted upon a guarantee that he should at least hold office three years. "If these two candidates fail, there is nothing," says Greville, "but Lords Justices." The affair ended in Lord Clarendon's going to Ireland.

Lord Clarendon's term of office, which began in 1847 and ended 1852, was a time of great trial which needed a firm hand at the helm, these years being marked by the terrible famine supervening on the failure of the potato crop, both being followed in 1848 by the short rebellion of the Young Ireland party. Although this attempt was a crude, undigested plan, it had the merit of being perfectly sincere, and merits the respect honest conviction must always inspire, even though it leads to the somewhat undignified Cabbage Garden. No greater proof could, however, be given of how skin-deep are such effervescences than the reception of the Queen by her Irish subjects the year after the Young Ireland rising. She had only to show herself to evoke the most enthusiastic loyalty; the Drawing-room exceeded the largest ever held in London, and many people passed the night in the streets. The show of beauty from all parts of Ireland beat the record.

The Castle holds, as one may imagine, traditions of love and beauty. It was here that the beautiful Hamilton, Duchess of Tyrconnel, held her Court. Here she received the faint-hearted King James on his return from the Battle of the Boyne. Again, through the throne-room and the corridors passed those lovely sisters whose names are familiar as household words, the Gunnings; likewise Dolly Monroe, when on a visit to the false and fickle Townshend, and Dolly's successful rival, Anne Montgomery, who, by a *coup de main* somewhat

similar to that practised by la belle Jennings, carried off Dolly's supposed admirer—she too would have passed along these rooms on the Viceroy's arm, coquetting and smiling. We know that the fair Papist was often the guest of her platonic admirer Chesterfield, to please whom she sported (against her avowed principles) those orange flowers which have made her famous; and we also know (but we whisper it softly) that naughty Peg Woffington came hither to sup quietly with the Duke of Dorset and his merry courtiers, when all the household was asleep and the Duchess *winking*. Oh the tales the Castle walls could tell, if they were so minded!

THE PRINCESS OF CAPUA.

And so the march past goes on, until we come to later days, when again we have trios of lovely sisters, the Beresfords, the Geales, the Coddingtons, the Sheridans, the beautiful Smiths of Beltrae. These Irish beauties hailed from Westmeath, and, judging from her portrait, the eldest must have been exceptionally lovely. She married the Prince of Capua. Her husband's royal relatives, however, refused to accept her as *a royalty*; and

although they could not succeed in setting aside her marriage, they relegated her to the quasi-royal position of a Morganatic wife, allowing her no share in her consort's official dignity.[1] Her sister, who was not so handsome, became Lady Dinorben, and was at one time well known in London society, where she gave large parties at the house in which Mrs. Bischoffsheim now dispenses hospitality.

To show my readers that the standard of beauty was well maintained in the days when the Queen held the Drawing-room at Dublin Castle, I subjoin a few lines from a copy of verses written at this date on the Irish beauties of Lord Clarendon's Court, the lines being supposed to have been concocted in the manufactory of gossip, the aides-de-camp's room:

A is Miss Armit, the daughter of Dick;[2]
B is Miss Borough, whose father's a trick;[3]
C the Miss Campbells, with beautiful eyes;[4]
D Miss Dumaresq, of limited size.

. . . .

[1] Greville mentions meeting the Princess of Capua dining at Devonshire House, where was also the Duchess of Sussex (Lady Cecilia Underwood). He says: "I know not whether the Princess of Capua is, according to Neapolitan law, a real princess, any more than our Cecilia is a real duchess, which she certainly is not, nor takes the title, though every now and then somebody gives it to her. The Duke of Devonshire made a mystery of the order in which he meant them to go out, and would let nobody know; but when the moment came he then made the Duke of Sussex take the Princess of Capua, next the Prince with Lady Cecilia, and he himself followed with the Duchess of Somerset."

[2] Mr. Armit, Banker, of the firm of Armit & Borough.

[3] Widow of Sir George Campbell, and elder daughter of Sir Edward Borough.

[4] Daughters of Lady Guy Campbell, and granddaughters to "Pamela."

G Miss O'Grady,[1] to whom we all bend;
H Hattie Fortescue,[2] young Gerald's friend.[3]

. . . .

U stands for us all, which is very peculiar;
V for Miss Vereker, niece to Aunt Julia;
Y stands for Yelverton, Avonmore's pride,
And as there's no Z, may *she* soon be a bride!

There were other belles more *en titre* than these. Miss Henry,[4] whose loveliness turned the heads of the *jeunesse dorée* of Dublin, but who wisely listened to mamma's counsels, and after her first season became mistress of the comfortable establishment of an excellent and a wealthy merchant. The most admired of belles was Miss Roche,[5] who had a tradition of beauty, and as the beautiful Lady Miles was well known in Paris and London. On her the following lines were writ by the naughty "eddicongs," who maybe she had slighted for a "Lancer bold":

A stately form, and through the throng
Was heard a murmured praise,
As on a Lancer tall and strong
She riveted her gaze.
She seemed to think the pencilled brow
Of Eastern dame a beauty,
For it was clear that pincers small
And paint had done their duty.
She passed away—far be't for me
On Lancer's ground to poach;
So here I leave the all-admired,
The beautiful Miss Roche.

[1] Now Lady Wolseley. [2] Daughter to the then Chamberlain.
[3] Hon. Gerald Ponsonby. [4] Mrs. Gosling.
[5] Daughter to Sir David and Lady Roche.

A beauty of another class who visited Dublin during Lord Clarendon's term of office was the once famous Laura Bell, afterwards known as Mrs. Thistlethwaite, whose history has a sort of La Vallière flavour. She was exceptionally lovely.

Another curious episode of this time, which set all Dublin, we may be sure, talking, was the historiette of the Duchess Caramonte Manfredonice. This lady, who had no pretensions to beauty, occupied in Lord Donoughmore's family the position of governess; but after a time, having confided to the family her exalted position and the secret reason why she had abandoned her own almost regal home in Sicily (for she was a Sicilian duchess), she was treated as an honoured guest. Later on Lord Donoughmore's nephew, Scrope Bernard, a man of property, ventured to offer the wandering duchess his hand and home, which she graciously accepted. The imposture (for it is needless to say she was an adventuress) was found out too late; but what became of the Duchess Manfredonice I know not. The whole story reads like a bit out of one of Mr. Gilbert's burlesques.

Passing over Lord St. Germans' somewhat effete viceroyalty, we come to the pleasant record of Lord Carlisle's term of office, which was divided into two periods—one from 1855 to 1857, the second from 1860 to 1864. In his younger days, as Lord Morpeth, he had filled the post of Chief Secretary with much credit,—not that he was remarkable, as other Secretaries, for political sagacity, but his kindly disposition and his

anxiety to associate himself with those who worked for the good of Ireland endeared him to the people. For the rest he was what is now called an all-round man,—of elegant tastes, an excellent speaker, his phrases being turned in the most polished manner, the same quality being noticeable in his writings; an ardent lover of music, a devoted supporter of cricket, an enthusiast as to beauty, although he did not succumb to the charms of any particular woman, being one of those "chartered" flirts who never can be caught and tied up to the matrimonial rack and manger. Yet no doubt he had in his day his moments of weakness. It was said he had dangled about the bouquet of Sheridan rosebuds, and during his term of office as Chief Secretary for Ireland his wings were badly burned in his flutterings round Lady Clarke's pretty trio of daughters. It was "that pretty little devil José," as Prince Puckler Muskau called her, that the Chief Secretary affectioned; but José was romantic, and thought the world well lost for love, so she went out one morning and got married to the man she preferred, and never regretted doing so. Neither did she lose her admirer, who turned into a true friend. I have a letter of his lying before me now. It is thirty years since it was written, yet the scent of the roses hangs round it still, for the old affection breathes through every kind word in which Lord Carlisle tells Mrs. Geale that her husband shall have the appointment she wished for, "and *you* shall tell him yourself," he says, and

ends with, "I think I behave like a very good boy to you."

Lord Carlisle was, as I have said, an ardent lover of music. He was never tired "getting up" concerts, especially of amateurs, when he would sit next the piano, gazing in rather an embarrassing manner at the vocalist, as if wondering where the voice came from. Sometimes, if one of Moore's melodies were given, tears would run down his face. On one occasion, when a favourite song of his was to be sung, a ludicrous incident happened. Dr. Whately, then Archbishop of Dublin, who, to say the least, was unceremonious in his manners, was standing close to the piano. The fair singer had begun "One dear smile," and his Excellency was listening, entranced, when suddenly the Archbishop began to sneeze, repeating the performance continuously, with the assistance of an immense red silk bandana handkerchief. This unpleasant accompaniment to the melody went on for several minutes, the Archbishop standing right in front of the Viceroy and the singer, who had stopped and was trying to conceal her laughter behind her fan; "and in this way," says the narrator of the story, "one dear smile was converted into one broad grin." When health forced Lord Carlisle to retire from office, a general regret pervaded all classes, as it was felt that, although he occasionally failed in "kingly" dignity, his intentions were always for the good of the country.

But now we are coming upon troublous times.

So far back as Lord Abercorn's viceroyalty the mutterings were heard of the storm that later on broke over Ireland. On this point there is no need to touch. A pleasanter recollection is the handsome group of the Hamilton family, reminding people of the familiar comparison applied by Fanny Kemble to the equally handsome group of Sheridans: "A rose with its rosebuds." To this handsome family succeeded "Spenser's Faerie Queene," then in the heyday of her beauty.

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN AND FAMILY.

We are now almost at the end of our list of Viceroys; but a word must be said as to the strange episode of the boycott which marked Lord Houghton's reign. No more curious reversal of the general order of things could be well imagined. Especially remarkable at a public function such as the Horse Show was the avoidance of the viceregal box, where the Lord-Lieutenant, looking very like a school-boy in punishment, sat all alone.

Dublin is great at gossiping stories. I do not vouch for the following, which, if not true, is *ben-trovato.* A great difficulty was the necessity to provide some lady rejoicing in a title to grace the arm of his Excellency at State banquets, etc. There was but one, the wife of an official, who did her part nobly, and always came "up to time." Frequency, however, staled her infinite variety, and the Viceroy confided to his merry men his utter weariness of the same partner: a weariness, he felt, was reciprocated. "You *must*," he said with kingly dignity, "find some other lady of rank for me to conduct"; and then he frowned, and the Chamberlain trembled. In despair, the A.D.C.'s ransacked hotels and private lodging-houses—even the suburbs were searched; and in the end—oh, joy!—she was found: an ancient relic of nobility, who was content to forego her principles for a viceregal banquet. But, alas! she was as deaf as the proverbial drum. "Allah! but it is useless," said Lord Houghton, with a gentle air of resignation. "Je retourne à mes premiers amours." He sometimes breaks into verses like his eminent father.

The present occupant of the viceregal throne seems to win golden opinions; he has the advantage—a great one with people who adore beauty—to have a charming Vice-Queen. His hospitality is likewise unbounded; and, better still, he seems to have the real interest of the country at heart. Let us hope that he may continue in office sufficiently long to do some permanent good.

III.

THE FRINGES AND LIBERTIES OF DUBLIN CITY.

Castle Street.—Cage-House of Sir Daniel Bellingham.—Hoey's Court.—Eede's Coffee-House.—The Procession of the Fringes.—Houses of the Nobility in High Street, Thomas Street, Fishamble Street.—"Waking" Wolfe Tone.—St. Audöen's Church.—Portlester Chapel.—St. Audöen's Arch.—*Freeman's Journal.*—Anecdote of Faulkner.—*The Messiah.*—Chamber-Organ upon which Handel played.—St. Werburgh's Church.—Church of Holy Trinity.—The Bishop's Liberty.—St. Patrick's Cathedral.—Schomberg's Tomb.—Tomb of Stella.—Dr. Narcissus Marsh.—Patrick Street.—The Refugees.—The Coombe.—Weavers' Hall.—Huguenot Houses.—Clarence Mangan's Story.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRINGES AND LIBERTIES OF DUBLIN CITY.

LEAVING the Castle by the principal entrance, we pass through the street which bears the same name, and is coeval with the stronghold itself. "In the majority of cities in Ireland," says Sir John Gilbert in his "History of Dublin City," "the most ancient streets are to be found in the immediate vicinity of the Castle or chief fortress of the town, the protection afforded by which was an object of paramount importance to the burghers, who, until the seventeenth century, were constantly harassed by the incursions of the native clans." The English settlers therefore congregated round the Castle, many of them having cage-houses in Castle Street. Here lived Daniel Bellingham, first Lord Mayor of Dublin, and other dignitaries. On a portion of the City wall on the south side of Castle Street stood the Bank of Messrs. Latouche & Kane. During the dispute relative to the power of the English Cabinet to impose Wood's halfpence on the Irish nation, one of the Latouche family made himself unpopular, and was the subject of a ballad beginning :

> Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
> Yet in one hour lost it, 'tis known far and near;
> To whom did he lose it—a Judge or a Peer?
> Which nobody can deny.

Mr. Latouche, however, soon regained his popularity.

Hoey's Court is another point of interest in Castle Street. Here the great Dean of St. Patrick's was born, 1667, at the house of his uncle. Hoey's Court has been demolished, and no trace of Swift's birthplace remains. It seems extraordinary that this indignity towards one of Ireland's most gifted sons should have been allowed: the houses, however, in the court were condemned, being in a dilapidated condition—all the more shame to those who allowed Swift's birthplace to be so neglected. "The many admirers of the Dean," says a recent writer, "would have gladly subscribed, if called upon."

The site of Hoey's Court is at the bottom of the steps running by the west wall of the Castle, or it can be entered from Werburgh Street. It was in its day a well-considered locality. Surgeon-General Ruxton lived here, as did also Chancellor Bowes. A little farther on was Eede's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits and statesmen who came to drink Canary, for which Eede had a reputation.

Castle Street is the entrance to that portion of Dublin City known as the "Liberties." The Liberties or Franchises of Dublin (to use the correct term) were twenty-five in number, each liberty or franchise taking its name from the head or principal individual residing in the locality. Thus we have the Bishop's Liberty, which comprised the large area of the Coombe; Lord Kildare's Liberty; and the Earl of Meath's

Liberty, which was of the nature of a manor, and included Kevin Street and Booter's Lane, Bride Street, Bull Alley, Meath Street and Mellefont Lane, etc.[1]

The Corporation of the City were bound by their charter to perambulate at fixed periods the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and to make stands or stations at various points. A procession of the different Guilds, headed by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Peers, took place every third year. It was called the Procession of the Fringes or Franchises, and was intended to designate the Lord Mayor's rights over the City. The word "liberty" therefore meant *outside* his jurisdiction; and when his Lordship, in the course of his perambulation, came to one of these sacred territories, he thrust his sword through the wall of a certain house, or, if at the seaside, he hurled, when the

HOUSE IN WHICH SWIFT WAS BORN (HOEY'S COURT).

[1] The twenty-five Franchises took in, besides those places already mentioned, Clontarf, Donnybrook, Ringsend, Clonskeagh, Miltown, Dolphin's Barn, Hospital Fields, Stonybatter, Grange Gorman, Finglas, Drumcondra, Ballyburgh, and Raheny.

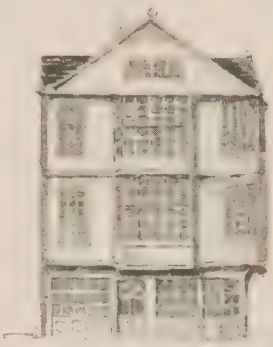
tide was out, a javelin as far as his strength could send it, this being understood to form the boundary not belonging to Neptune. The processions, which continued up to the beginning of this century, were magnificent displays, the Guilds of the different trades taking part in the show. The journeymen and apprentices walked; the masters rode,—each trade being preceded by a platform or car, drawn by four or six horses; on the platform some of the best hands were seen working at the trade represented. The smiths had a high phaeton, in which was seated the handsomest girl in the City, representing the wife of Vulcan, whose representative, armed *cap-à-pie*, and flourishing an enormous sledge-hammer, rode beside the phaeton on the largest horse that could be found.

The Liberties derived a certain importance from the proximity of the Castle, which in the early days of Strongbow's conquest drew into the neighbourhood the English settlers, who generally sought protection from the attacks of the native Irish who occupied the hillsides and mountain fastnesses. As time went on this animosity in a measure subsided, but the nobility and men of position still remained inhabitants of the Liberties, where later on they dwelt in the timber or cage-houses built by the English plantation of James I. These in the beginning of the last century made place for the more substantial but ugly stone mansions which were the taste of the day.[1] The two last remaining cage-houses were

[1] These houses were spacious, and some twenty years ago there were traces remaining of their former high estate in the form of finely carved chimney-pieces. The dealers have now carried away everything of value, the best finding an excellent market in England.

taken down early in this century, one being the Carbric in Skinners' Row, which had been the residence of the Earls of Kildare. Sir Christopher Ussher's, which stood at the corner of Castle Street, was taken down in 1813.

Some of the wooden beams of the Carbric or Cerbric House can be seen in the lower storeys of Nos. 6 and 7, Christchurch Place.[1] On the site of these houses stood Dick's Coffee-house, where the principal auctions of books, land, and property were held. The owner of the coffee-house, one Pue, published a paper called *Occurrences*. Edmund Burke relates, 1747, that, as he was sitting in a shop under Dick's Coffee-house, the back-house fell in and buried Pue, the coffee-house keeper, and his wife in the ruins.



THE CARBRIC HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARLS OF KILDARE.

Sir John Gilbert's valuable "History of Dublin" supplies a long list of notables who had residences in the City Liberties. Lord Meath, whose name and that of his son Lord Brabazon are still to be seen in two of the wide, spacious streets, lived in Thomas Street (his house has long since sunk to the degraded position of a tenement-house). Lord Molyneux had a quaint mansion in Peter Street, which is still existent. Lord Molesworth and Dr. Grattan, father to the much-honoured patriot, had houses in Fishamble Street; the Earl of Kildare in

[1] Skinners' Row, now Christchurch Place.

Thomas Street;[1] the Earl of Roscommon in High Street, where also lived Sir Patrick Wemyss and the Plunkets. High Street and Thomas Street, like Meath Street, are spacious, and some of the houses have the air of having seen better days. Here too was enacted many a thrilling and tragic incident. High Street was the scene of one of the foulest murders that ever disgraced a country, that of an old man in the presence of his daughter. It was a night in June; the patriot Emmet had selected it for his toy rebellion; he had in fact just sent up the rocket which was to summon his followers from their hiding-places, and this undisciplined mob had debouched into High Street as Lord Kilwarden's carriage came down the street, taking him and his daughter home to their house in Leinster Street, after dining at the Castle with the Chief Secretary, Lord Castlereagh.[2] Imagine the scene. The silken curtains were torn from the windows, the old man dragged out, his weeping daughter clinging to him. Kilwarden, who was a splendid orator and a courageous man, addressed the excited crowd. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am Kilwarden, Justice of the Common Pleas." "And you hung my son!" howled the fellow nearest him (a man called Shannon), as he plunged his pike into the old man's breast. That Emmet had no share in this miserable tragedy is certain; in fact he was so overwhelmed by such a beginning, and his own incapacity to control his followers, that he fled

[1] The Earl removed there from the Carbric.

[2] Some accounts state that a nephew of Lord Kilwarden, Mr. Wolfe, also was of the party.

from the scene, abandoning his mad scheme; neither, as it afterwards appeared, had Shannon any grudge against his unfortunate victim, whom he mistook for Lord Carleton, the judge who had sentenced his son.

Every step we now take along the deserted streets is associated with these troublous times, which, although a

LORD MOLYNEUX'S HOUSE, PETER STREET.

century has passed since such scenes of bloodshed were enacted, have left their imprint upon the nation. At 151, Thomas Street the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald was arrested at the house of Murphy, a feather merchant.[1] Hard by, at 9, Lower Bridge Street, the disaffected met at Oliver Bond's. This man was exceedingly active in

[1] No. 22, Corn Market was another place of refuge used by Lord Edward FitzGerald, whose humble friends were most generous in running risks for his sake. At Moore's house in Corn Market Lord Edward passed as tutor to Miss Moore.

administering the oath to the United Irishmen. Reynolds, the informer, was admitted to all the meetings, and by his revelations on January 4, 1797, Bond and fourteen members of the secret society were secured and tried for conspiracy. Bond was sentenced to death, but received a pardon, it was said, for turning King's evidence.

At 65, High Street (where Sarsfield was born) Wolfe Tone, one of the purest of the Irish patriots, was waked. Theobald Wolfe Tone, like most of the leaders of rebellion in Ireland, was of the Established Church, and came of a good family. He makes a picturesque figure in history, but his end was ghastly. Being concerned in the landing of the French at Killala in 1798, he was taken prisoner attired in the full uniform of the French service, was tried in Dublin, and condemned to death. On the day fixed for his execution his friends exerted themselves to obtain a reprieve, and Lord Kilwarden (who was a connection of the family, his name being likewise Wolfe) granted a decree of *Habeas Corpus*, with the additional order that it should be served at once. Curran, who was acting for the prisoner, urged that his client might be executed before the order was presented. "Then," said the Chief Justice, "let the Sheriff proceed to the barracks and see that he be not executed." After an interval of agitation and suspense the messenger returned, reporting that the Field Marshal refused to obey. "Then," said Kilwarden, "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone in custody and the Provost Marshal likewise, and show the order to General Craig." Unfortunately, while his

friends were thus exerting themselves on his behalf, Tone, resolved not to undergo the disgrace and horror of being hung, had taken matters into his own hands, and had deliberately cut his wind-pipe across with a penknife, but failed to destroy himself, having strength to say, "I am but a bad anatomist." The wound was sewn up, and the authorities would have carried out the execution, but Kilwarden again interfered, and the unhappy prisoner was allowed to die from his self-inflicted wounds. His body was, moreover, given to his relations, who transported it to High Street, and paid it the honour of a grand wake.

ST. AUDÖEN'S CHURCH (RUIN).

Turning out of High Street, we come upon one of the rarest bits of antiquity in old Dublin—St. Audöen's

Church. St. Audöen (whose family name was Audaine) is a corruption of St. Ouen, the edifice being built in 1171 by the Norman invaders, who naturally called it after one of their patron saints. The entrance is from the street through an iron gate of a forlorn and "Tom's all alone" character. You descend some steps, and, turning to the right, are in a ruin which communicates with the restored, or rather I should say renovated, portion. The Church originally consisted of a chancel and two long aisles like fingers, the latter being supported on arches of most elegant design. The Church now in use is the west half of the north aisle. The latter is the ruin of what was the Portlester Chantry, which was built in 1430 by the Baron Portlester. The chantry originally held six altars: the remains of these can be seen, as also the raised ground for the High Altar. Some of the tombs have been wrecked and the crosses torn away, but the inscriptions can be made out. And here too the cenotaph or table monument of the Portlester family had its place—the Baron, in his chain armour and helmet, lying side by side with his wife, Margaret, daughter of Jenico d'Artois. Round the margin of the tomb there is the following inscription in Gothic letters: "Orate pro animæ Rolande Fitz-Eustace de Portlester, qui Hunc Locum sive Capellam Dedit in Honoram Beate Maria Virginis etiam pro Animæ Margaretæ Uxoris suæ, etc. Anno Domini 1455." The monument was removed from the chantry some years ago, and placed in the entrance to the Church, near to another, greatly defaced, of some Church dignitary.

Both, sad to say, are disfigured by some glaring red-and-blue lettering put upon them with questionable taste.

In a corner near the Church door is a recess which is called the Bishops' Chapel, from the fact of three bishops, father and two sons, being buried there; on the wall their names are recorded, and for the preservation of their monument John Parry, the father, left an annual sum of forty shillings, to be continued so long as the bones of the Parrys remained undisturbed. Such disturbance happening some years ago, the stipend ceased.

MONUMENT OF THE PORTLESTER FAMILY.

In the restorations of the Church in 1848 a very curious monument, erected to the memory of John Malone and Mary Pentony, his wife, was nearly destroyed. Near to it was a curious group of kneeling figures, having neither name nor date. The figures were saved from being hacked away by the late Dr. Petrie. It was his opinion that the group formed part of the Malone monument. Underneath this monument there is a death's-head with angel wings—a curious emblem.

Some twenty years ago a subterranean passage was discovered beneath the Church. Two stone jugs were part of the find; and from the fact of the workmen engaged in the excavations absconding and never since

being heard of, it is conjectured these jugs held valuable coins. There formerly existed a passage from the Church down to the river, but this has long since been walled up. From the top of the belfry tower a splendid view can be had all over the City, which, like a panorama, stretches out before the spectator. One of the bells in the tower has completed its two-hundredth anniversary. The tone of this ancient servant is delightfully tuneful, no wheeze of old age denoting its antiquity.

ST. AUDÖEN'S ARCH.

At a stone's-throw from the Church is the sole survivor of the entrance gates to old Dublin. This venerable portal dates from 1316, when it was erected to defend the City against the threatened invasion of Robert Bruce. It is stated in Stanihurst's "History of Dublin" that "the Maior Robert Noringham razed down an abbaie of the frier preachers called Saint Saviour, his Monasterie, and brought the stones thereof to these places where the gate now stands."

This most interesting relic of former generations has been restored, but the tower was not rebuilt. It is, however, well that so much has been done, for in 1880 the poor old arch was condemned by the Corporation "*as a nuisance*," and its removal was strongly recommended. Mercifully, this act of vandalism was prevented. The tower of St. Audöen's was put to rather a singular use in 1764, being turned into a printing office, and here the first number of the now widely circulated *Freeman's Journal* was printed.[1]

From High Street we make our way through Fishamble Street to the two great stone cathedrals. Round Fishamble Street Theatre float a host of memories of Handel as he sat at the chamber organ[2]

[1] In a curious and rare old book of epistles, the joint composition of George Howard (ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk) and Faulkner, the King's printer, there are some bitter lines against the new journal, which, edited by Lucas, was a formidable rival to Faulkner's paper:

> He first, with many a fair pretence
> To public spirit, truth, and sense,
> Hatched that disgrace to law and reason,
> That mass of slander, dulness, treason,
> That journal which the arch produces.

The following incident is told by Faulkner: "A gentleman called one day in a fine frenzy. His name had appeared in my death column, which had caused considerable confusion, his creditors all clamouring to be paid what was due to them. 'Sir,' cried I, 'it is impossible for me to know whether you be alive or dead, but I am sure I gave you a very good character in my journal.' The gentleman," he adds, "was so pleased that he ordered books from my shop in Essex Street to the value of fourteen shillings, this amount being added to the list of moneys due."

[2] The chamber organ upon which Handel played was removed to the Bluecoat School, where it could be seen twenty years ago. Since then Mr. Thomas Jackson saw it at a private house in Eccles Street, where we must presume it now remains. Such a relic of the great maestro should be in some museum.

in the orchestra conducting the rehearsals of the *Messiah*; also of the *dilettante* nobleman Lord Mornington, who founded an Academy of Music strictly of amateurs, and quite independent of all *mercenary* professionals. The conductor was the Earl himself; the band were gentlemen well known in society; so too with the singers and chorus; and we are told that these performances were quite up to the professional standard. Then came the ridottos and the masquerades for which Dublin was famous. They made another chapter in the history of Fishamble Street. Its highest glory, however, is its association with the German maestro. Handel came to Dublin in a fit of pique, and remained five months as the guest of the then Viceroy, the Duke of Devonshire. During his visit, on April 15, 1741, he produced *for the first time* the *Messiah*.[1] The *Dublin Evening Post*, in its notice of its performance, says:

"On Tuesday last Mr. Handel's oratoria of the *Messiah* was performed at the new Musick Hall, Fishamble Street. The best judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of musick. It is but justice to Mr. Handel that the world should know that he generously gave the money from the great work to be equally shared by the Charitable Infirmary, Mercers' Hospital, and the relief of prisoners. There were over seven hundred persons present, and £700 was collected."

[1] The fact of the *Messiah* being performed for the first time in Dublin has been many times disputed. The letter, however, of Jennens, the librettist, to Lord Howe, Handel's patron, places the matter beyond cavil. The letter will be found in Sir John Gilbert's "History of Dublin"

This calculation would lead one to suppose a guinea was paid for each ticket—an unprecedented charge in those days.

The great master seems to have been well pleased with his Dublin audience, for we find him writing to his friends in a strain of elation :

" The nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a subscription for six nights, which did fill a room of six hundred persons, so that I did not need to sell a single ticket at the door, and, without vanity, the performance was received with general approbation. Signora Avolio, which I brought with me from London, pleases extraordinary. I have form'd another tenor voice which gives great satisfaction, and the rest of the chorus singers do exceeding well. As for the instruments, they are really excellent, Mr. Dubourgh being at the head of them, and the music sounds delightfully in the charming room, which puts me in such spirits (and my health being good) that I exert myself at the organ with more than usual success. I cannot sufficiently express the kind treatment I receive here ; but the politeness of this generous nation cannot be unknown to you, so I let you judge of the satisfaction I enjoy. They propose already more performances when the subscription is over, and my Lord Duke of Devonshire will easily obtain a longer permission for me from his Majesty." [1]

Grattan, as every one knows, was born in Fishamble Street, his father being an eminent physician. In the

[1] Towards the end of the last century Fishamble Street Theatre was hired by a company of amateurs with histrionic aspirations at the yearly

same street lived at No. 3 James Mangan, father to the unfortunate poet James Clarence Mangan, born 1803. This house bore the arms and motto "Ne vele velis" ("Wish nothing base"), the family device of Sir Christopher Ussher, Serjeant-at-Arms, who removed here from the cage-house mentioned on page 67. Mangan's house in Fishamble Street dates (says Mr. Evans, whose knowledge of old Dublin is unchallenged) from Queen Anne, and there are traces of the earlier Georgian era in the narrow windows with their very small panes.

Clarence Mangan's childhood was made unhappy by the severity with which his father treated him and the rest of his family. This unpleasant individual, who had something of Squeers in his character, made a boast that his children would "run into a mouse-hole" to escape him. But in this we must remember that it was the tone of the day to keep young people in their place. Mangan, who was not a wealthy man, had no idea of feeding idle mouths, so at a very early age Clarence had to furnish his quota towards the support of the household by copying work in a scrivener's

rent of £80. Lord Westmeath, one of the company, induced Valdré, the Earl of Buckinghamshire's *protégé*, to paint the ceiling, proscenium, and some of the scenes. The *dramatis personæ* included Lords Westmeath and Barrymore, Sir Edward Denny, Sir Charles Vernon, Mr. McClintock, Colonel Nugent, Mr. Wandesforde Butler, and Captain Ashe, whose portraits (in his different characters) are often to be met with. He seems to have been the heart and soul of the company, having much talent for comedy acting, great facial command, and extraordinary agility, which he evinced by dancing the minuet in *High Life Below-stairs* on his toes, and scratching his ear with his toe.

office, a drudgery he detested, for he had all the morbid tendencies which accompany highly strung natures. He thus describes his own morbidity :

"My nervous and hypochondriacal feelings verged almost on insanity ; I seemed to myself to be shut up in a cavern with serpents, scorpions, and all manner of monstrous, hideous things, which writhed and hissed about me and discharged their slime and venom upon my person."

Mr. Wakeman, in his papers upon old Dublin, gives his personal recollections of Clarence Mangan, which are full of interest :

"We were supposed, when on home duty, to meet daily in the office at 10 a.m. All were usually punctual except Mangan, who as a rule was late, would often not appear before eleven or twelve o'clock, and would not unfrequently be absent altogether. He had in our room a large unpainted deal desk, about breast-high, supported upon four legs ; and, to match, an equally plain stool or seat,—both being his own property, and of his own introduction. Upon this desk, when he worked at all, he would copy documents as required. He had nothing else to do, so that his training as scrivener made the task all the more easy. At times he would be very dull and silent, but occasionally he was apt to make puns and jokes. He generally had some awful story of a supernatural character to tell as he was sipping his tar-water, a bottle of which medicine he always carried with him. At the time I speak of Mangan could not have numbered more

than thirty-five or thirty-six years, yet he was then physically worn out, aged in fact, as far as the body was concerned. His mind, however, still was that of the poet, and he was inditing those soul-stirring verses published then and afterwards in the *Irish Penny Journal*, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and I believe elsewhere. Aged in body, I repeat. His hair had gone, and given place to a very common-looking, flax-coloured wig; his teeth were a false and ill-fitting set, as evidenced by the fact that the wearer was ever fixing them with his fingers, lest they should fall from his gums; he possessed very weak eyes, and used a huge pair of green spectacles; he had narrow shoulders, and was flat-chested, so much so that for appearance' sake the breast of his coat was thickly padded. Of course there was no muscular strength; and his voice was low, sweet, but very tremulous. Few perhaps could imagine that so odd a figure might represent a genius, and Mangan himself did not appear to care a fig what people thought of him—in fact he seemed to court the reputation of an oddity. His coat was of an indescribable fashion, both in cut and colour; it appeared to have been a kind of drab. Out of doors he wore a tight little cloak; and his hat exactly resembled those which broomstick-riding witches are usually represented with. Sometimes, even in the most settled weather, he might be seen parading the streets with a very voluminous umbrella under each arm. The large coloured spectacles, already referred to, had the effect of setting off his singularly

wan and wax-like countenance with as much force as might be accomplished by the contrast of colour."

In an unfrequented part of Glasnevin Cemetery, where the grass grows rank and tall, hiding the mass of forgotten graves, a headstone marks the spot where the Irish poet lies; and looking at this sad memento of a man who had undoubtedly the divine fire of genius, some lines of his recur to the memory. They are, I think, very pathetic:

Tic-tic! tic-tic! not a sound save Time's,
And the wind gust as it drives the rain;
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed and rest thy aching brain.
Sleep—no more the dupe of hopes and schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

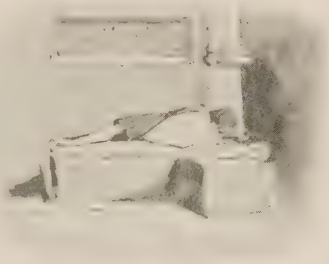
Not far from Fishamble Street stands the small elegant-looking Church of St. Werburgh. Its steeple was one hundred and sixty feet high, and the roof a masterpiece; but in 1810 both were found to be in a ruinous condition, and had to be removed. Now it is little known and rarely visited; but in Handel's time it was the fashionable church of the City, the Viceroy (when in residence) attending it on Sundays with his suite, when some fashionable preacher like Dr. Delany would give a sermon suited to his august listener. The viceregal seat is still to be seen, facing the organ upon which Handel, during his stay in Dublin, played to the delight of

his hearers.[1] In the vaults of St. Werburgh's the remains of the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald are interred, and on the wall of the Church there is a curious tablet to John Edwin, the actor, who died of a broken heart in consequence of adverse criticisms.

St. Werburgh's is close to the Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church. This ancient pile is of older date than its neighbour, St. Patrick's Cathedral, its vaults existing so far back as the occupation of the City by the Danes. It was in one of these vaults that St. Patrick celebrated the first Mass said in Ireland. The vault used by the Saint may have been a stone-roofed structure somewhat similar to the mysterious chapels or oratories mentioned by Dr. Petrie, and supposed to be as old as the fifth century. In 1074 Bishop Donough laid the first stone of the Cathedral, which was continued by St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, with the assistance of the Anglo-Norman invaders. Of this, the original Church of the Holy Trinity, only the transept and some of the choir arches remain; they are strictly Norman in character, exhibiting the semi-circular arch, enriched with chevrons and other ornaments. The nave is Gothic, dating from 1230. The chapels which formed part of the original building were destroyed during the Reformation era. In the south aisle we find the tomb of Richard Strongbow, who died in Dublin in 1177, and, it was said, was buried here with his wife Eva, daughter to

[1] The organ is a rare piece of wood-carving, and well worth a visit. Its tone is still tuneful.

Morrogh, King of Leinster. Strongbow, or Stringuil—that being his real name—is described in "Cambriensis" as being of "ruddie sanguine complexion and freckled face, albeit feminine; his voice was small and his voice little, but he was somewhat high in stature." This description hardly tallies with one's preconceived idea of Ireland's "first and principall Invader," as is set forth in the description on the wall opposite to his monument—which monument, singularly enough, is not the one erected to Ireland's invader; for, to quote again from the same inscription, that "was brocken by the fall of the Roof and Body of Christe Church in 1561, and set up againe at the charges of the Right Honourable S^r^ Henry Sidney, Knight of the noble order, President of Wailes, and Deputy of Ireland." The facts, however, differ slightly from what is set forth on this tablet. The Lord-Deputy Sidney, not desiring to have the trouble or expense of setting up a new monument to the "principall Invader," did the matter on the cheap by causing a monument of one of the Earls of Desmond to be brought from Drogheda to replace that of Strongbow. After all it matters little—one knight in armour resembles very closely one of his brother-knights; but it is a little distressing to hear that Strongbow's bones have likewise disappeared.



STRONGBOW'S TOMB.

Christ Church is in the Bishop's Liberty, where likewise is situated St. Patrick's. It seems strange that two such churches should have been erected in such close proximity to one another; but it must be remembered that St. Patrick's was only a parochial church, and that it was not raised to the dignity of a cathedral with dean and chapter, until the thirteenth century, when Henri de Loundres, the only prelate of the Irish Church present at the signing of Magna Charta, conferred this honour upon it, we may assume to the annoyance of the Bishop and Chapter of Holy Trinity. Since this time St. Patrick's has always held the first place, which it still retains.

During its early period of existence St. Patrick's suffered from inundations and conflagrations—the River Poddle, which ran underneath the Church, occasionally rising to the height of seven or eight feet, while fires were of constant recurrence. It also suffered much at the hands of the different Reformers, its vicissitudes being indeed strange. At one time it was "unchurched" altogether, then restored to a certain status, and again Cromwell degraded the venerable pile to the level of a stable.

Such a record leaves its trace, and long before its time the Cathedral showed signs of decay. Even in Dean Swift's day the Church was already in a ruinous condition, and as years went on this state of things grew more and more painful to witness. Every one knows of the generous interposition of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who, at the cost of £160,000, has

restored St. Patrick's and made it beautiful for ever. It may be that in its rags it was more picturesque. Still, Dublin owes a debt of gratitude to the man who so nobly undertook the task.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

In St. Patrick's we find Schomberg's tomb, over which Swift put up a stone and Latin inscription. The Dean seems to have got into some trouble by so doing, for in 1731 he writes to his friend and patroness Lady Suffolk : " I hear the Queen [Caroline of Anspach,

consort to George II.] hath blamed me for putting a stone with a Latin inscription over the Duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my Cathedral, and that the King said publicly I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. The public prints as well as the thing itself will vindicate me, and *the hand the Duke* had in the revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the King of Prussia take it ill, who must have heard that the Duke was in the service of Prussia and Stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his *titles*."

After all the great charm of St. Patrick's rests on its association with Swift. "The Cathedral is merely his tomb," writes Sir Walter Scott, who could see nothing but the Dean's "dark saturnine face" in every corner of the Church. His gigantic personality effaces all minor personalities except that of Stella. Her name is for all time bound up with his—even here she is with him. As Professor Dowden says: "The tomb of Swift must needs be Stella's tomb—she lies beside him, their secret known only to themselves." "Poor injured Stella, the sweetest of her sex," said Lord Orrery. "One thinks of her as we look at the Deanery House,[1] and remember how, on the night of her funeral, Swift sat there writing of her virtues, her courage, gentleness, vivacity of heart and brain. 'Night, dearest little M.D.,' he had so often added as the farewell word of the Diary to Stella. Now with her it was night, and a cloudier night with him.

[1] The Deanery House, or Marsh's Gate, now a police barrack.

And so the darkness deepened, indignation giving place to rage, and rage to imbecility, with no stars aloft, but murk and despair rising thick from the unwholesome earth, and throttling him in their shadowy coils." [1]

Close to the Deanery is an iron gateway; we go

WEST-FRONT OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ABOUT 1750.

through, mount a flight of steps, and find ourselves in Bishop Narcissus Marsh's Library—a regular students' haunt, solemn and silent, with the respectability of age. Bishop (afterwards Primate) Narcissus Marsh loved his books, and lived amongst them. Finding the Episcopal

[1] This fine passage occurs in Professor Dowden's "Dublin City" (Scribner), but it is not borne out by fact. Swift enjoyed ten years of various platonic attachments before the gloom of imbecility finally darkened his soul.

Palace, which was close at hand, not spacious enough to contain them, he added a portion of the Bishop's Palace, wherein he determined to establish a Public Library. He appropriated the second floor of this building to the purpose; the lower part he gave to Dr. Elias Borroher, his librarian, and between the Library and his own residence he made a door of communication, so that he could come in at any moment.

His anxiety for the preservation of his beloved volumes is touching. He cared for them as men do for the children of their old age, making every provision for their comfort and for that of the reader. Loving silence himself, he appreciated its advantages as a necessary adjunct for the good digesting of literary food. All down the Library are recesses for the students, constructed much after the fashion of church pews, and carefully separated from one another, so that solitude is easily attainable. The Library itself is built in the form of two long galleries, running at right angles to one another; in the centre is the librarian's room, from which he can command a bird's-eye view of the whole.

Ornamented doors guarded the little chambers wherein were the Bishop's treasures: here we may imagine he would sit looking from the windows out on the courtyard or quadrangle, built under the shadow of the Cathedral. At that time the Church was standing by the water's edge. The River Poddle came up quite close to the very gates of St. Patrick's, so that Dr.

INTERIOR OF MARSH'S LIBRARY.

ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Narcissus's eyes must have looked out upon a pleasant view.

With all his provident care, the Bishop made a great mistake. He left no funds for the supply of fresh books, nor for the repairs of the building; it would have crumbled away long since but for the timely intervention of the restorer of St. Patrick's. The books themselves are too old to be of much use to the student of the present day. They were many of them the property of Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester: these are mostly theological. Later on a gift of some valuable French and Latin works was made by a French refugee from the Edict of Nantes, one Doctor Borroher, the librarian before named. This name got corrupted into "Borough," and until quite lately a descendant of Doctor Borroher lived in Dublin. One of the interesting relics in Marsh's Library is the music-book of the Bishop. He was an elegant musician, playing the violoncello with much skill. The method of noting in his music-book is very curious.

Leaving the quaint old Library with regret, we take a look at the old Deanery House, now a barrack; and descending the hill, turn into the strange quarter Patrick Street, which is sometimes dignified with the title "St. Patrick's Close." In this squalid but picturesque ghetto (especially on Saturday nights) every conceivable article, from broken crockery to cast-off clothing, is for sale: the clothes indeed overflow; and the booths, which run along the hilly slope of the

irregular street, not being sufficient to contain this collection of rags, the overplus is flung in a promiscuous heap on to a carpeting of sacks, spread out to save the merchandise from the mire of the street. One of Dickens's most pathetic sketches deals with the fancied autobiography which he evolved out of a second-hand suit of clothes. He fits the coat and the hat with a wearer, and tells a piteous tale. His redundant fancy could, however, hardly conjure a romance out of the heterogeneous mass of cast-off apparel exposed to view in Patrick Street. The problem is, Why were they ever bought? and again, Will they ever be resold—these sordid rags, these questionable blankets, this infected bedding?

PATRICK STREET.

The owners and purchasers of such inodorous bundles are adepts in chaffering and cheapening, and to a stranger their dialect, which belongs to the Coombe, is altogether incomprehensible. Buyers and sellers alike present an endless variety of pictures: boys, like street arabs, with hardly a shred of clothing, yet with faces Murillo would have loved to paint; girls with all the grace of girlhood gone; old women, veritable hags, horrible to look at, disfigured as they are by drink; mothers with babies; babies without mothers, sprawling on the pavement.

Patrick Street leads on to Coombe, or Valley of the Poddle, that mysterious tributary of the Liffey. The Coombe, now a poverty-stricken and most desolate quarter, was at one time most prosperous and thriving, for here was the home of the weaving trade, which, like the woollen trade (of which more later), was actively carried on in Ireland. The weavers of Dublin owed their high reputation for the manufacture of brocades and delicate paduasoys to the Huguenot refugees, who, driven out of France by the bigotry of Louis XIV. and his ministers, sought refuge in other countries. It was a short-sighted policy on the part of the French monarch to send forth men of talent and skilled artisans to teach other nations the arts formerly only known on the Continent. To the energy of these refugees was due much of the progress made in Ireland (where they were most warmly received) in mercantile as well as intellectual matters. To them Dublin owed her first literary journal and her first horticultural society, while

the manufacture of silk, linen, and poplin was brought to the highest perfection. The silk weavers at first, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, set up their looms

THE WEAVERS' HALL, WITH STATUE OF GEORGE II.

in the Crypt of St. Patrick's Cathedral; but soon Colonel David Latouche, of Huguenot principles (who

had fought under Caillemote for William III. at the Battle of the Boyne), established a manufactory in High Street, where his countrymen could carry on

HUGUENOT HOUSES IN WEAVERS' SQUARE.

their trade with more advantage. Success followed this undertaking. The fame of the wondrous fabrics wrought by these foreign weavers spread rapidly. Soon a Huguenot settlement sprang up in the very heart of the Coombe, traces of which still remain in a few houses

with gabled roofs and high doorways which are to be found in Weavers' Square and the adjoining street, also the Weavers' Hall and Almshouse in the centre of the Coombe. The Almshouse has fallen into decay, but the Weavers' Hall is in good preservation. Over the door there is a fine statue of George II., full length, in a Court suit, and full-bottomed wig. Across his arm are slung the different implements of the weaving trade — shuttles and the like. On a large beam are inscribed the names of several merchants and members of the then Corporation of Dublin. The Hall is well proportioned; the cornices and architraves are fine specimens of wood-carving; the chimney-piece likewise is of carved wood—that is, as much as one can see of it.[1] Over it used to hang a portrait of George II. worked in tapestry, with the following couplet on the frame:

THE TENTER HOUSE, NOW ST. JOSEPH'S NIGHT REFUGE.

> The workmanship of John Van Beaver,
> Ye famous tapestry weaver.

As years went on the original French weavers

[1] The Hall is now in the hands of an ironmonger, who makes of it a store for his stock, and the saucepans are ranged against the mantel-piece. The firm has also in its possession an old mahogany chest, with the names of the silk weavers carved on the lid.

died,[1] but the trade was continued by their descendants, many of these being Irish by the mother or the father.[2]

There was also the contingent of Irish workmen to whom the Huguenots had taught the secrets of their art. The poplin manufacture likewise received, both at home and abroad, the utmost favour and patronage—Mr. Pleasant,[3] evidently of Huguenot descent, erecting at his own charges a tenter stove[4] house in the neighbourhood of Weavers' Square, where the weavers could stretch upon hooks or tenters thirty-six pieces of silk previous to finishing off the work. These tenters were supported by pillars (an admirable system, we are told); and the building, which was two

[1] The tanners and weavers were for ever coming in contact, the former persisting on washing their skins in the Poddle, thereby stopping the course of what a recent writer calls "The Mysterious River," which still runs through a considerable portion of the City. The Poddle was likewise used by the women of the Coombe as an inexpensive laundry; and here, one bright May morning, so far back as 1727, a French dancer, Madame Violante by name, came strolling by. The attention of this lady was drawn to a bright-eyed little girl of seven years old, whose well-formed limbs were admirably suited to feats upon the tight-rope. Madame Violante soon made a bargain with the child's mother, and the little dancer grew up to be the famous actress Margaret or Peg Woffington.

[2] There is still to be found in Dublin many descendants from the old Huguenot refugees. Le Fanu or Le Fanue, Dubedat, Maturin, Fleury, D'Olier, Borough, and Saurin are amongst these. The refugees were given by the Dean of St. Patrick's the use of St. Mary's Chapel for their special service in their own language. This French service was in use so late as 1816. The more Calvinistic amongst them had a chapel in Peter Street, and another near Capel Street. They had also special burying-grounds, one of which is still to be seen in Merrion Row.

[3] Pleasant was a merchant. Mount Pleasant, near Ranelagh, a suburb of Dublin, was named after him, and there he had his country seat.

[4] The tenter stove is now a night asylum for the homeless poor.

hundred and sixty feet in length, cost the generous donor £13,000.

Dr. Samuel Madden, the friend of Johnson, and President of the Royal Society of Dublin, encouraged in every way the trade of the City. He offered prizes of £50 and £25 for the best painting on silk, £10 for the best paduasoy, £10 for the best velvet, £10 for the best tapestry, and £15 for the best imitation of Flemish tapestry.

HUGUENOT HOUSES IN THE LIBERTIES.

With such encouragements it was little wonder that the weaving trade increased rapidly, and towards the end of the last century five hundred looms were at work in the Coombe, and three thousand seven hundred weavers were employed. There were times, however, of depression, and some of the old "broadsides" are full of bitter attacks upon the ladies of Dublin for not giving sufficient employment to the

weavers of the City. "Hibernian ladies," says the *Spy*, "dressed in silk of gold and silver embroidery from abroad, while even one loom cannot find encouragement." On those occasions the wives of the Viceroys generally came to the rescue, giving entertainments where "all were to come in home-manufactured silk, and even the unbecoming woollen."

IV.

THE BANK AND COLLEGE GREEN.

The Parliament House.—Vexed Question of the Architect.—House of Imbeciles.—Members of the Old Houses of Parliament.—Daly's Club. Trinity College.—Princess of Wales.—Irving and the Students.—The Library.—King William's Statue.—Its Adventures.—Students of Trinity College.—Volunteers on College Green.—Wheatley's Picture.—The Fourth of November.—"The Night before Larry was stretched."—Peace.

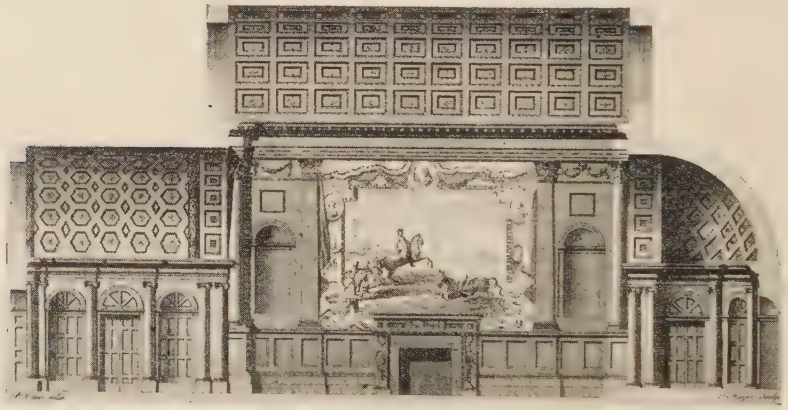
CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK AND COLLEGE GREEN.

OPPOSITE to Trinity College[1] a hospital was founded by Sir George Carie, or Carew, in 1605, and called in his honour "Carie's Hospital." Carie's was purchased by one Mr. Edward Chichester for his dwelling-house, and on this site the Bank of Ireland now stands, but not before Chichester House changed hands twice; for Edward Chichester, whose reputation was none of the best, dying deeply in debt, his brother, Sir Arthur Chichester, sold Chichester House, as it was called, to Sir Edward Parry, who died of the plague. His heirs sold it to Sir John Borlase, Master of the Ordnance and Lord Justice of Ireland; and from him it passed, in the twenty-fifth year of Charles II.'s reign, to the Crown for the use of the Parliament in Ireland. In the old deed its capabilities are duly set forth: a large room for the lords, two committee-rooms, a stairhead-room, a robe-room, a wainscot-room, a conference-room, together with a large garden, with an old banqueting-room therein. The lease ran for ninety-nine years, the yearly rent being £180.

[1] On Hoggen Green, where Trinity College now stands, was the Nunnery of St. Mary. In the Middle Ages miracle plays were often represented on the Green or in the Nunnery.

The first Parliament convened in Chichester House after the accession of William III. assembled in 1692.[1] It soon appeared that the building was quite insufficient for the purpose it had to fulfil, and that it was essential to erect Houses of Parliament on a larger and more important scale. As was usual, the choice of an architect became a party question ; in fact, to the present day it remains a vexed one who was the real



PIECE OF TAPESTRY WOVEN BY JAN VAN BEAVER.

designer of the plans. Sir Edward Pearce, chief engineer and surveyor, has got the credit, which, it was said, really belonged to Cassels, a German architect of great merit, who always maintained that he sold the plans to Sir E. Pearce, who never paid him, but appropriated the design.

[1] It was in honour of King William that the beautiful tapestries representing the Battle of the Boyne were woven in the Coombe, the artist being "John Van Beaver, ye tapestry weaver." The illustration here represents this tapestry, which is over the chimney-piece in what was the House of Lords.

COLLEGE GREEN, SHOWING THE BANK, TRINITY COLLEGE, AND GRATTAN'S STATUE.

ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The erection of the new Houses of Parliament occupied ten years; but at a later period different alterations for the purpose of enlargement were made, and in 1774 the portico of the House of Lords, which had been consumed by fire, was rebuilt, James Gandon

A NIGHT SITTING IN THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM A PICTURE BY BARRETT.

being the designer.[1] The Irish House was a very unruly assembly. In 1748 the courtly, polished Chesterfield, writing to the English Minister, describes the House of Lords as a hospital for incurables; but, he adds, "by

[1] The Gallery of the House of Lords was originally Ionic. It was in the Gallery of the House of Commons that the second Earl of Charlemont saw and fell in love with Anne Birmingham, one of the Irish beauties.

what appellation the Irish House of Commons can be described I cannot well conceive. Session after session presents one unwearied waste of provincial imbecility." This may have been to a certain extent true in the days when the elegant Stanhope reigned as Viceroy; but later on the character of the Irish Parliament stood very high, in the estimation even of foreign powers, for the ability and eloquence of its members. Such men as Malone, Flood, Grattan, Langrishe, Ponsonby, and Plunket could not have been stigmatized as "provincial imbeciles." In the picture here given we have a faithful representation of a night sitting in the House of Commons. The House is crowded from floor to ceiling, for Curran is speaking. At the right-hand corner we see Grattan and Flood, who have just come in from some social gathering.[1] They are in all the

[1] There is a portrait of Grattan in the Hall of Trinity College. He is dressed in the uniform of the Volunteers (scarlet coat, etc.), and is in the act of moving his famous "Bill of Rights," his attitude being spirited and oratorical. Grattan in private life was of the most engaging character; by even his political enemies he was regarded with a feeling of kindness almost approaching to affection. Rogers, in his poem "Memory," says:

> A walk in Spring, Grattan, like those with thee
> By the heath-side—who had not envied me?

In these rambles he would talk with a "pleasant confidential simplicity." "I should like," he would say, "to spend my life in a small, neat cottage: I could be content with very little; only cold meat, and bread, and beer, and"—with a roguish smile—"plenty of claret." In Lord Holland's ever-delightful "Memoirs" we have a lifelike sketch of the first appearance of the Irish Demosthenes in the English House of Commons, when Grattan was advanced in years and broken in health; yet "when he rose curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in the crowded House. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long-fetched, deep whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on

glory of evening dress—coats braided with gold, white pantaloons, and satin waistcoats. The Ladies' Gallery is crowded with fair faces. It is altogether a brilliant scene; and as we look at the picture, it is impossible not to give a passing sigh of regret for the change that has come over the spirit of this picturesque temple, now transformed and given over to the money-lenders.[1]

> Here, where old Freedom was wont to wait
> Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
> Now little clerks in hall and colonnade
> Tot the poor items of provincial trade;
> Lo! round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook,
> The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book.

Hosts of traditions centre round the old Parliament House—of the days when Dublin was a capital which could boast an elegant aristocracy, and the Irish gentleman was as fine as any fine gentleman in Europe, spending his money freely, and had he none to spend, falling back upon the family acres.

At that time near the Parliament House was Daly's Club,[2] where the members of both Houses would

Mr. Pitt's lips at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulation, and peculiar and almost foreign accent. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and at length settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat tune to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods. Never was triumph more complete."

[1] The chandelier of the House of Commons hangs in the Examination Hall, Trinity College. The chair of the Speaker is at the Royal Irish Academy. The mace of the last Speaker is in the possession of his great-grandson, Lord Massereene.

[2] Now the centre portion of the National Assurance Company's office. The Club moved to College Green in 1791, from No. 2, Dame Street.

adjourn after the debates, a footpath connecting the Club with the western portico. Here could be seen Grattan, and Flood with his broken beak; Andy Caldwell, with *his* red nose, and the beetle-browed patriot, Lord Charlemont; as also Curran, and a brilliant crowd of debaters, amongst whom figured, no doubt, that surprising Irishman, Sir Boyle Roche, whose wonderful bird has become historic. The claret at Daly's was exceptionally good. The members, excited by copious draughts, were prone to be quarrelsome, and the fracas generally ended by their rushing off to the Park to satisfy their honour by making targets of one another. Duelling was the order of the day; the most eminent statesmen, the most successful lawyers, even the fellows of the University, were experienced duellists. Sheil, Curran, Flood—all fought duels; Curran being a very good shot. O'Connell, later on, did not escape the duelling frenzy, his unfortunate affair with D'Esterre casting a shadow on the future life of this great orator. At Daly's Club, likewise, unlimited gambling was allowed, and estates often changed hands after a night's sitting. It will be remembered that in the "Knight of Gwynne," Lever describes the Knight staking every acre he possessed, and rising up from the card-table in the grey of the early morning a beggar! Such occurrences happened frequently at Daly's.

Facing the Bank, upon the opposite side of College Green, stands the fine Elizabethan building—

Trinity College,

the Alma Mater which has contributed so many men of learning to the world's history. An admiring nation has immortalized Goldsmith, Burke, and Moore by three indifferent statues placed in front of the Alma Mater; but Swift, Sterne, Berkeley, Sheil,

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Curran, and a host of others equally gifted have not been equally complimented. The skull of Swift is preserved in the College Museum—"a terrible memento," says Carlyle, "of senile decay, with the hideous vacant smile on the cavernous mouth."

The Square of the College impresses visitors, surrounded as it is by buildings of various ages and styles—not much of the Elizabethan, however,

remaining. There is an elegant Hall, where the examinations are held and degrees given. Here Sir Henry Irving received his degree, amidst the acclamations of the students, who insisted upon chairing the genial actor. But perhaps the most interesting as well as the prettiest sight ever witnessed within the walls of Old Trinity was the conferring of the degree of Musical Doctor on the Princess of Wales on the occasion of her visit to Dublin in 1881. The sweet yet serious air of the Princess as she listened to the oration of the Chancellor of the University, the charming grace with which she carried her college gown, the very clasp her pretty fingers took of the college cap—made a picture never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it.

In the Examination Hall, likewise, concerts are given by the Musical Society attached to the College. They vary in excellence, according to the musical taste of the collegians, who form the staple element of the chorus. Much too depends upon the Doctor of Music who wields the baton. The late Sir Robert Stuart was eminently suited to the post, being, although by no means a man of genius, a cultured musician.

There is a dim religious Chapel attached to the College, and a noble Library, with a range of many windows, and a fine, manly façade of cut stone. The interior possesses all the requisites of a study place. Its quiet, "booky" air seems to breathe the very spirit of meditation, recollection, and *somnolency*. And here, if we are fortunate enough to come at the right

moment, we may enjoy the spectacle of Professor Dowden studying the Elizabethan masques, or Dr. Mahaffy writing his Greek essays.[1]

In the Library will be found the famous Book of Kells, which no visitor should neglect to see,

PROVOST'S HOUSE, DUBLIN.

although since the famous theft of one of its precious leaves special permission is requisite.

The Story of King William's Statue.

Nearly opposite to where Daly's Club stood is the statue erected to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of William of Orange. We who live in

[1] From an article in the *Art Journal*, by F. A. Gerard.

these piping times of peace have no notion of all the stir and the turmoil, of the uproar and confusion, caused by that silent effigy of his Dutch Majesty. His pious and immortal memory brought nothing but trouble, acting like a red rag does to a bull.

The history of the statue has, however, certain comic elements. It was inaugurated July 1, 1701. From an early hour the joy-bells rang, and all the shops were closed. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs assembled at the Tholsel,[1] walking thence in procession, preceded by a band of musicians. As soon as the Corporation of the City had arrived, the Lords Justices came on the scene, and were conducted through a line of military to the statue, round which the entire assembly marched three times. After the second circuit, the Recorder of the City delivered a eulogy on the King. At the termination of the third circuit, the Lords Justices, the Provost of Trinity College, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen, were conducted by the Lord Mayor to a new house on College Green, where they were entertained, the crowds outside being hospitably treated to cakes *thrown* to them, while "hogsheads of claret, placed upon stilts, were set running."

November 4, being the anniversary of King William's landing in England, was annually observed in Dublin with great solemnity; and after 1701 rendering homage to his Majesty's statue became an important part of the day's ceremonies. In the morning the

[1] Situated in Skinners' Row, and long since taken down. See page 129.

KING WILLIAM'S STATUE.

ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

English flag was displayed on Birmingham Tower, the guns in the Park were fired, and answered by volleys from the garrison. At noon the Lord-Lieutenant held a levée. At 3 p.m. a procession was formed, the streets from the Castle being lined with soldiers. The Williamites paraded through Dame Street, College Green, to Stephen's Green, round which they marched, and then returned in the same order to College Green, where they paraded thrice round the statue. After the procession had retired, three volleys of musketry were discharged. Sir Constantine Phipps, while Lord Justice, endeavoured to abolish this custom by refusing to take part in the proceedings; but he was frustrated by the High Sheriff, a violent ascendency man, who placed himself at the head of the procession, and led it through the usual circuit, leaving Sir Constantine deserted.

The students of Trinity, insulted by the King's back being turned to the University, inflicted indignities upon the statue, which was frequently found decorated with green boughs, dedaubed with filth, or dressed up with hay. It was also a common practice to set a straw figure astride behind the King. On the night of Sunday, June 25, 1710, some persons covered the King's face with mud, and deprived his Majesty of his sword and truncheon. One hundred pounds was offered for the discovery. At the expense of the Corporation the statue was repaired, and a new truncheon placed in his Majesty's hand. Subsequently, the defacers having been discovered, they were made to stand before the statue for twenty-four hours with

an inscription on their backs, "I stand here for defacing the statue of our glorious deliverer, the late King William III."

In 1715 the statue was presented by the Corporation with a new stone pedestal of greater elevation than the original. It was at this time surrounded by hackney-chairs and noddies[1]; a cobbler's stall was fixed upon its steps; and a watch-house was placed against it on the east side, to protect it from any insults. In spite of these precautions it was perpetually covered with filth, the citizens generally looking upon it as an obstruction in the narrow passage through the crowded street. After the formation of the Volunteers, however, it gained fresh importance from the constant reviewing of this fine body of men in its vicinity. When their annual musters took place on College Green, all loyal citizens were expected to appear adorned with orange ribbons.

Wheatley's celebrated picture commemorates one of these events, and the portraits of the different personages are excellent as to likeness. Here we have all the men of the time. The popular Duke of Leinster stands in the middle; near him Lords Charlemont and Clare. Luke Gardiner, whose wife, Elizabeth Montgomery, was one of the beauties of the day. Next him David Latouche, son to the staunch old Huguenot, head of the Irish branch of Latouches; and Napper-Tandy, whose name is handed down in

[1] "The noddy"—a species of cabriolet, with flap and leather curtains. The driver sat in the aperture between the curtains, his driving seat awkwardly protruding into the vehicle.

the popular ballad "The Wearing of the Green." Neither was the presence of the fair sex wanting. Every window in Dame Street was crowded on these occasions with lovely faces. Wheatley has immortalized *one*—a beautiful woman carrying a green umbrella. This is the Princess Dashkoff, then on a visit to Lady

THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

Arabella Denny, a lady of somewhat fast proclivities. The Princess seems to have had a good time in Dublin.

The worship of the statue grew in favour. On July 12 and November 4 it was coloured white, and decorated with orange lilies and a flaming cloak and sash of the same colour. The horse was caparisoned with orange streamers; the railings were likewise painted orange and blue. Every person who passed through

College Green was obliged to take off his hat to the statue; on refusing he had to pay £5 or go to prison. These childish exhibitions caused considerable political and religious acerbity, and provoked reprisals. In 1798 the King's sword was torn away; and a few days later a gunsmith fired at the monarch's head, but the figure, being composed of brass, was not injured.

November 4, 1805, was remarkable for a singular outrage. The annual anniversary fell that year on Sunday; and on Saturday at midnight the watchman on duty was disturbed by a painter, who stated he had been sent by the City decorator to prepare the statue for the approaching ceremony, adding that the apprehended violence of the mob had made it desirable to have this done at night. Having gained access to the monument, the artist worked away through the night; and on descending left his paints and brushes in the charge of the watchman, while he went to fetch some necessary material. He never returned; and when day broke the King's effigy was found covered with a black pigment composed of tar and grease, almost impossible to remove; the vessel containing the mixture was suspended from a halter tied round the monarch's neck. The author of this trick was never discovered; but the act caused the utmost excitement in the city, all parties joining in condemning it.

A lengthy ballad appeared on the occasion of this insult to his Orange Majesty, of which it is only necessary to quote a couple of verses. It was sung to the old Dublin gaol song.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.

That night before Billy's birthday
Some friend to the Dutchman came to him;
And though he expected no pay,
He told the policeman he'd do him:
"For," said he, "I must have him in style—
The job is not wonderful heavy—
And I'd rather sit up for a while,
Than see him undressed at the levée;
For he was the broth of a boy!"

. . . .

De Orangemen next day gathered round,
And began to indulge in conjecture;
Dey all wished de tief to be found
Who dared to bedaub the King's pictur'.
But wishing is all in my eye;
Let them bid some reward for attainture,
And then I'll be bound that some spy
Will lay his hand on the painter;
And Toler will do all de rest.[1]

Previous to the visit of George IV. to Ireland, it was agreed that the Catholics and Protestants should lay aside their differences, and assemble at a public banquet in honour of the King. This arrangement nearly fell through in consequence of some malicious persons hissing the statue. A reconciliation, however, was effected by the Lord Mayor. On November 4, 1822, at four o'clock in the morning, a body of Orangemen began to decorate King William. A crowd assembled, and much excitement prevailed; the lamps round the monument were smashed; a few active young men mounted the pedestal, and flung the orange

[1] Judge Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, called the "hanging judge."

wreaths into the kennel.[1] Several persons were wounded in this tumult; and on the following annual anniversary, the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation forbidding all decoration of the statue, since when the annual processions have ceased. Not so the persecution of William of pious memory.

In Lord Anglesey's viceroyalty, the Repealers marched, in imitation of the Orangemen, three times round the statue before presenting an address to Daniel O'Connell. William Cobbett then declared there would be no peace for the nation until the statue was destroyed. This may have suggested the last attack made upon his Dutch Majesty. On the night of April 7, 1836, the inhabitants of the City were alarmed by a violent explosion, which extinguished every lamp in the vicinity of College Green. When daylight came, the figure of the King was found at a considerable distance from his pedestal, his legs and arms scattered and broken, and his head completely defaced. This scandalous outrage roused the indignation of all parties; but in spite of every effort the perpetrators remained undiscovered. The statue was repaired, and in the July following the King was replaced upon his charger, since when he has remained in peace.

During O'Connell's term of office as Lord Mayor of Dublin the statue was coloured bronze. Thackeray, who makes great fun out of the King's misadventures, relates that the colour of his skin changes with the politics of the Lord Mayor. This, however, is only persiflage.

[1] A reservoir of filth at the foot of the pedestal.

V.

THE QUAYS, BRIDGES, AND THE FOUR COURTS.

Foreign Air of the Quays.—Thackeray's Admiration.—Ormond Quay.—Arran Quay.—Smoke Alley.—Skynners' Row.—The Tholsel.—Bloody Bridge.—The Custom-House.—The Liffey.—Izod's Tower.—The Four Courts.—Chancery Lane.—"Deil's in Hell."—Carlyle's Opinion of "the Puir Irish."—The Reputation of the Irish Bar.—The Disputes about the Custom-House.—Gandon to leave Dublin.—Recalled.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUAYS, BRIDGES, AND THE FOUR COURTS.

MUCH of the picturesque appearance of Dublin is due to the Quays which intersect the City and the Bridges which span the Liffey; they impart to it a foreign air somewhat resembling the Quays of Paris. No finer prospect can be seen than from Carlisle Bridge. "Beautiful," writes Thackeray; "the Four Courts and dome to the left, the Custom House and dome to the right, vessels on the river, the scene animated and lively."[1] All this must have been infinitely more lively when the river was crowded with trading vessels from all parts, and the costumes of the foreign sailors gave brightness to the scene.

Some of the houses along the continuous embankment are more than a hundred years old; they wear what Mr. George Moore calls a "sinister air." Many of them are book-shops, where old and sometimes rare books can be found—as at Mr. Traynor's establishment on Essex Quay,[2] through whose hands passed, at the time of the Encumbered Estates Sales, some of the

[1] This was written in 1847, before Carlisle Bridge was lowered. The dome of the Four Courts is unfortunately not *now* visible from the bridge.

[2] Lately removed to Dame Street.

finest old libraries in Ireland. At No. 12, Arran Quay,[1] Burke was born. It is a very unpretending house, now occupied by Voran, a tailor. It was a long time uncertain where the great orator saw the light; and when the fact was established beyond dispute, Sir Joseph Napier, the then Chancellor of Ireland, declared that he felt more than the delight of Niebuhr when he thought he had made out the site of Cicero's house near the Forum.

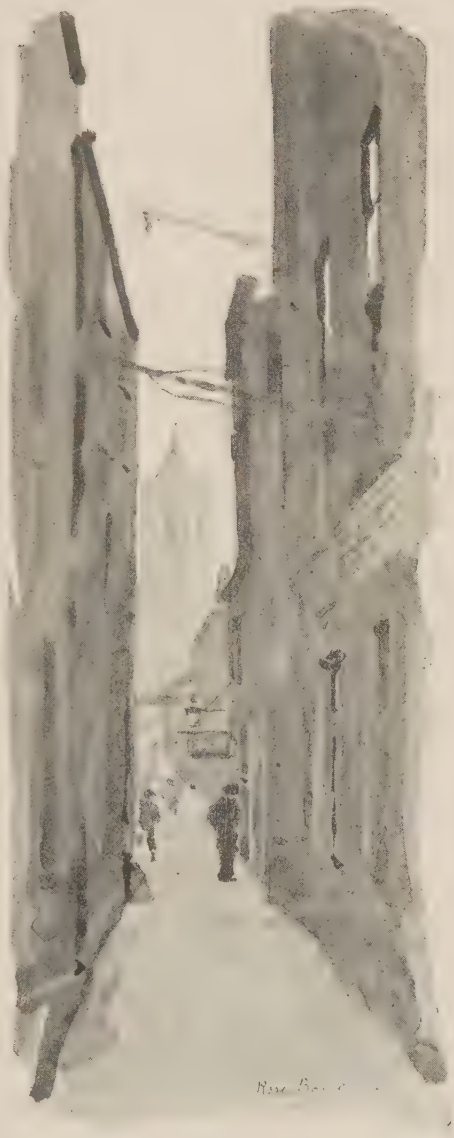
The Quays[2] in the old days of Dublin had somewhat of an evil reputation. Ormond Quay especially was noted for the savage fights between the Ormond Quay boys, who carried on the trade of butchers, and the Coombe or Liberty boys. The latter were generally the aggressors, descending suddenly upon their enemies, when bridges were stormed and retaken. About a thousand combatants were sometimes engaged in these sanguinary encounters. On one occasion the Coombe boys, intoxicated with victory, hooked a number of the unfortunate Ormond boys by the jaws to their own flesh hooks. The Trinity College students, who were always ready to take part in any City tumult, were the allies of the Liberty boys, and very formidable enemies to the butchers, as they had an unpleasant

[1] One of the oldest churches in Dublin is situated along Arran Quay. It bears the curious name of Adam and Eve. It was here that Mrs. Murphy, Peg Woffington's mother, would come in a grand silk cloak and wearing a diamond ring upon her finger.

[2] The Quays take their names from the Bridges. No. 13, Essex Quay, was the residence of William Mossop, and the birthplace of his son, an actor of high repute.

habit of slinging in the sleeve or skirt of their gowns the heavy key of their college rooms.

Branching off from the Quays, on each side are narrow lanes or streets, many of which are nests of poverty and disease. But although most objectionable from a sanitary point of view, these bits are eminently picturesque. The one presented here shows Christ Church in the distance. One of these alleys was Smoke Alley, where the theatre was situated with which are associated the names of some of the most famous actors and actresses. Garrick and Peg Woffington played here, as also Miss Farren, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. The theatre was by no means unworthy of the actors,



NARROW LANE, WITH PEEP OF CHRIST CHURCH.

being large and well built, and with fine acoustic properties. Its being placed in Smoke Alley was a mistake, the lane being so narrow that only one carriage could pass at a time. The noise made by the block of carriages, chairs, and noddies, the shouting of the torch-bearers, the swearing of the coachmen, and the quarrels of the footmen, made sleep impossible to the inhabitants of the lane, who therefore spent the evening with their heads out of the windows, making choice observations upon the company as they came forth from the theatre.

Skinners' Row, now Christchurch Place, was another of those alleys along which the coaches passed with much difficulty, as here the space was so narrow that it was easy to drop from one of the windows on to the top of the coach as it went by. Skynners' or Skinners' Row—styled in old records Vicus Pelliparíorum, or the Street of the Curriers—was, as this title denotes, principally inhabited by those who prepared hides and leather—a trade which formed one of the branches of Irish commerce with the Continent before and after the Anglo-Norman Conquest. The original Skinners' Row was destroyed in 1284; and when the lane was rebuilt, the Tholsel, or "Le Tholsey," was erected. It is described by Camden as being built of hewn stone. The history of this first building is rather a stormy chronicle. At one time (in Elizabeth's reign) it was suggested to make of it a nursery for learning. The apropos of this is hard to understand. Again in the succeeding years

disputes were fierce and constant between the Catholic citizens and the Protestant or English colonists, principally as to the election of sheriffs and burgesses of the City. In Cromwell's time the Tholsel was made into the Parliament House, and committees were held there in Charles II.'s reign. At this period

THE THOLSEL, DUBLIN.

the old building showed signs of going to pieces, and in 1683 a new City Hall was built on the same site. This last must have been a handsome building, suggestive of Christopher Wren. The window over the vestibule in the centre had niches on each side, in which stood William de Keyser's fine statues of Charles II. and his brother James. They are in full costume, robes, and periwigs. These statues are now

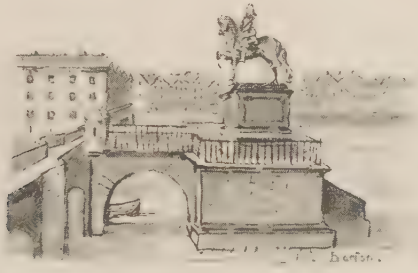
in the side aisle of Christchurch, in excellent preservation. At the Tholsel the City feasts were given; and here, in 1691, General Ginkle, fresh from the siege of Limerick, was entertained at a banquet, followed by a ball and fireworks. Ladies occasionally honoured these civic entertainments. The Duke and Duchess of Ormonde, accompanied by Lady Mary Butler and the Earl of Abercorn, were given a splendid banquet

THE PENNY BRIDGE.

and ball with much sweetmeats in 1703; but after the Duke's treasonable practices in 1715, his escutcheon was taken down by the City authorities.

Quarter Sessions were always held in the Tholsel, and malefactors were sentenced by the Lord Mayor to be "whipped at a cart's tail from the Tholsel to Parliament House in College Green." Dean Swift made his last public appearance at a dinner given at the Tholsel to protest against the lowering of the gold coin.

Towards the close of the last century, the Tholsel showed symptoms of following the course of the first building, the decay in both instances being caused, it was said, by the marshy nature of the soil. A new House of Sessions was therefore erected in Green Street, near William Street; and after lingering some little time, the old building, having become a total wreck, was taken down in 1809, and the site is now



ESSEX BRIDGE, WITH STATUE OF GEORGE II.

occupied by houses Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Christchurch Place.

The Bridges which cross the Liffey are ten in number.[1] They were originally constructed after the pattern of Old London Bridge as we know it in the prints—narrow and high, with vaulted arches. Houses were often erected upon them. Essex Bridge, now Grattan Bridge, is the oldest survivor of these original

[1] Sarah Bridge, erected 1791; King's Bridge, 1821; Victoria, 1863; Queen's Bridge, 1764-8, built to replace Arran Bridge; Whitworth Bridge, 1816; Richmond Bridge, 1816; Grattan Bridge, 1756, enlarged 1874; Wellington Bridge, 1816; Ormond Bridge, 1794, and enlarged 1880; Butt Bridge, 1878.

bridges, being built in 1756. The old Custom House used to stand just below it. It was from here the unfortunate Emmet sent up the rocket which was the signal for his followers to issue from their hiding-places in the Liberties.[1] Barrack Bridge, now Victoria Bridge, has a sanguinary reputation, as here was fought a fierce conflict between the apprentices and the soldiers belonging to the barracks of Island Bridge. From this encounter the bridge earned the name of Bloody Bridge. The broad, handsome bridge now called O'Connell Bridge, originally named Carlisle Bridge, was built in 1794, to be of use to the Custom House, then just finished.

The Custom House as it at present stands was begun in 1781, the architect being James Gandon, a pupil of Sir William Chambers. The old Custom House upon Essex Bridge had been found unsatisfactory, as large vessels coming up the river to discharge their cargoes were liable to strike upon a massive rock called "Standfast Dick."[2] Although it was for the manifest advantage of trade that a new site for a Custom House should be found, the scheme met with an organized opposition, principally because it was proposed by John Beresford, the unpopular Commissioner of Public Works. He, however, carried his point; and in 1781 the Custom House as it is now was commenced. The first estimate was £10,000; but the building eventually cost five times that sum.

[1] See "Liberties," page 64.

[2] The Royal Exchange, Cork Hill, is built upon "Standfast Dick."

Beautiful as the Custom House is, there is no doubt that it would have been far more striking had it been placed, as originally intended, farther from the water's edge. Beresford, however, wanted all the available space for the building of Beresford Place, which he intended should be occupied by merchants and traders, to whom the neighbourhood of the Custom House would be of infinite advantage. This hope was not realized.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

The passing of the Act of Union struck a blow to all foreign trade with Ireland, and the sear of decay has fallen upon Beresford Place. It wears, like most of the squares and streets on the north side of Dublin, a faded appearance of gentility, as of having seen better days.

From the Custom House the shining waters of the Liffey flow, eastward towards the sea, westward in the direction of Island Bridge and Chapelizod. Dear

old Liffey! Insalubrious and ill-smelling as your uncleansed waters may be, there lingers round you a certain atmosphere of romance that condones the unsavoury odours you exhale. Of a summer's evening, when the sun is setting on your turbid waters, it touches the great dome of the Four Courts, and slants across the dark houses on the Quays, carrying back one's thoughts to the long-faded glories of Dublin.

Along the Quays, the object of the greatest interest is the beautiful building of the Four Courts, as the Temple of Themis is called, designed by Cooley, a native architect of great merit, whose principal work, the Royal Exchange, must always be admired. Up to this time the Bar of Dublin had led somewhat of a peripatetic existence, being sent, as it might be, from post to pillar in very undignified fashion. At one period St. Patrick's Cathedral was made use of as a hall for the Justices; and later we find them located within the precincts of Holy Trinity. Near Christchurch Cathedral, which was hemmed in on all sides by narrow lanes, there was formerly a passage, to which was given the fearful appellation of "Hell." Here there were some mean shops, where lodgings were to let, as we learn from an old newspaper cutting, "To be let, furnished lodgings in Hell. *N.B.*—They are well suited to lawyers." In an archway leading to the Chancery Lane there was a wooden statue of his Satanic Majesty, with horns and tail complete. The fame of this diabolic figure reached Scotland, for in his ballad "Death and Doctor

Hornbrook" allusion is made by Burns in the following lines:

> But this that I am gaun to tell,
> Which lately on a night befell,
> Is just as true's the Deil's in Hell
> In Dublin City.

His effigy was there at all events, for a gentleman not many years dead remembered seeing it. When it was removed, it was worked up by some ingenious tradesman into snuff-boxes and other relics. *Sic transit gloria Diaboli!*

CHANCERY LANE, DUBLIN, "AND HELL CONTIGUOUS."

It has been said of the Irish capital that its two great possessions are the Castle and the Four Courts. Whatever may be the opinion concerning the first-named, it is quite certain that the legal element dominates society in Dublin, and is held in the highest respect. The leading members, *i.e.* the Chancellor and the Judges, do duty for the absentee nobility, who have long since ceased to reside in the little capital, only putting in an appearance during the Castle season. Hence

the lawyers and their wives do the "representation," live in the finest houses, drive the finest carriages, and entertain the Lord-Lieutenant. The Irish are credited, and perhaps correctly, with being a litigious people. "All the litigation of Ireland," says Carlyle, "whatever the wretched Irish people, will still for the voiding of their quarrels come hither." And why not? Did not you, O sage of Chelsea, threaten to void your quarrel in a law court against the cock that disturbed your august slumbers? For the rest, Carlyle's sneer does not affect the reputation of the Irish Bar, its roll-call including the names of some of the ablest lawyers Great Britain has ever produced—men whose legal ability was allied to unsurpassed eloquence, a coalition not always to be met with. Such were Curran, Burke, Plunket, Burrowes, O'Connell, Sheil, Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare), Wolfe (Lord Kilwarden), Scott (Lord Clonmell), Yelverton (Lord Avonmore). These men were the admiration of the last century; while, coming nearer our own day, we can point to Lord O'Hagan, Chancellor of Ireland, and Lord Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. Although the Bar of Ireland cannot boast of such giants of eloquence as heretofore, there are many brilliant speakers who can brighten up the dull monotony of the law by sparkles of wit, which prove that the Irish Bar has not lost its reputation for genuine humour.

The situation of the Four Courts is admirable. Standing as it does in the very centre of the Quays between Richmond and Whitworth Bridges, it dominates

the City, and can be seen from all points. The chief entrance is through a fine Corinthian portico, upon the apex of which stands a statue of Moses (why Moses?), supported on either side by figures of Justice and Mercy, while at each corner Wisdom and Authority are seated. The portico leads into the great Hall, in which, says the tongue of scandal, all the gossip of Dublin originates; for here congregate the barristers young and old, all like so many schoolboys let loose from their class-room.

The building, which was begun by Cooley, was finished by James Gandon—not, however, for many years, a battle quite as fierce as that which was fought over the Custom House taking place between the Corporation of Dublin and the obnoxious John Beresford, Commissioner of Public Works. The opposition grew so serious that Gandon had to leave Dublin. He remained in London until recalled, when the Centre Hall and Screen Arcade were completed.

Before concluding this chapter, I would like to call our tourist's attention to the Church of St. Michan, one of the most ancient churches in Dublin, being built by the Danes after they had been conquered by the Brian Boroimhe. Those of them who survived the famous Battle of Clontarf were allowed to remain in the City on payment of an enormous annual subsidy. They were likewise forced to migrate to the north side of the Liffey, and at a place called Oxmantown they established themselves. It was these Danes who built St. Michan's Church, calling it after a saint of their own nationality. The Danish settlement died out,

getting, as such settlements do, absorbed in the native population; and in 1554 the parish of St. Michan was erected into a prebend of Christchurch by Archbishop Browne. The Church as it now stands preserves very little of the original building. The tower is supposed to be the most ancient part of the edifice. Mr. Gladstone, some years since, was taken to see St. Michan's, and was greatly impressed by the elegant proportions of this tower. It was the universal belief that the organ in this Church was the one played upon by Handel in the Fishamble Street Theatre. But in an interesting letter published in Mr. Wakeman's "Old Dublin" this theory is very clearly disproved; for, according to the manuscript record-book of the Church, after a sermon on *church music*, a collection from house to house was made, when sufficient money was raised and an organ was built by Cuvillie.

To the lovers of the ghastly, the vaults of St. Michan's Church have a horrible attraction. Here, as in the Sicilian catacombs, the bodies are said not to decay, the vaults possessing an antiseptic or drying-up property. Mrs. S. C. Hall, who visited these vaults in 1840, describes the principal vault as a long corridor which does not possess the indestructible quality, which is only to be found in a smaller chamber; and here she makes the extraordinary statement: "In this inner chamber we were shown the body of St. Michan, which has lain here two hundred years. It is perfect; the flesh is hard as any mummy, although the skin is not

mummified, being more like a piece of parchment." This story must have been evolved out of Mrs. S. C. Hall's own imagination, no other visitor having seen

ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH.

St. Michan's corpse, which, for the rest, would have dated back nearer to a thousand than two hundred years.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway's impressions are very different from those of Mrs. Hall. "Here death," he says, "is making a mockery of mortality, having skin in rags and tatters, while allowing skin, muscle,

and cartilage to remain. The transition stage," he adds, "between preservation and decay is most horrible to look at. There lay a large man, whose head was on one side, either so placed in order to fit into his coffin, or else (the idea is fearful!) he had come to life in his narrow cell, and after horrible contortions had died for want of air. The skin on the head, the cartilages of the nose, the cellular substance of the legs, the capsular ligaments of the joints and fingers, were all preserved; but, oh! the torn, worn, tattered skin, just like decaying, discoloured parchment, exhibiting all the colours belonging to the slowest possible decay—blue, green, yellow—the mildew and mouldiness of a century! Never will the image of that ghastly specimen of decay be effaced from my memory."[1]

Another ghastly tale attaches to the bodies of the two Sheares, who were executed for treason, and for some reason buried in these vaults. They had been, as was usual in those days of barbarous executions, decapitated. Their heads were laid in their coffins; that of John Sheares was stolen, and brought to a gentleman, who ultimately gave it to Dr. Madden, who replaced it in John Sheares' coffin.[2] In the cemetery

[1] "Sketches by the Rev. Cæsar Otway," old *Penny Journal*.

[2] John and Henry Sheares were born in Cork. Their mother was a relative of Lord Shannon. John was present at the execution of Louis XIV., and on his return from France he exhibited on the steamboat a handkerchief steeped in the blood of the murdered King, which disgusted O'Connell, who was one of the passengers. Henry, who was a clever lawyer, could not get on at the Bar from the open hostility of Lord Clare, who had been in love with Alicia Swete, who had rejected him for Henry. She was, however, many years dead at the time of the trial, and Henry Sheares had married again.

of the Church there are the graves of many of the unfortunate men who were implicated in the rising of 1798, and who underwent the extreme penalty of the law. For many years it was said that Emmet was buried here, and that a plain, uninscribed stone marks his grave. On the other hand, it was always asserted by Dr. Petrie, the most intimate friend of the Emmet family, that Glasnevin was the resting-place of Sarah Curran's lover.

VI.

STEPHEN'S GREEN.

Stephen's Green.—Indian Jungle.—Crusaders.—Lazar-House.—Sir Walter Scott.—The Beaux' Walk.—George II.'s Statue.—Mrs. Pendarves.—Mrs. Clayton.—Heresy of the Bishop of Clogher.—Francis Higgins.—Lord Iveagh's Mansion.—"Burn-Chapel" Whaley.—Buck Whaley.—His Bet.—Dr. Chenevix Trench.—Clubland.—David Latouche's House.—Angelica Kauffmann.—Lord Meath's House.—Shelbourne Hotel.—Thackeray and the Hearth-Brush.—Rapparee Fields.—Pirates hung.—"I'll go to Stephen's Green in the Cart."—Surgeons' Hall.

CHAPTER VI.

STEPHEN'S GREEN.

"IN the sombre and sad streets of Dublin," writes Mr. George Moore, "there are two open spaces —Stephen's Green[1] and Merrion Square." The first, he tells us, has been reclaimed from its "Indian-jungle-like" state by a rich nobleman, while the other still flourishes in all its ancient dilapidation.

As a matter of fact, the sad streets of Dublin are enlivened by *five* very large squares, one of which Thackeray calls "beautiful." The term "reclaimed Indian jungle" is a poetic licence; it could not have applied to Stephen's Green during the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Dublin. No doubt so far back as 1728 there was a certain portion of the Green unreclaimed. Only three sides were then built, and there still remained a large space of waste land. To pass through this portion of the Green after midnight was a service of danger; for not only was it infested by footpads who would relieve the wanderer of his

[1] Lockhart, who accompanied Sir Walter Scott on his visit to Dublin in 1825, speaks of it as *the most* extensive square in Europe. "We found," he says, "young Walter and his bride established in one of the large and noble houses, the founders of which little dreamt that they should ever be let at an easy rate in garrison lodgings."

purse and maybe his life, but he likewise ran the danger of falling into a deep ditch, which was usually a receptacle for the filth of the City.

The history of Stephen's Green goes back to the time of the Crusaders, who, it was said, brought the fell disease of leprosy from the East. On the site of the Green a lazar hospital and church were erected, and placed under the care of monks, who ministered to the souls and bodies of those afflicted. In the Reformation days hospital, church, and monks were swept away, and the Green remained a public common, the haunt of wild birds, especially snipe, which were attracted by the marshy nature of the land, and multiplied exceedingly.[1]

In 1663 we find the burgesses of the City beginning to awake to the fact that such a large area as sixty acres might be turned to better advantage than feeding snipe. The Green was therefore parcelled out in lots, and seven years later (1670) the further step was taken of enclosing a certain portion by a thick hedge, outside which ran the deep ditch already alluded to. Inside the hedge a wide walk was made between two rows of lime trees. Later on a high wall was added, when we must suppose the hedge was removed. The wall does not appear in Malton's engraving here reproduced; but we have the ditch. Malton visited Dublin in 1775,

[1] In Harris's "History of Dublin" mention is made of snipe-shooting as being a constant practice in Stephen's Green, although at this time on three sides of the Green stood fine houses occupied by the nobility.

quite a hundred years after the first steps were taken to make the Green habitable. It was then, as we can see by the print, a fashionable promenade, especially on Sundays after church, when a gay company could be seen walking in the Beaux' Walk[1] on the north

STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

side, which was more "the mode" than the French Walk[2] on the west side, Leeson Walk[3] on the south

[1] The Beaux' Walk is constantly mentioned in the old memoirs. There had been a fashionable promenade of the same name at St. James's Gate, where in 1732 the *beau monde* then residing in the Liberties displayed themselves on Sunday. We read in "Barataria" that one of the celebrated beauties of Dublin in 1767, Dolly Monroe, was so besieged by admirers that her only chance of getting fresh air was to make the round of Stephen's Green at 6 o'clock a.m.

[2] So called in honour of the French refugees.

[3] Named after an eminent brewer, Joseph Leeson, afterwards created Earl of Milltown.

side, or Monk's Walk[1] on the east side. Each of these walks was a quarter of a mile in length.

At this period Van Nost's fine equestrian statue of George II. had been placed in the centre of the Green, where it still remains, although it went through almost as many vicissitudes as King William's statue in College Green. One dark night the horse's leg was nearly cut away, and again, only for the watchman on duty, the King's head would have been severed from his body. Dublin, however, rejoiced in the possession of three statues of his Hanoverian Majesty, one of which was taken down on the removal of old Essex Bridge. These statues were probably due to Lord Chesterfield's desire to awaken a fictitious loyalty to the person of the King. The attempt was so far successful that in the rising of 1745 the Irish nation remained true to the reigning house—a result which was probably more the result of Chesterfield's personal influence than any attachment to vicarious royalty.

From 1728 Stephen's Green had been looked upon as a desirable quarter wherein to build the new houses which were rising on all sides to meet the exodus from the Liberties of the nobility and gentry. In 1731 Mrs. Pendarves (afterwards Mrs. Delany) was on a visit to Mrs. Clayton, wife to the Bishop of Clogher, who had a handsome house on the south side of the Green, No. 70. All who have read Mrs. Delany's Memoirs, edited by her grandniece,

[1] After Lord Monck, who had considerable property in the neighbourhood.

the late Lady Llanover, will remember the life-like account she gives of the society assembled at the Bishop's house in Stephen's Green.[1] One seems to know all the characters, and to hear them talk: the pretty group of young faces gathered round the commerce table, while the elders played a solemn game of basset in another room; the flirtations of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, now with Ann Donnellan, Mrs. Clayton's sister, now with the fascinating Kelly, lively Miss Ussher, that "little fairy Wesley," or with the more mature but still fascinating Mrs. Pendarves herself. Not less amusing is the account of the grand airs the Bishop's wife gave herself after his preferment,

[1] The Bishop of Clogher, who came of the same family as Lord Sundon, whose wife possessed so strong an influence over Queen Caroline, was a man of much learning, although some of his writings were considered unorthodox. Bishop Clayton had early in his life embraced the tenets of the Arian heresy; but this fact, not being known, did not interfere with his being made Bishop of Killala, this preferment being due to the interest of his kinswoman, Lady Sundon, the favourite of Caroline of Anspach, George II.'s Queen. Further good fortune came in 1735, when he was translated to the more important See of Clogher. He continued to write books very unfit for one in his position. The last of these wandered so far from the doctrines of the Established Church as to make action in the matter necessary. Proceedings were accordingly taken against the Bishop in the Ecclesiastical Court, followed by a general summons to the superior clergy to meet at Primate Boulter's mansion in Henrietta Street. Dr. Clayton was much alarmed at this step, fearing he should lose his bishopric. This fear (which was, in fact, a certainty) so preyed upon his mind as to induce a nervous fever, from the effects of which he died in 1758. Dr. Johnson was most indignant at a dignitary of the Church holding heretical doctrines. "He endeavoured to raise a heresy amongst you," said he to Dr. Campbell; "but I believe without effect." "I told him," says Dr. Campbell, "one effect in the case of the parish clerk. His indignation was prodigious. 'Ay,' said he; 'those are the effects of heretical notions upon the vulgar mind.'"

and how she queened it over poor Ann, her sister, and over Mrs. Pendarves, even after she becomes a D.D.'s wife. It is all delightful reading. Mrs. Clayton died at No. 70, Stephen's Green; and after her death the house was sold to Lord Mount Cashell, who enlarged and beautified it, giving it the dignified name of "Mount Cashell House." This was a sort of lightning before death, for soon was to come pressure from creditors, foreclosure of mortgages, and finally extinction of all things in the great sale of the encumbered estates.

The Stephen's Green mansion did not, however, find a buyer. It remained for many years a forlorn spectacle of former prosperity; the grass grew upon the steps once familiar to the tread of Swift, Berkeley, and other lights of Trinity College; and through the now broken panes in the windows the pretty faces of Ann Donnellan and Mrs. Pendarves had often looked for coming lovers. Ah! how pathetically does a deserted house speak of its past histories, and lament its present decay! One felt glad when at last Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness bought Mount Cashell House and its neighbour No. 72. These two houses form the centre block of the fine mansion now in the possession of Lord Iveagh.

No. 72 was the residence of Francis Higgins, who began early in life his remarkable career by inveigling Miss Archer, a young lady of good family, into a marriage on the false pretence that he was a man of birth and property, his occupation being that of a waiter at a low tavern in the city. For this

he was sent to prison. When he came out, his unfortunate victim was dead, and he started upon a new career as spy and informer. He became in course of time a wealthy man, and joined Lucas as proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. He had a handsome house, and was often to be seen airing himself in the Beaux' Walk dressed in the pink of the fashion, being the only "buck" in Dublin who "carried gold tassels on his Hessian boots and wore violet gloves."[1]

A few doors from the dwelling of Francis Higgins we note two handsome stone-fronted mansions. The larger and more imposing of the two was built by Richard Chapel Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, Wicklow, commonly called Buck Whaley,[2] a well-known character in Dublin society. Mr. Whaley was a very wealthy, eccentric man, who had that eager desire for notoriety which is a feature in some rather empty minds. He earned the sobriquet of "Burn-Chapel" Whaley by his zeal against Papists. In his office of magistrate he headed the priest-hunting expeditions common in Ireland in the last century. On one occasion he set fire

[1] The recent revelations of the "secret service" under Pitt establish beyond doubt that the "Sham Squire," as Higgins was called, supplied the Government with secret information at a very good price—£900—for placing Lord Edward FitzGerald in their hands; John and Henry Sheares, not being such large game, only brought him £400 or £500. Besides this method of making a fortune, he was a money-lender, as also a newspaper editor, and in these different capacities earned universal hatred. His grave at Kilbarrack had to be watched, the excited people declaring they would drag him out of his coffin. It was said that his body was removed, probably for sale to some man of science.

[2] In Ireland during the last century the term "buck" was applied to a man of fashion.

to a chapel, which was burned to the ground—a circumstance which gained him the hatred of the country people; and his second name being "Chapel," they annexed to it the epithet of "Burn," by which name he was known until his death.

One more story of this erratic individual. Having married somewhat late in life, it was a joyful surprise to him when his wife presented him with a son and heir. To reward her for thus gratifying him, he gave her a cheque on the bank of Latouche & Kane, couched in the following terms:

> My good Mr. Latouche,
> You must open your pouch,
> And pay my soul's darling
> One thousand pounds sterling.

The building of his mansion in Stephen's Green was another freak, undertaken to dwarf by its superior size the one next door, built by Lord Clanwilliam.[1] Mr. Whaley achieved his object, albeit the smaller house is far more elegant in design, bearing a strong resemblance to a Roman palace. The whole conception is eminently Italian, and the large window in the centre gives an air of distinction singularly wanting in its overgrown neighbour. The interior likewise shows the same evidence of refined taste. The ceilings are remarkable for their elegant ornamentation, while the original chimney-pieces were elaborately carved. One of these experienced singular vicissitudes; for, being sold for

[1] Mr. Whaley's second son married in 1788 Lady Anne Meade, Lord Clanwilliam's eldest daughter.

a trifle to a broker in Dublin, it was after some years purchased by a Liverpool dealer, who desecrated it by varnish. It was, however, rescued from this degradation, and now adorns some grand London mansion. No. 75, Stephen's Green, was not long in the possession of Lord Clanwilliam, whose eldest son, Lord Gillford, married the Countess of Thun, and lived abroad. It was occupied during many years by Nicholas Ball, Judge of the Common Pleas in Ireland; and on his death passed into the hands of Cardinal Cullen, who had previously purchased Mr. Whaley's house, which is well suited to the purpose of a university. The large lion which stands sentinel-like on the roof is said to have been the work of Van Nost.

The son so ardently wished for by Mr. Whaley inherited all his father's desire for notoriety. The old magazines and memoirs are full of his not very creditable adventures, which involved him in innumerable duels, and finally brought him to a miserable death. It was this gentleman who made the singular wager of £10,000 that he would undertake a journey to Jerusalem on foot, except where a sea passage was unavoidable, and that after playing ball against its walls he would return in the same way. All this he accomplished within the given time, twelve calendar months, when, having performed his bet, Mr. Whaley pocketed his £10,000. He was of course the hero of the hour, and mobbed wherever he went, besides being recorded in a street ballad.

It has always been stated that Mr. Whaley alone

made this wager; but the real facts are as follows: "Buck Whaley, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Moore of the Eighteenth Foot, made the wager with the Duke of Leinster, Lord Drogheda, and others. The wager was for £30,000, £10,000 to each winner; the route was to Cyprus, thence to Jaffa, from there to Jerusalem, returning to Smyrna by Aleppo." For those who may care to read a picture of the town, I subjoin this curious ballad. The boxing chairmen and the monkeys are traits of the time.

WHALEY'S EMBARKATION.

Tune: "Rutland Gigg."

One morning, walking George's Quay,
A monstrous crowd stopped up the way,
Who came to see a sight so rare,
A sight that made all Dublin stare:
Balloons, a Vol. review,[1]
Ne'er gathered such a crew
As there did take their stand
This fight for to command.

Buck Whaley, lacking much some cash,
And being used to cut a dash,
He wagered full ten thousand pound
He'd visit soon the Holy Ground.
In Loftus's fine ship
He said he'd take a trip;
And *Costello* so famed
The captain then was named.

From Park Street down through College Green
This grand procession now was seen:
The boxing chairmen first moved on
To clear away the blackguard throng;

[1] Volunteer review.

Then Whaley debonair
Marched forward with his bear;
And Lawlor too was there,
Which made Lord Naas to stare.

Next Heydon in her *vis-à-vis*,
With paint and ribbons, smile and glee,
As aide-de-camp close by her side,
Long Bob[1] the *turkey-cock* did ride;
And Gillford's Lord came next,
Who seemed extremely vext
To see the lady's nob
So very close to *Bob*.

In phaeton-and-six high reared,
Dudley Loftus now appeared;
A *monkey* perched was by his side,
Which looked for all the world his bride;
Poor Singleton in black,
Upon a dirty hack,
With heavy heart moved on
To see his friend begone.

And now behold upon the strand
This cargo for the Holy Land,
Bears, lapdogs, monkeys, Frenchmen, whores,
Bear-leaders, and independents poor;
Black Mark lounged in this crew
(He'd nothing else to do);
Peg Plunket[2] on her horse
Was surely there of course.

His creditors, poor men! were there,
And in their looks you'd see despair;
For bailiffs he cared not a louse,
Because you know "*he's in the house.*"
Cuff from the barrack board
Swore by *Great Temple's Lord*[3]
This action to requite,
Tom should be dubbed a knight.

[1] Uniacke. [2] An actress popular in Dublin. [3] Lord Temple, the Viceroy.

The boxing bishop—and at his back
Jack Coffee, alias *Paddy Whack*—
His Grace had come (long may he live!)
His benediction for to give;
He trod (though did not know)
On Napper-Tandy's toe,
Who lent his Grace a clout,
And so they boxed it out.

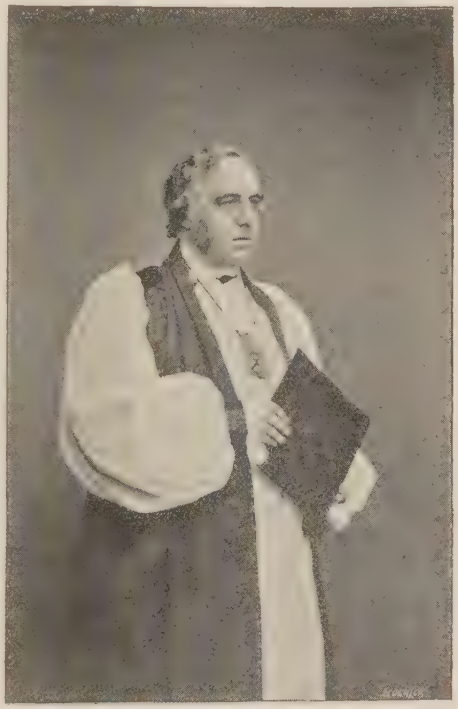
Now all embarked this motley crew,
Each minute lessened to the view,
And soon will plough the boisterous main,
Wealth, honour, and renown to gain:
Jerus'lem's barren land
And Egypt's dreary sand,
Like wand'ring pilgrims roam,
To bring much knowledge home.

Another bet of Mr. Whaley's was that he would leap from a window on to a mail-coach—a feat he performed by having the vehicle drawn up beneath his own house, or at Daly's Club-house.

On the north side of the Green there are likewise fine houses. No. 27, Kerry House, built by the Earl of Kerry, became the property of his nephew William, second Earl of Shelburne, who was created Marquis of Lansdowne. Kerry House was used as a barrack in 1798. It was afterwards taken down, and four houses built on the site; these in 1820 were converted into an hotel (now called the Shelbourne). No. 26 belonged to Lord Ranelagh, and No. 18 to Lord de Montalt. This house was decorated by Valdré.

Readers of Thackeray's "Sketch Book" will recall that pleasant writer's account of the Shelbourne Hotel

as it was in 1849. Since then "the window kept open by a hearth-brush" has given place to a new order of things, and English visitors will find a well-ordered and commodious establishment differing in no way from a well-ordered hotel on this side of the Channel. There is a winter garden, where a fountain discourses musically; and in the winter there is plenty of society—not perhaps of the first order, but similar to what one finds in this class of boarding-house. Mr. Moore tells us that it would require the pen of Balzac to describe the inmates of the Shelbourne in the winter season. Sordid specimens of humanity can be found everywhere. One need not go outside one's own circle to meet "a husband-hunting old maid" or "a scandal-loving widow"; the type repeats itself, and must occasionally be met at the Shelbourne, as well as at the Grosvenor or the Langham Hotel.



DR. CHENEVIX TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

No. 16 is the Palace of the resident Archbishops of the Church of Ireland. Here have lived in succession Lord George Beresford: William Magee, "whose life," says Mr. FitzPatrick, "was all worry, work, plot, and counterplot": Richard Whately, celebrated alike for his learning and his love of punning; one of the smartest of his puns was his riddle, "Why can a man never starve in the Great Desert? Because he can eat the *sand which is* (sandwiches) there. But who brought the sandwiches there? Noah sent *Ham* and his descendants *mustered* and *bred* (mustard and bread)": William Chenevix Trench, a learned, amiable, and interesting divine; "he had," said Dean Church, "a love of truth as not merely true but beautiful." The list of works written by Dr. Trench are a record of extraordinary industry; and perhaps owing to this absorbing occupation, his Grace was singularly absent-minded.[1] A lady well known in Dublin society used to tell a lively anecdote of how, sitting next the Archbishop at a dinner-party, she, to her surprise, found him constantly pinching her leg. She was about to remonstrate, when he suddenly said, "I fear I am developing paralysis; my leg has no feeling, although I have pinched it many times." The late lamented Archbishop Plunket seldom inhabited the Palace, where he died a few months since.

[1] An amusing anecdote is related of the Bishop's absence of mind. Returning, after some years, to the rectory of which he had been formerly the incumbent, he altogether forgot the years that had passed, and in the middle of dinner addressed Mrs. Trench, "My dear, this cook is another failure." One can imagine the pleasant feelings of his host and hostess.

No. 36, North, was the residence of Felicia Hemans, the poetess; her poems at one time commanded great admiration, but are now relegated to oblivion.

The north side of the Green may be surely designated Clubland; for here is St. Stephen's Club, which is said to rival the Four Courts in the manufacture of gossip. It is also connected with Sir Walter Scott, who in 1825 dined here with his son Captain Scott, whose regiment was quartered in Dublin. The club had then another and a far handsomer exterior, "its brick frontage being pierced by a handsome *porte-cochère*."

Next to it is the United Service Club, where congregate the gallant sons of Mars, who can be seen at all hours of the day and night driving up upon jarveys, with much clatter of swords and a great deal of tall talk.

In no town is the military profession so much honoured as in Dublin City, where "the captain," and the major, the little ensign, or even the pretty boy cornet, can have the best of good times. The dark-eyed daughters of Eblana are said to dote upon the military uniform[2]—not in a vulgar manner, let it be understood; as a matter of fact, Irish girls are far less forward than the more demure belle of

[2] An ill-natured story was current some years ago concerning a lady who invited to her ball *en masse* the officers of a newly arrived regiment of Dragoons. On the corner of the card was written the request, "Please come in uniform." On the night of the entertainment there was no appearance of the sons of Mars; but towards midnight the hostess was informed that an orderly had arrived with a number of uniforms, the card of the owner being attached to each. After all, it was a sorry jest.

English society, and Saxon warriors recognize this fact by choosing them for partners, not only for a dance, but for life.

Some of the finest houses in Dublin are to be found on the east side of St. Stephen's Green, where in 1770 the Right Hon. David Latouche, of Marlay, built a magnificent residence, now in the possession of the representative body of the Church of Ireland. This house, which is very ornate in its character, was decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, who came to Ireland in 1771 after the tragic episode of her mock marriage with the impostor Brandt. The ceiling of the back drawing-room presents her favourite "Aurora." In the smaller drawing-room, or music-room, musical instruments are interwoven in the ornamentations that divide the compartment ceiling; over the chimney-piece the figures of Apollo and the Muses testify to Angelica's share in the design. And again on the wall dividing the smaller from the larger drawing-room we have her "Orpheus leading Eurydice from the Shades below." In this room there is a beautiful marble chimney-piece with alto-relievo figures of the Borghese vase. On the ceiling appears again Aurora in her car, attended by her nymphs or Hours. The panels of the doors (which are painted light green) present long ovals of very graceful figures, classical in design, which are here reproduced. There can be no doubt that these figures and the "Aurora" are Angelica's work, not only in design, but in actual accomplishment. The colours too are as fresh as if done in the present day, which

unfortunately is not the case with much of the work she executed in Dublin. Either owing to the evanescence of the mediums she used, or the neglect that befell all of beauty and art in a country so distracted by internal troubles, much of the decorative workdone by this charming artist has been irrevocably lost. In another room there are some frescoes on

DOOR PANELS, PAINTED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, IN NO. 52, STEPHEN'S GREEN, FORMERLY MR. LATOUCHE'S HOUSE, NOW BELONGING TO THE REPRESENTATIVE BODY OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

the wall, of which both the subject and the painter are said to be unknown. Any one conversant with Angelica's style would have no hesitation in attributing them to her; they are weak in design, and carelessly handled. These faults point to her, while the subject is one specially affected by her—a shepherd moralizing, while youths and maidens dance in the distance.

When Robert Latouche, M.P. for Harristown (David Latouche's son), removed to No. 11, Merrion Square, he sold his house in the Green to Lord Robert Tottenham, the then Bishop of Clogher; he, in 1830, resold it to Dr. Thomas Arthur; this gentleman let it to Chief Baron Pigot, who resided there for many years. In 1870 it passed into the hands of its present owners. The next house, No. 53, likewise built by David Latouche, and sold by him to Lord Carleton, is now a convent of the Loretto Order.

No. 56 was the residence of the Earl of Meath, who was one of the last to join the exodus from the Liberties. His mansion, which was palatial in size, is now St. Vincent's Hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

The west side of Stephen's Green, or Rapparee Fields, as it was called, was not built upon until the beginning of this century. There was a prejudice[1] felt against it, as it was thought that at one time it was a place of execution for criminals, Gallows Hill being in close proximity to it. It would seem very doubtful

[1] This prejudice continued until within the last thirty or forty years; the reason was forgotten, but the evil reputation still clung to the locality.

that any executions took place during the latter half of the last century; as we have seen, the inhabitants of the Green were of the very upper-ten, "smart people," who would never have suffered such an indignity in their neighbourhood.[1] Moreover, the official "hanging-places" were either Kilmainham (where Emmet was hanged), or Baggotrath (Baggot's Castle), which then stood in the centre of pasturelands and quarries. Hither came the criminals from Newgate Prison in Cornmarket. The procession of these miserable wretches passed through Rapparee Fields, skirting the Beaux' Walk on the north side of the Green, passed the Huguenot burial-ground in Merrion Row, and so reached Baggotrath, on the site of which the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy now stands, the pasturelands being converted into Baggot Street.[2]

The west side is principally remarkable for the fine building the College of Surgeons, erected in 1809, the frontage being from the design of William Murray. The medical profession has always flourished in Ireland. Dublin especially has produced men of distinguished

[1] The *Gentleman's Magazine* mentions the execution of four pirates taking place in Stephen's Green in 1776; but this has been found to be an error, "the date of the pirates' execution being 1766, and the place Baggotrath Castle" (Gaskin's "Irish Varieties"). Mr. FitzPatrick in his "Sham Squire" fixes Stephen's Green as the place of execution of Mrs. Llewellyn in 1796. This is manifestly an error. The same writer gives a list of executions said to have taken place in the Green.

[2] One of the broadsides of the day attacking the Provost of Trinity College, Hely Hutchinson, runs:

Oh, I'll go to Stephen's Green in a cart, in a cart,
Pressed down with age and sin,
With a tuck beneath my chin.

ability both in surgery and medicine. The names of Sir Philip Crampton, Sir Henry Marsh, Sir Dominic Corrigan, and Sir John Banks can be quoted as eminent men of this century. Surgeon William Dease, whose statue by Farrell, R.H.A., adorns the hall of the College, was a clever and fashionable surgeon of the last and early portion of this century, to whose exertions were mainly due the foundation of the College. As a medical man he was energetic, and appears to have been of a sensitive disposition, for, having failed in an operation, his distress of mind was so great as to cause him to take his own life.

In the year 1728 very little of the Dublin of to-day was existent. The streets on the north and south of the City could be counted upon the fingers of both hands. Sackville Street, or, as it was then called, Drogheda Street, was a narrow thoroughfare leading out country-wards, neither Cavendish Row, Rutland Square, nor Mountjoy Square being built. On the south side there were College Green, Dawson Street with St. Anne's Church, and Nassau Street, then called St. Patrick's Well *Lane*, according to the tradition of the Middle Ages that here a miracle was performed by the great Irish saint, who, moved at the sufferings endured by the inhabitants from a dearth of fresh water (the Liffey being even then in bad repute), struck the earth with his staff in the name of the Lord, and on the spot a splendid fountain of purest water ran. This fountain was crowded on St. Patrick's Day by water-drinkers. Jocelyn, a Cistercian monk, in his "Life of St. Patrick,"

mentions it as "the fountain of Dublin, wide in its stream, plenteous in its course, sweet to the taste, and healeth many infirmities." So late as 1860 there was a spring well behind one of the houses in Nassau Street, and another in the Duke's Lawn, which were freely granted to the use of the householders in Merrion Square and Merrion Street; the water was clear as crystal, and delicious to drink. These wells are now dried up. The drying up of St. Patrick's Well in 1729 formed the subject of a poem written by Swift, in which he represents St. Patrick reproaching England:

> Where is the holy well that bore my name?
> Fled to the familiar brook from whence it came.

The title of St. Patrick's Well Lane, which was somewhat of a mouthful, was changed after the accession of William III. to Nassau Street, in compliment to his Dutch Majesty. Lest there should be any mistake in the matter, a marble tablet was placed on the front of one of the houses between Dawson Street and Grafton Street, presenting a life-size bust of William of glorious and immortal memory, with these lines at the foot:

> May we never want a Williamite
> To kick the breech of a Jacobite!

Leinster Street forms the upper portion of Nassau Street. There were originally only five houses—there are only five still. These were built in the middle of the last century, one by the Solicitor-General

Tisdall, whose dark complexion gave him the sobriquet of Philip the Moor, under which title he figures in that curious work "Baratariana." Arthur Wolfe, Viscount Kilwarden, who was murdered in Thomas Street, built the one now occupied by Messrs. Panton.

Our old friend Mrs. Pendarves, when visiting Dublin in 1731, gives a picture of Dublin as it then was: "The streets are narrow and the houses dirty-looking; but there are some good ones scattered about." And Arthur Young, in his "Tour through Ireland," states: "The nobility and gentlemen of Ireland live in a manner that a man of £700 in England would disdain." A new order of things was, however, soon to replace this mode of life. So far back as 1728 there were signs that a change was at hand. The sons of the nobility and country gentlemen were sent to make the grand tour, and, returning with their minds enlarged, found their home surroundings unfit for their station. Some new squares and streets were planned on the north and south side of the City, and magnificent residences for the aristocracy arose in all directions.

James, twentieth Earl of Kildare, was the first to lead the way, exchanging his residence in Thomas Street for the palatial mansion designed by Cassels in what was then called Molesworth Fields. When some friend remonstrated with Lord Kildare on building such a residence in so unfashionable a quarter of the City, he is said to have replied, "They will follow me wherever I go." And the result proved he was right. Lord Molyneux came from Peter Street, Lord Moles-

worth from Fishamble Street, Lord Meath from Kevin Street; in fact, the exodus was universal. In a few years a total change passed over the entire City, the rough mode of life described by Arthur Young giving place to an elegance amongst the upper classes which unfortunately was ill-suited to their fortunes: they spared no expense in building, furnishing, and mounting their establishments. Gandon, who designed many of the public edifices, remarks upon the taste for building which prevailed in his time, and which he describes as amounting to a craze, every gentleman, however small his means, wishing to emulate his richer neighbour in having as fine a house, and if possible as fine an establishment. The result of all this extravagant pretension was the lamentable finale in the Encumbered Estates Court.

In a limited space such as we have in this volume it would be impossible to draw attention to all the fine houses in Dublin, now, alas! for the most part Government or private offices. We will, however, present to our readers a selection of those to which is attached some story of the past—that past which holds for us an interest that the present can never attain. And as historical interest should naturally take the first place, we will begin with

Charlemont House,

built in 1763 by James Caulfield, first Earl of Charlemont. This historic old house stands in a commanding position on the north side of the New Gardens, or Rutland Square, as they were later called. The New

Gardens had been a bowling-green, beyond which, in the direction of Great Britain Street, there were some thatched cottages and a "noddy" or cab-stand. It was this plot of ground that Dr. Bartholomew Mosse purchased for the fine hospital he erected, much to the dissatisfaction of the adjacent neighbourhood. Their discontent was somewhat lessened when he turned the bowling-green into a garden, laid out somewhat after the manner of Vauxhall, with a coffee-room and orchestra. Bands of music and public singers were engaged, and there were illuminations on all festivals. The gardens were a great attraction to the neighbourhood, although their being enclosed by a high wall must have somewhat spoiled the effect. Lord Charlemont, having chosen this situation for his family mansion, attracted others to follow his example; and later his side of the square was dubbed Palace Row, from having five houses occupied by the nobility side by side.

Charlemont House was the outcome of the Earl's long wanderings abroad, and was built to contain his vast collections of statuary, intaglios, and paintings. The design was originally that of Sir William Chambers; but as the Earl was one of those mentioned by Gandon as possessing a taste for architecture, we cannot but think that he materially interfered with the great architect's plan, there being grave defects in Charlemont House, which make it by no means perfect. Outside it is imposing, being slightly out of line with the frontage of the adjoining houses, with which it is connected by two curved winged walls with balustrades.

These are mentioned in the following letter, written by Sir William to the Earl:

"I have sent herewith a plan of the manner in which I think the sweepstakes should be ornamented. As you cannot have a court deep enough to turn the carriages in without throwing the house too far back

CHARLEMONT HOUSE.

to be an ornament to the street, I have designed the entrances with piers at the two extremities of the court, and the space between them may be closed with iron grilles, which will look well."[1]

The grilles, however, were left out, a change which materially affects the exterior of the house. The interior, despite some defects, is very imposing.

The entrance hall is dignified by four Corinthian

[1] The sweepstakes are indicated in the illustration. Charlemont House is the fifth.

columns. The parlour on the right hand was formerly a reception-room, hung with portraits of the family and the intimate friends of the Earl. The two front drawing-rooms opened into one another, and formed a picture gallery, which had a great reputation in its day. It is probable, however, that if Waagen had inspected it he would have found that many of the so-called original Rembrandts and Titians were merely good copies, as in the early part of this century an extensive manufacture of such was carried on, to the great discomfiture of the present owners. Lord Charlemont, however, did possess three undoubted originals—"Judas's Repentance," and Hogarth's two masterpieces "The Gates of Calais" and "The Lady's Last Stake"—this being the last picture painted by Hogarth, and for it Lord Charlemont gave the artist's widow £100—a small sum for such a *chef-d œuvre*.

The principal feature of the interior of Charlemont House was the Library. This belongs to a separate building, divided from the house by a garden. It is a finely proportioned room with five Corinthian pilasters on each side, the bookshelves being originally placed between these pillars. The room is lighted by Diocletian windows in the manner of the Chapel at Trinity College. "Never," says the late Mr. John Prendergast,[1] "shall I forget the reverential awe with which I first found myself in the Library of Charlemont House. We had not then learned to make a mock

[1] Author of the "Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland," and other works of interest connected with Irish history.

of all that was dignified and self-sacrificing in the past. Here was the favourite haunt of that father of his country, the Volunteer Earl. Here he took counsel with his friends, Flood, Grattan, and Langrishe; and here he spent his leisure time in literary pursuits, for literature and politics were the passion of his life."[1]

Miss Edgeworth describes a visit she paid to Charlemont House, and her admiration for the Library and the effect of the beautiful vestibule with the presence of the Venus de Medici. She gives a life-like touch to her narrative by introducing "the little decrepit, tottering man, the sad owner of all these treasures, who received his guests with such courtly grace, such a countenance, such agreeable manners. As they admired this, that, and the other," continues Miss Edgeworth, "he said, 'Come into my sanctum sanctorum, and I'll show you my greatest treasures.' This sanctorum was the medal-room, and among the treasures was the onyx with head of Queen Elizabeth, an intaglio of the seventeenth century. A sculptor had carved an admirable head and likeness of the Queen on part of the hard gem, which was about three inches in length, the uncut portion being left in the natural state."

From his biographer we learn that Lord Charlemont's father died when the future Earl was a child, and that he was never sent to either school or college.

[1] The Library contained rare and valuable books; there were first folios of Shakespeare and early quartos, each play separate. The chimney-piece was of white marble, and was designed by Sir William Chambers. This, the Corinthian capitals from the Rockingham Library, and the solid St. Domingo doors, are at Moy, the present Viscount's seat in Tyrone.

He was, however, fortunate in his tutor, Edwin Murphy, who remained all through his life his pupil's friend and adviser. It was through Murphy's wise counsels that the young nobleman escaped from the dangers that surrounded him in a city like Dublin, where before he was seventeen he was enticed into card-playing and other dissipations. His Aristotle—as he was wont to call Murphy—rescued him in time, by inducing him to go abroad in the hope of weaning him from more dangerous pursuits at home. In Italy he spent five years, which were not altogether devoted to cultivating a taste for the fine arts, as it was said that an Italian marchese, one of his many loves, essayed to poison him; and although she did not succeed, she left her faithless admirer a legacy of ill health. "From this time his eyes were affected, and he led the life of an invalid, drinking mint tea and other slops."

The Earl, according to his tutor, was in a mild way a follower of Don Giovanni—at least so far as worshipping at a thousand-and-three shrines. Neither does his friend of later years deny that he was an ardent admirer of the fair sex. On a scrap of crumpled paper, yellow and faded with age, Mr. Prendergast found the following doggerel on the Dublin beauties of 1745:

> Alas! how grand it is to sing
> Justly thy praises, Fanny King!
> And it is impossible in dull prose
> To tell thy beauties, Miss Ambrose.[1]

[1] Miss Ambrose, or "the dangerous Papist," as she was called by Lord Chesterfield, was celebrated by the well-known verses addressed to her by the same nobleman when she appeared decked in orange lilies. For memoir of Miss Ambrose, see "Celebrated Irish Beauties," by Frances Gerard.

Lord Charlemont in his old age sat down to write a poem called, "The Revolutions of my Heart from the Reign of Queen Elizabeth the First to that of Queen Mary the Great," as he always styled his wife; but he gave up the task, or perhaps he thought Queen Mary the Great might not approve of so many predecessors in his affections, she being a lady of much decision of character. She was a Miss Hickman; and rather a pretty story is told of her innocent manner of showing her love, which so touched the object of it that he at once laid his coronet at her feet. That the Earl was a man of a lovable nature is shown by his correspondence with his friends. We find Beauclerk writing to him from London: "If you do not come here, I will bring the club over to Ireland to live *with you*, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you; stay *then* if you can."

Lord Charlemont sometimes indulged in satirical attacks upon his friends. One of these, Andrew Caldwell by name, was remarkable alike for his social qualities and for his extreme ugliness. In the Charlemont papers we find this ballad:

ANDY'S NOSE.

All you who choose a wondrous theme,
The traveller's vaunt, the poet's dream,
Of miracles I sing the cream—
The Nose of Andy Caldwell.

Achilles, though in Styx besteeled,
The good Æneas too must yield,
And Milton's devil quit the field
To Nose of Andy Caldwell.

Seven wonders of the world we've heard
Through every age have been revered
In scorn of art till Nature reared
The Nose of Andy Caldwell.

Eclipsed, the Rhodian sun must wail
Between whose legs whole fleets can sail,
And pyramids their pride must veil
To Nose of Andy Caldwell.

Tom Arthur's nose is vast in size,
And that which grows 'twixt Farnham's eyes;
Yet both of these must yield the prize
To Nose of Andy Caldwell.

Another warm friend was Rockingham, the English statesman, during whose administration legislative independence was given to Ireland. Rockingham dying three months later, Lord Charlemont erected to his memory a sort of oratory to perpetuate the name of one who had conferred such a benefit upon the country he loved. The Rockingham Library contained Nollekens' bust of the statesman, and a series of terra-cotta busts of the Cæsars copied from the Capitoline Museum in Rome.

No truer patriot ever lived than Lord Charlemont. It may be said that his life was devoted to the welfare of Ireland. To make her capable of a certain measure of self-government was the aim of his hopes; and to further this desire he threw himself with ardour into any scheme likely to strengthen the national character.

To him was due in a great measure the formation of the Volunteers, a body of men who reflected the greatest credit upon the country that gave them birth. In their ranks were to be found men of the highest position, all working together for the same end—the maintenance of law and order. Lord Charlemont was the Colonel of the Dublin Division of the Volunteers; and on the days when their reviews were held, a guard of honour was detached to wait upon the Earl at his house in Rutland Square, to escort him to College Green, where a vast crowd assembled, the windows of Daly's Club being full of the beauties of the day.

In the engraving already given on page 119 we see the Volunteers firing a *feu de joie* round King William's statue. One of the fair occupants of the windows of Daly's Club was the Princess Dashkoff, a Russian lady, whose charms, it was said, had made some impression upon Lord Charlemont, and that his devotion to the fair stranger was causing some uneasiness to Queen Mary the Great; this, however, was probably only the idle gossip of the day.

Lord Charlemont's later years were saddened by what he considered the fatal blow about to be struck at Ireland's independence through the passing of the Act of Legislative Union. He often declared that he would never live to see the blow struck; and curiously enough his prophecy was correct. Feeble in body and distressed in mind, he passed out of life August, 1799, some months before the Act of Union was made law by a majority of three votes!

At this time there were one hundred and twenty resident peers in Dublin, of which eight had houses in Rutland Square, where dwelt also two viscounts and two bishops.[1]

It was in Charlemont House that the patriot Earl died, it may truly be said, if not of a broken heart, of the disappointments which life had brought to him. All the fine promises with which he had started his career had been scattered, and he had no hope left for the country he had loved so well. It was a melancholy end; and so too was the fate of the house he had built with such care and stored with such treasures. After the Act of Union the sear of neglect and decay settled down upon Rutland Square and the localities adjoining it. The houses occupied by the nobility were either sold for a song or remained untenanted and neglected. Most of these are now public offices of one kind or another. Charlemont House remained until some thirty years ago in the possession of the family. The venerable Lady Charlemont, whose beauty was sung by Byron and Moore, lived there in her later years; and during the lifetime of James Molyneux, last Earl of Charlemont, occasional flashes of gaiety lit up the old house, as when Elizabeth Countess of Charlemont appeared as Peg Woffington in Tom Taylor's comedy of *A Christmas*

[1] "On the north side the Earls of Ormonde, Charlemont, Bective, Grandison, Longford, Farnham, Enniskillen, and Erne; Viscounts Wicklow and Caledon; the Bishops of Kildare and Limerick." From "The Complete List of the Resident Peers in Dublin prior to the Act of Union," published in the *Irish Times* newspaper of October 19, 1888. This useful and interesting relic of the past glories of the Irish capital is from the pen of Mr. Robert Armstrong.

Dinner, her dress being the exact copy of Pond's portrait of the actress, which had been in the Charlemont Collection. This was, however, but a lightning before death ; the doom of Charlemont House was at hand. It is now over thirty years since the mansion was sold to the Government, who have made of it an office for the collection of stamp duties. Its fine rooms are partitioned off to meet the requirements of official red-tapism. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

VII.

HOUSES WITH TRADITIONS.

Belvedere House.—Lady Belvedere's Story.—Kenmare House.—Major Swan.—Lord Edward FitzGerald and Dagger.—Henrietta Street.—Mountjoy House.—Lord Blessington.—Lady Blessington.—Thomas Carter.—Earls of Farnham.—Cantillon's Story.

CHAPTER VII.

HOUSES WITH TRADITIONS.

IN 1768 new streets were opened from Rutland Square (or the New Gardens) in the direction of Mountjoy Square (not built until 1820); one of these was named Great Denmark Street, and here, in 1775, Thomas, second Earl of Belvedere, erected

BELVEDERE HOUSE,

which was probably the first house built in the street, as it stands alone in a commanding position, overlooking the wide thoroughfare of North Great George's Street, which in its day was a fashionable street. It is a magnificent mansion, well designed, probably by Cassels. The grand staircase is richly ornamented in the florid stucco ornamentation then practised by the Italian artists resident in Dublin. The ceilings of the reception-rooms on the drawing-room floor present appropriate subjects, all most richly ornamented, one being dedicated to Diana, another to Venus, and the third (the music-room) to Apollo. Here too stands the grand organ of fine Domingo mahogany.

In the year 1843 Belvedere House was sold for a sum under £1,800 to the Order of Jesuits, whose Church of St. Francis Xavier is close by in Upper Gardiner Street. It is now a junior college for youth.

In Belvedere House died Mary Molesworth, first Countess of Belvedere, whose romantic story must always excite interest. This unfortunate lady had the ill-fortune to attract, when quite in her early youth, the handsome and somewhat dissipated Colonel Rochfort, a man of fashion, in great favour with the Court at St. James's. Miss Molesworth, however, did not respond to his suit; the ardour of his love frightened her, for she was of a timid, nervous nature, and she besought her parents not to press her to marry a man she did not like. Her entreaties were of no avail; it was not the order of the day for young girls to have a will of their own; and Lord Molesworth, a stern, uncompromising soldier, would listen to no nonsense. The preparations for the marriage went on, and Mary was married, *nolens volens*, to her handsome lover on August 1, 1736.

From the first the marriage was not a happy one. Rochfort was disappointed that no tenderness on his part could conquer the shrinking fear his bride seemed to entertain for him. His disappointment showed itself in violent outbursts of rage, which so alarmed the poor girl that she escaped to her father's house, to be sent back next morning under the care of a trusty servant.

Years went on, several children were born, and still matters grew no better. Rochfort spent most of his time in London, where the King, George II., raised him to the rank of an Earl. He was amusing himself at the Court when a packet of letters was sent him. These were written under a feigned name, but were proved to be a passionate love correspondence between his wife and his brother, Arthur Rochfort, a married man with a large family. Lord Belvedere accused his wife, who found some means to inform her lover, who fled precipitately without making any defence. Lady Belvedere remained in the power of her offended husband, her father making no effort to interfere between them. The Earl's vengeance was of so peculiar a nature as to have earned him the name of a cruel tyrant.

At the time of his discovery he had just completed building a new and handsome mansion which was to supersede Gaulstown, the old family seat in Westmeath. At Belvedere, which was the name of the new mansion, the Earl, his children and household resided, while at Gaulstown he kept his wife shut up, deprived of all intercourse with the outer world, and carefully watched by a staff of trusty servants. The unfortunate lady was barely twenty-six years of age when she was thus cut off from all the enjoyments of life. For seventeen years she remained thus imprisoned, never seeing her children, although they lived so close to her, and receiving no visits from her own family. The death of her husband released her in 1772. During these

years her father had died and her son had married. She herself, although only in the prime of life, had become a perfect wreck, her features haggard, her hair white, while her face wore a wild, scared look, and her voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

The latter portion of her life was spent at Belvedere House, but she had lived too long in solitary confinement to be able to take up the threads of a broken life. She shrank from notice of any kind, while to her dying hour she protested her innocence.

A curious relic of this tragic story is to be seen between Belvedere (now the seat of Charles Marley, Esq.) and Rochfort House, which had been the residence of Arthur Rochfort. It appears to be the ruin of an old abbey. The tradition told is that the ruin was built by one brother to exclude from his sight the residence of the other. Not every one is aware that the design originated with Lord Belvedere, who went to enormous expense in its erection, bringing over Italian artists for the purpose.

North Great George's Street exactly faces Belvedere House, a wide and handsome street, where many of the nobility had houses, one or two of which were decorated by Angelica Kauffmann during her visit to Dublin in 1771. Kenmare House, now No. 34, was one of these; it is the residence of Dr. Mahaffy, the well-known writer on Greek art. In 1798 Lady Kenmare left Great George's Street, as she could not bear to have as her opposite neighbour Major William Swan, who had assisted in the capture of Lord Edward FitzGerald. In

connection with Major Swan a curious story is told by Sir Bernard Burke in his interesting volume "The Rise of Great Families."

"Moore," says Sir Bernard, "gives a description of the dagger Lord Edward used in his death struggle, and at the Dublin Exhibition of 1872 a dagger was exhibited purporting to be the weapon in question. The annexed letter, however, sets the matter at rest, and gives a curious and authentic account of the custody of the real dagger from the day it was wrested from Lord Edward. It is now (1876) in the possession of William R. Le Fanu, Esq., Commissioner of Public Works in Ireland, together with this (the following) letter from his mother, the late Mrs. Le Fanu:—

"'I was almost a child when I possessed myself of the dagger with which Lord Edward FitzGerald had defended himself so desperately at the time of his arrest. The circumstances connected with it are these. Mrs. Swan, wife of Major Swan (Deputy Town Major), was a relative of my mother; my family constantly visited at her house in North Great George's Street. My mother frequently took my younger sister and me there. I often heard Major Swan describe the dreadful struggle in which he had himself received a severe wound from the dagger which he had succeeded in wresting from Lord Edward, and which he took a pleasure in showing as a trophy. The dreadful conflict is described in the *Annual Register*, and in the journals of the day. The death wound which Lord Edward received, and the death of Captain

Ryan, are known to every one. The character of Lord Edward, the position which he occupied, and his tragical death, the domestic happiness which he had enjoyed, and the affection in which he held those near him, I need not describe. When I saw the dagger in the hands with which Lord Edward had striven in the last fatal struggle for life or death, I felt that it was not rightfully his who held it, and wished it were in other hands. Wishes soon changed into plans, and I determined, if possible, to get it. I knew the spot in the front drawing-room where it was laid, and, while Major Swan and the company were engaged in conversation one evening, after tea, in the back drawing-room, I walked into the front drawing-room to the spot where it was; I seized it, and thrust it into my bosom, inside my stays. I returned to the company, where I had to sit for an hour, and then drove home, a distance of three miles. As soon as we left the house, I told my sister, who was beside me, what I had done. As soon as we got home, I rushed up to the room which my sister and I occupied, and having secured the door, I opened one of the seams in the feather bed, took out the dagger, and plunged it among the feathers; for upwards of twelve years I lay every night upon the bed which contained my treasure. When I left home, I took it with me, and it has been my companion in all the vicissitudes of life. When he missed it, Major Swan was greatly incensed, and not without apprehensions that it had been taken to inflict a deadly revenge upon him. Had

he taken harsh measures against the servants, whom he might have suspected, I had resolved to confess that I had taken it ; but after a time his anger and uneasiness subsided. I have often seen and heard this dagger described as a most extraordinary weapon, and have been ready to laugh. Moore mentions it, in his Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald, as being in the possession of some other family. He was quite mistaken. This is the very dagger, which had not been many months in Major Swan's hands, when it became mine in the manner above detailed.

"'EMMA LE FANU.

"'*April*, 1847.'"

A short walk will now bring us to Henrietta Street by way of Great Britain Street (where, by the way, it is said the beautiful Miss Gunnings made their *début* in Dublin society in 1750). Henrietta Street,[1] or Primates' Hill, as it was originally called (from the fact of four primates having their residence on Boulter's Hill, in its immediate vicinity), is one of the most interesting haunts of old Dublin. Changed as it is now, in the last century its fine mansions were inhabited by men of the highest rank and position. The last house in

[1] The ground on which the houses in Henrietta Street now stand, together with the site of that street and portion of the site on which the King's Inns Buildings are erected, belonged to the monks of St. Mary's Abbey, and was the private garden of the abbots or priors of that monastery. Hence we find it described in old records as the "Anchorite's Garden," "*Ankerster's* Park," "*Ancaster's* Park," etc. The Anchorite's Garden contained about seven acres, and was pleasantly situated on a gentle slope on the banks of the little Bradoge River, which watered it on its western boundary.

the street has, perhaps, the most claim to be mentioned first. Blessington House, indeed, teems with memories of the golden period of Dublin society; for here were wont to assemble the fairest and the wittiest, the highest and the most fashionable belles and beaux of the day.

It was originally built by the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, who had purchased from Sir Thomas Reynell a large area of property on the north side of Dublin. The names of the streets in this now unfashionable quarter are suggestive of the Mountjoy family: Mountjoy Square, Mountjoy Place, Gardiner Street, Gardiner Place, and Blessington Street. When Luke Gardiner built his family mansion, it was then called "The Manor House," for the reason that it stood almost alone, on the opposite side from the Primates' House, having large gardens and park attached to it.

This fine old house is so well described in the *Irish Builder* of July, 1893, that I annex the following:

"The reception-rooms are seven in number, and the cornices and ceilings are finished in a rich and antique style. The ball-room is a noble apartment; the architraves of the doors are adorned with Corinthian columns, fluted and surmounted by pediments. The drawing-room to the left of the ante-room on the first floor possesses a beautifully carved oak cornice, the effect of which is peculiarly striking. The front staircase is spacious and lofty. The walls are panelled and the ceiling handsomely decorated. The principal dining-room, looking into the garden, is square, with fine

stuccoed ceiling and walls in square panels stuccoed, the square broken off at the angles by curves. The architraves of the parlour doors are as rich as carving could make them. There is a mock key-stone or block of wood that for elegant and elaborate carving in relief cannot be surpassed. The stuccoed ceilings are in panels with enriched fillets, quite palatial; and

MOUNTJOY HOUSE.

only in the ball-room are seen arabesques in the centre. The window of the ball-room, which is over the *porte-cochère*, has three opes, the centre one being arched; this is the only architectural adornment externally."

Mountjoy House had originally a fine *porte-cochère*, or covered carriage entry, arched with cut stone, on the park side. The park or ornamental ground attached to this mansion was purchased by Luke

Gardiner, first Lord Mountjoy, from the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, and was known as Plover Park.

The great interest which attaches to Mountjoy House is its association with its last owner, the first Earl of Blessington. The career of this nobleman presents an extraordinary instance of the misuse of all the good things of life that were so lavishly bestowed upon him. Born in 1782, he had early lost his parents,[1] and became his own master at an age when most young men are still under control. To this fact his friend and biographer Dr. Madden attributes the ruin Lord Blessington brought on himself and his family; and it may be said that with him extravagance amounted to madness. He spent money so recklessly that not twice his noble fortune could suffice to supply his imaginary wants. From the very first his career was a downward one. In 1808, being then twenty-six, he eloped with the beautiful Mary Campbell, wife to Major Browne. As the lady was a Catholic, no divorce could be obtained, and it was not until the death of her husband in 1812 that the guilty pair were legally married. Two years later Lady Blessington

[1] His father was Luke Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy, a well-known figure in the time in which he lived. A politician and a soldier, he joined to these pursuits a refined taste for music and the stage. He was a good amateur actor, and had a private theatre at his residence, the Ranger's Cottage in the park, where he entertained the Viceroy and his circle. His beautiful wife, one of the three lovely Montgomerys immortalized by Sir Joshua's brush, died young, leaving several daughters and one son, who succeeded his father as Lord Mountjoy when only ten years old, and was created Earl of Blessington when he was still a youth.

died at St. Germain, near Paris. Her death was made the occasion of an extravagant display by the widower. Her body was brought from France to London, and from London to Dublin, accompanied by an army of undertakers, mutes, and watchers. It lay in state at Blessington House,[1] where a *chapelle ardente* had been fitted up with every emblem of the faith she professed. Here censers swung and candles burned night and day for eight days, while all Dublin streamed in to see the sight. The block of carriages, cabs, and chairs in

WINDOW IN MOUNTJOY HOUSE, HENRIETTA STREET.

[1] The Earl changed the name from Mountjoy to Blessington House.

Henrietta Street was equal to a "Drawing-room night." The body lay in a sumptuous coffin under a magnificent pall of black velvet embroidered in gold, which had been made for Marshal Duroc's funeral. On each side of the bier sat the watchers, six female mourners who had accompanied the corpse from London. As each visitor left the room, a gentlemanly man, clothed in deepest mourning, accosted them with a hope that "everything had been satisfactorily done."

"This great exhibition of extravagant grief, and the enormous outlay made for its manifestation" (it cost £4,000), "was," says Dr. Madden, "in the bright and palmy days of Irish landlordism, when potatoes flourished, and people who had land in Ireland lived like princes."

Lord Blessington's grief speedily found solace in another frail lady's smiles. A year later we find the disconsolate widower entertaining at dinner in Blessington House a select party of ladies and gentlemen, including the beautiful Mrs. Farmer and her sister Mrs. Purvis.

Next year we read of Mrs. Farmer and her sister being his Lordship's guests at Rath, a cottage on the Mountjoy Forest estate in Tyrone. The friendship between them was continued in London; and in 1818, her husband, Captain Farmer, having died meantime, Mrs. Farmer became Countess of Blessington.

It does not seem that after her marriage she was much at Blessington House, although on two occasions she accompanied her husband to Mountjoy Forest, which was fitted up in the most sumptuous manner for her

reception, her boudoir being hung with Genoa velvet and gold bullion fringe.

For some reason (probably social) Lady Blessington never again visited her native country. Blessington House fell into the sear and yellow of a neglected old age. The whole of the Mountjoy estate was sold to Charles Spencer Cowper in the Encumbered Estates Court of 1874, Blessington House being included in the sale. It was resold to Mr. Tristram Kennedy, who turned it into chambers for the accommodation of the barristers attending the King's Inns, a handsome building erected by Gandon (not that much of its beauty can be seen in Henrietta Street, as the Inns are awkwardly placed, and, as Mr. Prendergast remarked, they should have been called Tanderagee, the Irish for "his back to the wind"). Mr. Kennedy closed up the *porte-cochère* and made the present hall door in the middle of the mansion, thus spoiling one of the finest dining-rooms ever designed.

No. 9, the next house to Blessington House, is also worthy of notice, its architectural merit being far beyond that of its neighbour. It was designed by Cassels, who in all probability designed Blessington House also, although this point is open to doubt, as there is no positive certainty. The entrance and hall are remarkable for their size and the elegance of the design, but there is a total absence of ornamental work upon the ceilings and doors.

No. 10 was built for the Right Hon. Thomas Carter, Master of the Rolls.

On the other side of the street the residence of the Earl of Shannon is now in possession of the Benchers of King's Inns. The reception-rooms here are very fine; but the entrance hall and staircase are inferior to either Blessington House or No. 10, which suggests that Cassels, who excelled in interiors, was not the designer at all events of this house. There are, however, some good ovals, and the chimney-pieces are of Vienna marble. The owner of this mansion, Henry Boyle, first Earl of Shannon, was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. His Lordship was not a patriot of the purest quality. We hear of his compounding some clerical appropriation for the sum of £3,000 yearly, and his son and successor figures in "Baratariana" for similar peccadilloes. The morality of the Irish House of Commons was, however, by no means above suspicion, and Lord Shannon was not the only peer who was accessible to bribery.

Another interesting house is the one occupied in the last century by the Maxwells, Earls of Farnham. It had come to them through the marriage between Robert Maxwell, second Lord Farnham, and Henrietta, widow of the third Earl of Stafford. This Henrietta, or rather Henriette, was the daughter of one Cantillon, a French wine merchant and banker, who had managed to realize his capital before Law's Mississippi scheme went smash. He came to London, where he was murdered by his own servants, who conspired to set the house on fire, and in the confusion escaped with a large sum of money. Cantillon left an only

daughter, a beautiful girl, who is mentioned by Horace Walpole as having married the Earl of Stafford in 1743. On his death she married Lord Farnham, who brought her to the family mansion in Henrietta Street. It was from this house that their daughter, Lady Harriet Maxwell, was married to the Right Hon. Denis Daly.

Lady Harriet Daly was a well-known character in the pre-Union times, when ladies of quality were distinguished by their freedom of speech and love of high play. Many years after her death, when the house was deserted, a gentleman going in to look at it, saw in an empty closet a number of little scarlet leather, gilt-edged memorandum books: these had been Lady Harriet Daly's records of her card-playing in the days of her wickedness—dusty, dirty records, but instinct with the life she had led. "Last night won £5 from Lord Ormonde. Engaged to dine with Lord Shannon, Thursday. Lost £5 to Lady Glandore." It was just as well she lost, for she would have gained nothing by winning from her adversary, who was so well known for cheating or "bilking" her creditors, that the Dublin wits called her *Owen* (owing) Glandore.

After Lord Farnham removed to No. 18, Palace Row, his house in Blessington Street was occupied by Lord O'Neill.

At No. 13 the Right Hon. John Ponsonby resided. He was the son of the first Earl of Bessborough, and was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons from 1756 to 1771—a troublous time, through which

he had to steer his course, and ever took the straight and upright path. It would, indeed, have been well if all Irishmen had been so true to their country as was John Ponsonby; nor did he lose his popularity with the unruly members, over whom he exerted such an influence that he was elected three times to the office of Speaker. He was likewise sworn in six times as one of the Lords Justices, which meant being virtually ruler of the country, as at that time the Viceroy only came to Ireland every second year, and in the interregnum the Lord Justice exercised almost viceregal authority. Mr. Ponsonby's eldest son was created Baron and Lord Ponsonby of Imakilly, which title, however, became extinct in 1866; and his second son, George, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

No. 14 was occupied by Sir Edward Crofton, of Mote Park, Roscommon, ancestor of the present Peer.

VIII.

HOUSES WITH TRADITIONS (Continued).

Aldborough House.—Eccentric Conduct of Edward, Second Earl.—Building of Stratford House and Aldborough House.—Fate of Aldborough House.—Lady Aldborough.—Holy Paul.—Tyrone House.—Powerscourt House.—The Vicissitudes of Moira House.—Leinster House.—Mornington House.—Kildare Street.—Kildare Street Club.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOUSES WITH TRADITIONS (*Continued*).

Aldborough House.

THE history of Aldborough House is interwoven with that of the Stratfords of Merivale, who trace their descent so far back as Alfred the Great, and who claim that one of their ancestors sat in the Parliament of Edward III. as Baron Stratford-upon-Avon, this barony being one of the titles of the Earls of Aldborough.

Robert Stratford, a younger branch of the house of Merivale, came to Ireland in 1660 to push his fortunes. He settled in the small town of Baltinglass, in the county of Wicklow, and, as was the way with all English settlers, soon made his way to the front. Before his death in 1669, he had purchased large estates in Leinster and Munster. His son and heir, Edward Stratford, followed his father's example, adding Great and Little Belan, in the county of Kildare, to the family estates. This Edward Stratford was an ardent supporter of William of Orange, and on the King's march to Limerick entertained his Majesty at Belan, and contributed two thousand sheep and two hundred oxen towards the support of the army,

for which faithful service he was rewarded by a letter of thanks from the King's hand and the offer of a peerage, which he declined.

In George III.'s reign, however, John, the younger son of Edward Stratford, was created Baron of Baltinglass. This was in 1763. In 1776 he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Aldborough, of Belan, and in 1777 the further honour was bestowed of making him Earl of Aldborough, of the Palatinate of Upper Ormond. There seems to have been no particular reason for these honours, unless it was that he loyally voted with the Government in the Irish House of Lords, and wrote a pamphlet, too dreary for words, on the true interests and resources of the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

His Lordship did not long survive his literary effort, and dying in 1779, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, second Earl, with whom commences the eccentricities of the Aldborough family.

This nobleman in his youth had a certain air of fashion and a pleasing address, which excused his plainness ; and his fine manners, combined with a little knowledge of the classics, gave him considerable influence over his county neighbours. He was of an arrogant, ostentatious turn of mind, quarrelsome and vindictive, seldom on good terms with his brothers, John, Paul, and Benjamin.

On one occasion, after one of the usual quarrels, the Earl conceived the extraordinary notion of making his sister, Lady Harriett Stratford, the

receiving officer for the borough of Baltinglass. This would not have excited much, if any, attention in our day, when we have women Poor Law guardians and women canvassers. In the last century, however, such an innovation was looked upon with disgust. The brothers John and Benjamin Stratford, being more disgusted than any one else, resisted the innovation, and a regular stand-up fight took place in the constituency. Lady Harriett was supported

ALDBOROUGH HOUSE.

by a number of female friends, who, despite their sex, were badly hurt by the other side. The whole affair made a terrible uproar, and informations were lodged against the ladies. Benjamin and Paul were, however, triumphant, and retained the post of receiving officers.

Lord Aldborough's next and most famous quarrel was his difference with Lord Clare, Chancellor of Ireland, concerning an equity case with Mr. Beresford, in which he had been nonsuited in the Court of

Chancery; and on his appealing to the House of Lords, Lord Clare confirmed the ruling of the lower Court. On this the Earl, who, like his father, was fond of his pen, took refuge in a pamphlet, in which he belaboured his enemy soundly. Amongst other forms of abuse, he related the story of a skipper of one of the Dutch canal-boats, who had extorted from his Lordship, when on his travels, much more money than he had a right to. On landing at Amsterdam, Lord Aldborough determined to appeal, and next morning, at the early hour of nine, he appeared in the court-house. The narrator of the story does not tell us how he managed to express himself in a foreign tongue to the judge, whose large-brimmed hat concealed his face; but before the case was half over he disclosed his identity as that of the skipper, and in a stentorian voice decided against the Earl with full costs, ordering him out of the court. Enraged at such an insult, Lord Aldborough entered an appeal, and waited six days in Amsterdam for it to come off; when lo and behold! on entering the court, he saw the judge who was to try the appeal was again the skipper who had decided the cause in his own favour.

The application of this story to the way in which justice was administered in the Superior Court of Dublin was manifest, and roused the indignation of the Peers, who considered his Lordship had been guilty of a gross breach of privilege. He was summoned before the House of Lords, when the libellous

pamphlet was read by Lord Clare. Lord Aldborough, in a bold and courageous speech, acknowledged it as his composition, and was at once sentenced to spend six months in Newgate Prison, where he kept a sort of regal state, entertaining his friends and committing many extravagances.

The Earl was a prominent figure in the troubles of 1797-98; he would drive about the country in his coach with outriders, assuring every one of his countenance and protection—assurances which were badly received by a certain Major McPherson in command of a regiment stationed near Belan Castle.

"Countenance and protection!" repeated the fiery Scot. "As for your protection, my Lord, Major McPherson is always able to protect himself; and as for your countenance, I would not tak' it for your earldom!"

It was for this nobleman that Adam built the noble residence in Stratford Place,[1] called Stratford House, which, until recently, has been the residence of Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough, and now belongs to his son-in-law. This fine house, which fronts Oxford Street, has a solid air of grandeur very imposing, being most Adamesque in style. Inside there are lofty rooms and a noble staircase, with the usual luxuriance of ornamentation and carving which

[1] It would seem natural to suppose that the whole area of Stratford Place was the property of Lord Aldborough, and that he sold it in building lots. Cosway occupied two houses at different times. No. 3, now the residence of the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, is a fine specimen of an Adam house.

distinguishes all Adam's houses. The ceilings, which were painted by Angelica Kauffmann, show the artist at her best. In the Cupid Drawing-room the Paphian boy is painted, as Goethe said, "with the pencil of fascination," so sportive is his representation in every mood. In the dining-room there is an oval by the same artist—her favourite subject, the nymph Aglăia bound to a tree by the mischievous Cupid. It is now well known that it was looking at this work of Angelica's that prompted Miss Thackeray to give the reading public her ever popular "Miss Angel."

Lord Aldborough married twice, his first choice being Barbara Herbert, an heiress, and cousin to Lords Pembroke, Guildford, and Carnarvon. This lady dying in 1787, his Lordship in the following year contracted a second marriage with Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir John Henniker, Baronet, and niece to the Dowager-Duchess of Chandos.

It was for this lady that Aldborough House was built in 1793. The noble pair had found out that dwelling in the same mansion was not favourable to the continuance of pleasant domestic relation—at least, so the story went. There is no doubt that her Ladyship had a sharp tongue, which she was at no pains to bridle. It was said of her that, "as steel, the edge of her wit was so keen and polished that the patient was never mangled." She called her brother-in-law, the Rev. Paul Stratford, Holy Paul, from the fact of his having shown the utmost resignation when his

residence, Mount Niel, one of the oldest of the family seats in the possession of the Aldboroughs, was burnt to the ground; it was largely insured, and when the people, who had assembled in hundreds, were doing their utmost to save the furniture, this admirable man would not allow any interference with the designs of Heaven. "Never fly in the face of Heaven, my friends; when the Almighty resolved to burn my house, He most certainly intended to destroy my furniture. I am resigned—the Lord's will be done." Holy Paul did not, however, evince a like resignation to Heaven's decree when, later on, the insurance company absolutely refused to pay any portion of the damage done by the fire.

To return to Aldborough House. The most curious part of the story was that already Lord Aldborough had a large house in Denmark Street, near Lord Belvedere's. This, however, was entailed; and as his Lordship had no children by either of his wives, all entailed property passed to his next brother.

Lord Aldborough may therefore have desired to leave his widow a suitable residence. Be that as it may, the house was begun in 1793, from designs by Sir William Chambers, on a very extravagant, fanciful plan, Lord Aldborough changing his mind constantly during the course of the building. It got finished somehow, and must have been very handsome, with its two stone lions and grand courtyard. It stood fronting the street, with sweepstakes, as in Charlemont House (also designed by Chambers), at each side.

Inside it is palatial—the hall large and lofty, the principal staircase magnificent, the reception-rooms large. After that it rambles off in different directions, there being a terrible waste of room in the matter of passages. There were splendid chimney-pieces (one was said to have been made out of one block of lapis-lazuli), and a chandelier of Waterford glass that cost £1,000. Reports were rife as to many other things, for Dublin had argus eyes upon his Lordship's doings.

It does not appear that any one ever inhabited the house; the Countess absolutely refused to enter it, and after the Earl's death in 1801 she took herself off to Paris. I am by no means sure she did not establish herself there in his lifetime; anyhow, she rather distinguished herself when the allied armies occupied the French capital in 1814.

The Union destroyed all chance of Aldborough House becoming a family mansion; it remained closed for many years, growing each year more dilapidated. In 1813 it was sold by the then Lord Aldborough for £4,800 (it had cost £40,000) to Professor Van Feniagle de Luxembourg, who had invented a new method of conveying instruction to youthful minds. Aldborough House had to go through many alterations to fit it for its new destination. Wings were added, one for a chapel, the other for a large hall for exhibitions. When these alterations were completed, the last touch was given by changing the name of Aldborough to "The Luxembourg."

The new undertaking was a success, and continued to be so until the death of the Professor in 1820 gave it its first blow; it languished for another ten years, and finally had to be closed.

Aldborough House remained, one might say, on the rates; it belonged to no one, and was Government property. In 1854, when the Crimean War was at its zenith, the old house was converted into a barrack for her Majesty's troops waiting to embark for the seat of war. It was a daily amusement of the idlers in the neighbourhood to watch the military drill from the top of the high wall round the house. But this excitement passed away, and nothing disturbed the oppressive silence of Aldborough House for forty long years, until two years ago another freak of the authorities turned it into a store for the engineering department of Government Telegraphs.

It was late on a spring evening that my friend and I visited Aldborough House; the light was decaying, and the ghostly stillness of the empty rooms gave us a nervous feeling which neither liked to confess. One could fancy legions of ghosts wandering through these empty rooms, wringing their faded hands over the extinction of their descendants, for the Aldboroughs are extinct. The seven or eight family seats are either sold or gone to decay. Belan is a ruin, so too is Baltinglass; the London mansions are in the hands of strangers.

Despite its situation, which is none of the best,

the narrowness of the street spoiling the general effect, there is no more elegant mansion than

Powerscourt House, in North William Street,

built in 1771 by Richard Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt. This nobleman, who was called "the French lord," presumably from the elegance of his manners, had made, like Lord Charlemont, the grand tour, and had returned to his own country with a passion for art which showed itself in the beautiful design of Powerscourt House, the windows of which would not disgrace a Venetian palace.

According to the old historian Camden, the Powerscourts were famous in days of old for their knighthood. They were English by descent, and were imported to Ireland by James I. One of the family, however, married Cromwell's daughter Anne, which would account for a certain grim, almost Puritan look in some of the family pictures. The writer remembers seeing some years ago, at the exhibition of national portraits in Dublin, the picture of one Sir Richard Wingfield (in whose favour the old viscountcy was revived), which had all the air of a Cromwellian soldier, with short wiry hair, scarf, and armour.

There are no associations connected with Powerscourt House. The French lord, who had made it his hobby, spending large sums upon beautifying his fancy, only occupied it for a couple of years, so far justifying

the adage concerning wise men building houses. After the Union his successor sold it to the Government for the ridiculous sum of £15,000. It did not long retain the quasi-dignity of a Government office, but passed into the hands of the well-known silk merchants Messrs. Ferrier & Pollock.

A curious legend is said to be connected with the Powerscourt family. In the days when priest-hunting was one of the celebrated Major Sirr's pastimes, an unfortunate Catholic priest was hunted from place to place by a party of soldiers. He at last found himself close to the gates of Powerscourt, the residence of Lord Powerscourt, near Enniskerry; it was a summer's evening, and his Lordship at the time was entertaining some friends, who were enjoying the air after dinner, when suddenly the hunted priest rushed up the avenue, followed by his pursuers. The daughter of one of the ladies present described to the writer the tradition which had descended to her—how the unfortunate priest implored protection (which it was impossible for Lord Powerscourt to give), how he clung to the skirts of the ladies present, and how he was dragged

POWERSCOURT HOUSE.

away and killed *on the lawn*. The very spot can still be pointed out, as there the grass, it is said, has never grown, in spite of every effort made to cultivate it.

The present Lord Powerscourt is a man of much artistic knowledge, his judgment in the matter of pictures and sculpture being of considerable value. He is likewise of patriotic spirit and an excellent resident landlord.

Tyrone House, the Residence of the Beresfords.

Tyrone House, in Marlborough Street, now an educational institution, is well worth a visit, being the first stone mansion of the nobility built on the north side of Dublin. It is a good specimen of Cassels' solid style, but it is by no means his best work. The Venetian window, although inferior to that of Powerscourt, lends a certain grace to the otherwise somewhat cold exterior of Tyrone House. The interior is well designed; there is plenty of space (a marked feature of Cassels' houses), and there is a grand staircase.

Tyrone House was built in 1740 at the cost of £26,000 by Sir Marcus Beresford, who in 1745 was created Earl of Tyrone (in right of his wife, Baroness le Poer, daughter and heiress of James, third Earl of Tyrone). In 1789 Lord Tyrone was created Marquis of Waterford. Tyrone House has, like Charlemont House, its associations. It is intimately connected

with John Beresford, who played a leading part in the tangled skein of Irish politics. Originally of English descent, the Beresfords were "planted" in Ireland by James I. They were men of much force of character; and as such natures are prone to be, they were somewhat intolerant. With all their faults, they were a fine race; and to John Beresford, the Commissioner of Public Works, Dublin owes much gratitude, as he gave his best efforts to improving the commercial interests and beautifying the City itself. That he was frustrated in the execution of many of his plans for the benefit of the City was due to the deplorable condition of the country, torn as it was between the rival parties and creeds. John Beresford's memory has been charged with many acts of hideous cruelty; it was said that in Marlborough Street, quite close to Tyrone House, he had a riding school, where he had his unfortunate prisoners flogged almost to death.[1]

Time, however, which softens many prejudices, allows us to judge Beresford by a fairer standard than that of those who lived nearer to his time, and later historians have done much to clear his memory from the cruelty attributed to him. His best friends, however, cannot exculpate him from an abnormal greed for place. The list of offices he held tells its own tale, and accounts for much of his unpopularity. He married Barbara, one of the three lovely Montgomerys,

[1] His correspondence with James Gandon shows Beresford in a different light; he seems to have been a man of culture and taste. His letters are very charming.

who have been handed down to us by Sir Joshua Reynold's brush.[1]

Moira House, now the Mendicity Institution.

If old houses could a tale unfold, what a piteous story could Moira House tell us of its dismal vicissitude: once the resort of the highest, the loveliest, and the wittiest men and women of their generation, now the home of the aged, the poor, and the imbecile—its very stature (I speak of the outward shell) dwarfed to suit the degradation to which it has been reduced.

Our sketch represents Moira House as it was at the beginning of the present century, when the massive stone mansion was surrounded with the most beautiful gardens, and was secluded by the row of large trees which extended along Arran Quay to within a few feet of Bloody Bridge. "Upwards of sixty years ago," says a writer in 1848, "I was, during my early youth, a frequent guest at Moira House, a princely dwelling situated on Ussher's Quay, which at that time was a fashionable quarter of Dublin."

The family name of the Earls of Moira is Rawdon: they had been faithful adherents of the Stuarts. In 1762 the fourth Baronet of the name was raised to the dignity of an Earl. This nobleman had passed his youth and early prime abroad and in England,

[1] The large picture of the three sisters hangs in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. It was painted for Luke Gardiner (first Lord Mountjoy), and presented to the nation by his son, the Earl of Blessington (see "Celebrated Irish Beauties," by F. A. Gerard).

where he had moved in the very best company of the *élite* of the Court of George III. To his last hour he retained the polished manners of that society. Lord Charlemont, who was his intimate friend, used often to say that he was one of the best-bred men of his age. His courtesy, we are told, was always

MOIRA HOUSE.

flowing and never wearying, directed to *every one*, but *still measured*—"never losing sight of the humblest as well as the highest of his company, never displaying his rank, and never departing from it."

To this nobleman were due the interior and very beautiful decorations of Moira House, which were executed by Healy, an eminent Dublin artist. John

Wesley, who paid a visit to Moira House in 1775, "was surprised to observe, though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room than any he had ever seen in England. It was an octagon, about twenty feet square and fifteen or sixteen high, having one window (the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl) reaching from the top of the room to the bottom, the ceiling, sides, and furniture of the room equally elegant"; and, adds Wesley, with prophetic inspiration, "must *all* this pass away like a dream?"

Moira House was the scene of the most magnificent entertainments and assemblies. It was here that in 1777 Charles Fox was introduced to Henry Grattan, and all contemporary writers mention the grand scale of the hospitalities dispensed by the Earl and Countess. Lord Moira was fortunate in his wife, who was a daughter of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, and was a woman of high intellectual gifts.[1] She found pleasure in gathering round her a circle where literary or professional distinction was the first claim to admittance. Lady Moira, after her husband's death in 1793, continued to reside at Moira House. We find constant mention of her and of her son Francis, second Earl, in the Diaries of Moore and Lady Morgan, Grattan's Life, and other contemporary books.

The hospitality of Moira House seems to have been on a splendid scale; nor is it wanting in tragic associations. It was here, on May 18, 1798, that the beautiful

[1] Lord Moira had married three times, each time to the daughter of an Earl.

"Pamela," wife to the unfortunate patriot Lord Edward FitzGerald, was spending the evening, when within a few yards her husband was betrayed into the hands of his pursuers. A fierce conflict took place, in which Captain Ryan lost his life and Lord Edward received a severe wound. He was taken at first to the Castle, but afterwards removed to Newgate, where he died. While he was at the Castle, the Lord-Lieutenant (Cornwallis) sent Mr. Watson, his Private Secretary, to assure him that every attention compatible with his position as State prisoner should be extended to him, and that if he had any confidential communication to send his wife he would in all fidelity and secrecy convey it to her. "Nothing, nothing," was the reply, "but oh! break it to her tenderly."

"As soon as Edward's wound was dressed," writes Lady Louisa Conolly, "he desired the Private Secretary at the Castle to write for him to Lady Edward and to tell her what had happened. The Secretary carried the note himself. Lady Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mount Cashell's came soon after to forbid anything being said to Lady Edward that night." The next morning Lady Edward was told, and bore it better than was expected. She remained at Moira House (experiencing from Lady Moira kindness that surpassed "that of common mothers") until an order from the Privy Council obliged her to leave Ireland.

The Dowager-Countess continued to reside at Moira House until her death in 1808, and in 1826

the fine old mansion was given over to the governors of the Mendicity Institution. This body proceeded to make havoc of its past glories; the upper storey of the edifice was taken off, the magnificent internal decorations removed, the handsome gardens covered with offices, and every measure adopted to render it a fitting receptacle for the most wretched paupers, thus verifying Wesley's curious presage that the splendour of Moira House was destined to "pass away as a dream."

Leinster House

was commenced in 1743 by Robert, last Earl of Kildare, for a family residence. The Earl exemplified the proverb concerning the fate of those who build houses; for, dying in 1744, he was succeeded by his son James, who was created in 1761 Duke of Leinster. His Grace married Emilia, sister to the Duke of Richmond. She was called "the beautiful Duchess,"[1] and presented her husband the abnormal number of seventeen children, one of whom was the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald.

Leinster House, which was built on the Molesworth Fields, was designed by the German architect

[1] Such modesty of youth and air,
Yet modest as the village fair;
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty, like the glorious sun,
Throned eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

Cassels. It is described by Malton as the most stately private mansion in the City. It now forms the centre portion of the very handsome buildings erected by its present owners, the members of the Royal Dublin Society, who have fortunately done their work without injuring the historic old

LEINSTER HOUSE, KILDARE STREET.

house, which must have been far handsomer when it stood alone in solitary grandeur. At the time the Earl of Kildare built his house, in what was then called "the unfashionable quarter," he was reproached by his friends for leaving Thomas Street in the Liberties for the weary waste of Molesworth Fields, and, as before mentioned, he replied, "They will

follow me wherever I go," a prophecy which proved correct.[1]

At that time Upper Mount Street was not thought of, and from the windows of Leinster House an uninterrupted view stretched as far as Dunleary (old Kingstown), where the white sails of the different craft in the harbour could be seen glistening in the sunshine.

On the Merrion Square side the house stood in what was then a spacious walled-in garden, or rather lawn of greensward. On each side were rows of trees and flowering shrubs, with banks of mossy green, between which ran a shady and most delightfal walk for a summer's day, with the rooks cawing in the trees above, and the soft sward underneath the feet. This shady walk was only taken away when the National Gallery and National Museum were built.

The interior of Leinster House is well designed. The picture gallery (added by Wyatt, who succeeded Cassels) and drawing-room are fine apartments, with elegant ornamentation. Here are some grand chimney-pieces. A circular secret staircase leading to the roof is so curiously contrived as to baffle most diligent search. With what object this was constructed it is hard now to say.

The Duke, dying in 1773, was succeeded by Duke

[1] The first Duke was a man conscious of his rank: a little too conscious, some people thought. He was remarkable for attractive politeness—what the French call nobility of manner, but which his own countrymen considered ultra-refinement. He was called "the finical Duke." The Duchess survived him twenty years, dying in 1793.

William Robert, commonly called "loved Kildare." He was at one time the popular idol, being the friend of Lord Charlemont, joining him in his schemes for the good of the country illusory schemes, that were frustrated by the violence of party spirit. In his younger days the Duke of Leinster was fond of the

LEINSTER HOUSE, WITH VOLUNTEERS, MERRION SQUARE.

arts ; he and his brother Lord Henry FitzGerald were good amateur actors. Private theatricals were a constant amusement at Carton,[1] being introduced by the first Duke and Duchess. Masquerades were a favourite pastime in Dublin from 1773, and much patronized by Duke William. We find his name constantly recurring at the ridottos given in Fishamble Street.

[1] The country seat of the Leinster family.

On March 16, 1779, he appeared as a universal fruit vendor, changing his oranges into shamrocks as day broke (a happy stroke). It became the fashion on masquerade nights for the different masques to parade through the State apartments in the houses of the nobility and leaders of society, which were thrown open for their reception. They were always sumptuously regaled at Leinster House, the Duke receiving his guests at the head of the grand staircase, from which they passed through the reception-rooms.

Except on such gala nights, Leinster House was undoubtedly a gloomy residence, and for that reason it never appears to have taken any hold of the family affections. "Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas," writes Lord Edward FitzGerald to his mother. "By-the-bye, what a melancholy house it is! A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in prison."

The historic interest of Leinster House rests altogether with Lord Edward. Here met some of his fellow-conspirators, amongst them Reynolds, the Government spy and informer. Here at one time he lay concealed, and on another occasion the house was searched from garret to kitchen by Major Sirr's police. Whatever his other faults may have been, Lord Edward possessed the rare gift of winning hearts. His wife, his family, his friends, were all devoted to him, and never seem for one moment to have blamed him for the somewhat selfish manner in which he sacrificed

their interests to his political views. The romance which attended both his marriage and his death has cast a halo over his memory which obscures a proper judgment of his manifest imprudence, which had not the excuse of extreme youth, as in Emmet's case. Lord Edward was thirty-five at the time of his death, and was the father of three children.

After the Act of Union was passed, Leinster House shared the fate of all the houses in Dublin belonging to the nobility. Duke William dying in 1804, his son and successor, Frederick Augustus, third Duke, sold the ducal mansion to the Royal Dublin Society, in whose keeping it now remains. For many years the Society held their yearly shows in Kildare Place, bands playing, and ladies promenading on the Duke's Lawn. Since the inauguration of the Society's new buildings at Ball's Bridge, the Horse Show, etc., has been transferred thither—a manifest improvement.

The National Gallery and National Museum occupy the space where once stood the home of the cawing rooks, and in the courtyard of Kildare Street there is the finely designed National Library ; it stands on the site of Lord Lanesborough's former house in Kildare Place.

Mornington House, No. 24, Upper Merrion Street.

Nearly opposite to Leinster House, in Upper Merrion Street, we come upon a fine house, to which attaches the supposition, amounting almost to

certainty, that the great Duke of Wellington was born there. It seems strange that there should exist any doubt, and still stranger that the doubt comes from the person who of all others one would think should know best. The late Duke of Wellington, however, informed Sir Bernard Burke that, although he never remembered hearing his father say where he was born, he had heard that the great Duke's mother stated that the event took place at Dangan Castle. Moreover, all old memoirs and peerages name Dangan as having been his birthplace.

Sir Bernard Burke before his death went into the subject very thoroughly, and convinced himself before he tried to convince the public that to No. 24, Merrion Street must be accorded the honour of being the hero's birthplace.

Here lived in 1769 his father, the dilettante Lord Mornington, whose great passion was music. To him was due the formation of the Musical Academy, constituted wholly of amateurs moving "in the highest sphere of society," professionals and *mercenary* teachers being excluded. The noble founder united in himself the offices of president of the society and leader of the orchestra; the lady patronesses were the Countess of Tyrone, the Countess of Mornington, the Countess of Charleville, and Lady Freke; the lady vocal performers, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Russell, Mrs. Monk, Miss Stewart, Miss O'Hara, and Mrs. Plunket; the gentlemen vocal performers Hugh Montgomery Lyons and Thomas Cobb. Lord Mornington

was likewise a proficient violinist and a very good amateur composer, while his glee "Here in cool grot" is still occasionally sung. Playing the organ was another of his accomplishments. Mrs. Pendarves tells us there was one set up in the large hall at Dangan, Mr. Wellesley's (or Wesley's, as it was called) seat in Meath. She gives a pleasant account of the place and the company there assembled. "We live magnificently," she writes, "and at the same time without ceremony. There is a charming large hall with an organ and harpsichord, where all the company meet when they have a mind to be together, and where music, dancing, shuttlecock, draughts, and prayers take their turn."

It was in this atmosphere that the first Lord acquired his musical taste, and it was to his excellence in this accomplishment that he owed his advancement to a peerage. His compositions mightily pleased the musical ear of George III., who was glad to bestow a mark of his favour upon the noble composer. It may be said, however, that this royal favour was less of a blessing than a curse, Mr. Wesley's fortune not being adequate to keep up the position of an Earl. Previous to this dignity being conferred upon him, he had resided in Grafton Street, where he had bought a plot of ground, upon which he had intended to build a fine house at the cost of £3,000. This idea he now abandoned, and purchased from Lord Antrim No. 24, Upper Merrion Street, where

he resided until his death in 1784. Here the future hero of Waterloo grew up, passing at Eton for rather a slow boy, too dull for learning and too quiet and moping for football. In 1790, six years after his father's death, we find him a member of the House of Commons and aide-de-camp to Lord Camden, the then Lord-Lieutenant; he was leading a very gay life, and spending, we may assume, more money than he could perhaps afford, for Sir John Gilbert tells us that when young Wellesley left Dublin to enter upon his military career, he left the payment of his many debts to Thomas Dillon, a wealthy woollen draper in Parliament Street.

Meantime Mornington House had passed out of the hands of the family, and had been bought by Robert Lawless, first Lord Cloncurry, whose eldest son and heir, the Hon. Valentine Lawless, shared the dangerous opinions of his friend Lord Edward FitzGerald. He escaped, however, his sad fate, but was imprisoned in the Tower.[1] On his return to Ireland in 1811, he settled down quietly at Lyons, the family seat in Kildare, and occupied himself in writing his personal reminiscences, which are pleasant enough reading, although they are by no means accurate, as when he states "at the time of Lord Edward's arrest his wife (the well-known Pamela) had taken refuge with *my sisters*, and was at the time *in my father's house* in Merrion Street, though without his knowledge." On

[1] His imprisonment cost him the loss of £70,000, which his father left away from him, fearing it would be confiscated.

the other hand, there is Lady Louisa Conolly's letter, as quoted by Sir John Gilbert, stating that Pamela was at Moira House on the evening of her husband's arrest, and there she remained until obliged by order of the Privy Council to retire to England.

In 1801 Mornington House was let to Lord Castlereagh, and in it, says Lord Cloncurry, "were concocted the plots which ended in overturning the liberties and arresting the prosperity of Ireland, and here also were celebrated with corrupt profusion the nightly orgies of the plotters."

After the Union, Mornington House, which had been bought in 1791 by Lord Cloncurry for £8,000, remained for many years untenanted. Later on it passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and is now the office of the Irish Land Commission.

There is no such absolute monarch as fashion; and no sooner had the Earl of Kildare elected to make the south side of the City his place of residence, than, as he had predicted, his example was quickly followed. Molesworth Fields, the property of Lord Molesworth, was soon laid out in plots for building. Kildare Street, called in honour of the Earl, might have been christened the Lords' Walk, so peopled was it by nobility. The Earls of Arran, Portarlington, Desart, and Onslow; Viscounts Doneraile, Harberton, Kingsland, and Gort; Lords Inchiquin, Rossmore, Louth, Muskerry, and Trimlestown; Messrs. Husseyburgh and Hely Hutchinson, made a brilliant circle, of which James, first Duke of Leinster, and his beautiful

Duchess, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, were the centre.

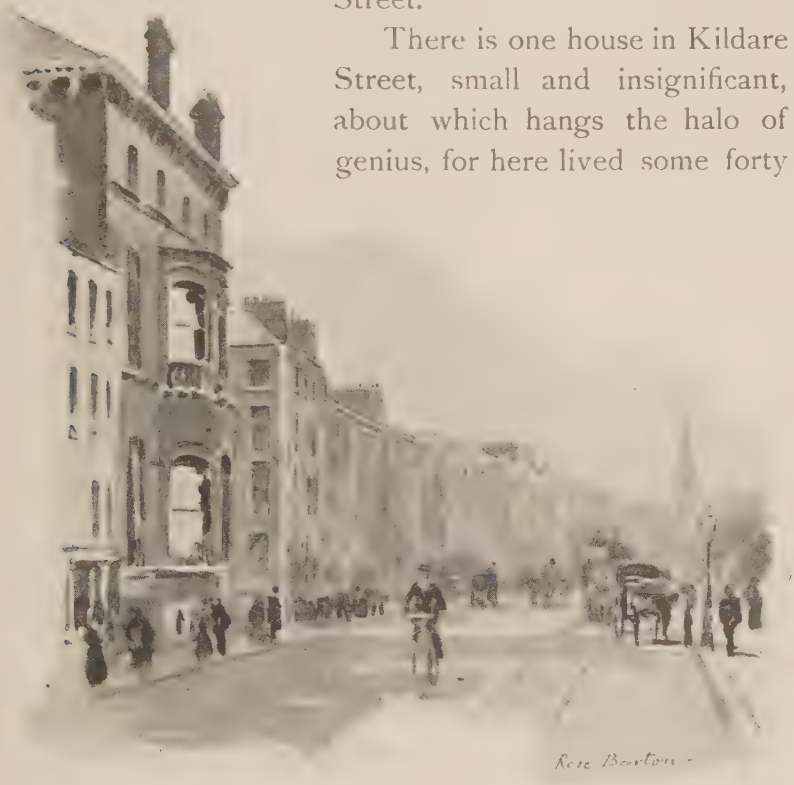
At the bottom of Kildare Street, or rather at the corner of Nassau Street, stands the Kildare Street Club, founded in 1782 in consequence of Daly's having dared to blackball Mr. Barton Conynham. It was built upon the site of two houses belonging to the Cavendishes, one of which was left by Sir Henry Cavendish for the purpose; the other was purchased from his heir. The original club was burned down in 1859, and rebuilt in 1861. Kildare Street is a very conservative and influential club, where Mr. Gladstone is heartily denounced, and at the present moment Mr. Balfour does not come off too well.

Mr. Moore calls the Kildare Street Club the oyster bed, where all the sons of the landed gentry fall as a matter of course. This description more fitly applies to the Sackville Street Club. Sackville Street is, however, not so potential as it was. Mr. Moore likewise talks of the larva-like stupidity of the members. This is a decided libel: whatever their other shortcomings may be, Irishmen are rarely stupid, and a great deal of wit distinguishes the members of Kildare and Sackville Street Clubs.

You will see few stupid faces if you glance at the famous bow-window, the terror of the *débutante* (the verdict of Kildare Street being all-important), where towards five o'clock the members congregate, and discuss last night's ball and the fair dancers. It is said that from this window (but of course it is a calumny) all the gossip of Dublin emanates. But who would

believe this of grave country gentlemen? It is whispered (but again I only repeat, and do not credit) that many of the nicknames which fit their wearers so wonderfully are manufactured in Kildare Street.

There is one house in Kildare Street, small and insignificant, about which hangs the halo of genius, for here lived some forty



KILDARE STREET CLUB AND NASSAU STREET.

years ago Sydney Lady Morgan and her amiable husband Sir Charles. Here for many years she held a salon, where all those who were best known for their gifts, social, literary, or artistic, were wont to

gather round the clever and brilliant hostess. In one of her letters Lady Morgan gives and amusing account of how in the early days of her marriage she would throw up the window of No. 35, and call to those passing to come in and make merry, and soon she would have a goodly gathering. This was something like Miss Berry putting the lamp in her window to show she would receive, and her room being crowded with guests. Society has grown so completely out of shape nowadays that such impromptus are no longer possible, supposing that people are simple enough to take pleasure in the flow of wit without the flow of champagne.

Another house of interest is that of Sir Dixon Burrowes, of Giltown, Kildare, who in 1774 occupied a house in Kildare Street. Moore, then a boy of ten years old, took part in some theatricals given there, and at which Mrs. Le Fanu (or Le Fanue, as it was then written) was the principal performer. This lady was the daughter of Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of the well-known Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Returning up Kildare Street, we come to Molesworth Street, which lies exactly opposite Leinster House. There is much of the quietude of old age about Molesworth Street. The Molesworth estate belonged to Robert, first Viscount Molesworth, whose home had been at Molesworth Court, Fishamble Street. It was his daughter who married the Earl of Belvedere, and was by her husband's orders kept in solitary confinement for eighteen years. In Molesworth Street

lived the Earl of Rosse, who wanted to marry the Duchess of Albemarle. She, being of weak intellect, determined to marry no one but a sovereign prince. Lord Montagu, who was determined to secure her fortune, pretended that he was the Emperor of China and actually married her under that title. To the day of her death the Duchess believed she was Empress, and was always served as a sovereign on bended knee. She had an escape of Lord Rosse, who bore the most dissipated reputation. He was likewise much given to practical joking. When he was dying, he could not refrain from this amusement, and at his last moment played a trick upon the Earl of Kildare, a man of great piety. He had received an earnest appeal from Dean Madden, Vicar of St. Anne's Church in Dawson Street, imploring him before it was too late to repent of his many sins, and urging upon him the sinfulness of his past life. Lord Rosse, although he had hardly a breath to draw, managed to get the letter into a fresh cover, and had it addressed and sent by his footman to the Earl of Kildare's house in Thomas Street. The surprise of the virtuous but rather finical Earl was only equalled by his indignation, and his wife, who was also indignant, persuaded him to complain to the Archbishop, Dr. Hoadley, of the Dean's impertinence. The Bishop sent for the Dean, who, when he saw the letter, at once acknowledged it, and persisted in declaring he had done his duty in exhorting a sinner to repentance. The Bishop, who knew, if the Dean continued to make these unjust accusations

against such a powerful nobleman as Lord Kildare, he would be a ruined man, advised the recalcitrant clergyman to apologize before it was too late. "Apologize!" repeated the Dean; "how can I? The man is dead." "What, Lord Kildare dead! Impossible!" "No, but Lord Rosse——" The imbroglio was soon set right; the only person who suffered was the footman.

Kerry House in Molesworth Street is associated with a very interesting character—John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He was the son of Anthony Foster, of Dunleer, Louth, who in 1768 purchased Kerry House from the first Earl of Kerry, who married Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty. John Foster was a man much respected by all parties; he was firm and calm, by no means eloquent, but possessed an extraordinary power of reasoning which never failed of effect. He voted against the Union; and when it passed by a majority of three, he threw down his insignia of office and left the House. In 1821 he was created Baron Oriel, of Collon, county Louth. His only son, who was created Baron Ferrard, married Viscountess Massereene in her own right, and assumed the name of Skeffington: he was the grandfather of the present peer

There is a picture of Lord Oriel in the Royal Dublin Society House. He wears his robes as Speaker; it is from a painting by C. G. Stuart. Lord Oriel's house has now been incorporated with two other houses, which form Nos. 33, 34, 35, part of Buswell's family hotel. The Speaker's room is shown to visitors.

Another inhabitant of Molesworth Street was Doctor Van Lewin, father of Letitia Pilkington, celebrated for her friendship with Swift.

The Royal Irish Academy of Music, Westland Row.

This beautiful old house was built in 1771 by Nicholas Tench, Esq., who in that year purchased a lot or piece of ground in Westland back gardens, then in the possession of William Clements, Vice-Provost of Trinity College. The name of the architect who built the house is not known. From the date it would probably be Ensor, who was busy in Merrion Square hard by. There is a good entrance hall and staircase, and in the reception-rooms there are fine ceilings, with stucco ornamentations by the Italian artists then in Dublin. The small medallions let into the ceiling are said to be by Boucher, but the date do not correspond; they are probably the work of Valdré or Marinari, most likely the latter. The chimney-piece, which is here reproduced, is a beautiful design, somewhat ecclesiastical in its form; it is ornamented by small medallions let into the over-mantel and sides; these medallions are the work of Angelica Kauffmann, who was in Dublin in 1771, the year in which Mr. Tench purchased the ground; she carried away with her numerous orders, as well as portraits half begun—these were finished in her London studio. It might be that she had some hand in the

ceiling decoration ; they are not, however, in her style, whereas no one conversant with her work can be in doubt as to the chimney-piece.

CHIMNEY-PIECE, DECORATED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, WESTLAND ROW.

The story of an old house always bears with it the same feature — constant change of owner. No. 36, Westland Row passed from Nicholas Tench to Cadwaller Wray, from him to Thomas Disney, then to the family of Aylmer, from whom it came into the possession of its present owners, the trustees of the Royal Irish Academy of Music. This was in 1871, one hundred years to the year since Nicholas Tench had taken over the lot to build himself a house.

Long before the London Academy of Music had come into existence there existed in Dublin one hundred and fifty years ago a society called the Irish Academy of Music, which had been called into existence by the dilettante nobleman Lord Mornington. This society was exclusively amateur, and ceased, as many other institutions did, with the Act of Union ; it revived, however, in another form, the one now existent, which had its first home in Stephen's Green, on the west side, No. 18, and which was instituted chiefly by amateurs, for the excellent purpose of instructing, at a comparatively small cost, those who wished to make music their profession. Some thirty years ago amateur performances were annually given to aid the funds of the Academy. They resembled in character the performances given in Rome by the Societa Filarmonicæ, "the feature of which was the rows of fairest Roman ladies of the first quality and beauty, charmingly dressed, giving some work of Rossini's or Donizetti's. In Dublin precisely the same sort of entertainment took place annually. The violet eyes and oval faces equalled the beauty displayed at the Filarmonicæ, and the music, we are assured, was of the best. In this way was recited *Ernani*, *Sonnambula*, *Trovatore*, *Norma*, etc. These pleasant concerts have long since been given up, probably because the standard of musical excellence is higher than in the Sixties.

Since its removal to Westland Row, the Royal Irish Academy of Music has done in the twenty-six years of its life exceptionally good work, turning out musicians

who have made a home for themselves in all parts of the world. The Irish are a musical race, and strangers visiting Dublin would do well to visit the Academy of Music, when they cannot fail to be struck with the great delicacy and purity of tone in the voices and the sympathetic touch of instrumentalists. The Academy is under the most competent direction, and the interest taken in it by Sir Francis Brady, Mr. Macdonell, and others leaves nothing undone for the advancement of the pupils, many of whom have attained to a high standard of proficiency.

IX.

THE SQUARES OF DUBLIN.

Earl of Barrymore.—Earl of Llandaff.—Eccentricities.—Luke White.—Honourable Julia White.—Sir Thomas Staples.—Antrim House.—Lord Frankfort.—Beautiful Miss Deane Grady.—Duke's Lawn.—Duke of Rutland's Fountain.—National Gallery.—Henry Doyle, C.B.—Academy of Music.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SQUARES OF DUBLIN.

MERRION SQUARE comes next in importance to Stephen's Green so far as regards size; but it has not the same claim to length of years. As compared to Stephen's Green, it is a mushroom locality, being built in 1762, the period when the exodus of the nobility took place from the Liberties. The north side was the first built, the houses here being nearly, if not all, the work of Ensor. They are well planned, the rooms large and elegantly proportioned, and the staircases good. The largest was built for Lord Llandaff[1] of eccentric reputation, who after a while

[1] Lord Llandaff was descended from the rich and eccentric Mr. Mathews, owner of Thomastown Castle, Tipperary, who presents an extraordinary instance of extravagance almost amounting to insanity. This gentleman, who was possessed of so large a fortune as £10,000 a year, spent it all in entertaining his friends, who were invited to his house, not as guests, but as to an hotel, in which they had their private apartments, where they could, if they wished, order their meals and be served at their own table; the formula delivered to each guest on his arrival being, "This is your castle; here you are to command as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine, and sup here whenever you please, and invite any of the company as are most agreeable to you, or you may dine in the common parlour, where a daily ordinary is kept; but from this moment you are never to consider *me* the master of the house, but only as one of the guests." As may be imagined, such a house was never empty, and all manner of guests, from the most riotous to the extremely sober,

tired of his new residence, and sold it to the still more eccentric Earl of Barrymore,[1] who, having a house already at the corner of the square (in Holles Street), incorporated the two houses, which have been since redivided, Lord Llandaff's house being No. 32, Lord Barrymore's extending to Holles Street, No. 31.

No. 14, of which an illustration is here given, was the residence of Sir Philip Crampton, who in his day had an almost universal reputation as an able physician. Carlyle dismisses him as "a not very deep-working doctor of physic." In 1849, however, Sir Philip was advanced in years, although even then a very handsome man. After his death the house (which was remarkable for an extraordinary pear tree, the pride of the inhabitants of the square) was

succeeded one another, drank their host's wine, rode his hunters, and, as is usual in such case, considered themselves not the least indebted to their entertainer. One of his guests was Dean Swift, who, having heard of this strange freak from Dr. Sheridan, expressed a wish to meet so consummate an idiot, and was at once invited by Mr. Mathews. The Dean, it is said, enjoyed the freedom of this Liberty Hall so much, that for him Mr. Mathews broke a rule to which he invariably adhered, that of never pressing a guest to remain longer than the original time fixed.

[1] About the beginning of the present century, and even recollected by old gentlemen about town who were alive when the first Exhibition was opened, lived some three or four members of an Irish noble family who enjoyed a discreditable notoriety. Lord Barrymore, the eldest, ran a short career, and bore the nickname of Hellgate; his brother, the Hon. Henry Barry, was lame or club-footed, and was dubbed Cripplegate; while the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry, even less reputable than the other two, went by the name of Newgate, for the rather illogical reason that he had been a tenant of every gaol in the kingdom save that one. There was a sister, of whom little is known save that she became Lady Milfort, and that from her ready and copious use of oaths she received from the refined lips of the Prince Regent the sobriquet of Billingsgate.

FAMOUS PEAR TREE, NO. 14, MERRION SQUARE.

ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE
LIBRARIES

occupied by another medical man of note, Doctor Hamilton: his widow now resides at No. 14.

Another large house on the north side is No. 12, now the residence of Lord Ashbourne, the Chancellor of Ireland. This beautiful house was at one time occupied by the Hon. Julia White, for many years a well-known figure in Dublin society. She was a daughter of Viscount Gort, and had married one of the four sons of Luke White, whose gigantic fortune came from his finding a lottery ticket between the leaves of a book he had bought. With this ticket he drew a prize of £20,000, which, in his clever hands, was increased, it was said, to half a million. The Hon. Julia, who was one of the most good-natured women living, had a feminine weakness—she liked to improve her natural charms by the addition of a little more colour than nature had given her. As time went on and eyesight failed, her touch grew bolder, with a result that was more startling than becoming. Some of the Dublin wits persuaded her that the once popular song "Giulia gentil del bel color" was written in her praise, a compliment she accepted in all good faith.

The east side of Merrion Square, which was planned and many houses built by Samuel Sprole, a pupil of Sir William Chambers, had for its centre block the fine mansion erected by Surgeon Hume, who sold it to Viscount Gort, father to the Hon. Julia. Having a house in Kildare Street, this nobleman never occupied his purchase, but resold it to Robert Latouche, M.P.

for Harristown. In 1820 Mr. Latouche was succeeded by Philip Doyne, a banker, who divided the house, the smaller portion being his residence. In 1829 the larger mansion was bought by Mr. Staples, Q.C., afterwards Sir Thomas Staples, who inhabited it until his death in 1870.

As it stands, No. 45—now the residence of Sir John Banks, K.C.B.—is an imposing mansion. The hall and staircase are a fine introduction to the elegantly designed drawing-rooms, where the chimney-pieces are by Wedgwood.

Another interesting mansion on the east side is the one formerly called Antrim House, built in 1778 by Randal William, sixth Earl and first Marquis of Antrim. The architect was Ensor; and although the rooms are large and well proportioned, they lack the elegance which distinguishes Sprole's houses. Here festivities on a magnificent scale took place. In 1794 we read that the Marchioness of Antrim gave a most superb rout, ball, and supper in the season to a very brilliant and extremely numerous assemblage of the first rank and fashion. His Excellency the Earl of Westmorland, Lord-Lieutenant, and most of the nobility in town were present. The grand Scots Ballet was on this occasion first performed by the following ladies: Lady Letitia MacDonald, Lady Beresford, Lady Anne Butler, Lady Augusta Forbes, Lady Theodosia Meade, both the Hon. Misses Gardiner, both the Misses Montgomery, Lady Leitrim, both the Hon. Misses Clements, Miss White, Miss Latouche, and Miss Ponsonby. "The

fair *danseuses* were in uniform dresses of white muslin, trimmed with blue ribbons, blue sashes, and petticoats trimmed with silver fringe; head-dresses --white turbans, spangled with silver, and blue feathers. The music, which was all in the Scots style, was composed for the occasion. The ballet commenced with a strathspey in slow time, and the figures of the dance varied with the tunes, which had an excellent effect. The ballet, on its commencement, excited such admiration as to attract the whole company to the ball-room, which scarcely allowed the charming performers room to move. But by the polite and persuasive interference of the noble Marchioness the room was tolerably cleared, and the press of the company restrained by barriers of ribbon held by noblemen. The curiosity of the company, however, was afterwards gratified by the kind consideration of the ladies in repeating the ballet."

After the death of the Marchioness of Antrim in 1801 (her daughters having succeeded to the title and estates of the Marquis), Antrim House was sold, and converted into an hotel. In 1814 it was bought by Sir Capel Molyneux, who removed from his house, No. 4, Westland Row. In 1828 the house was divided by Lord FitzGerald and Vesey, an eminent politician, who was beaten at the Clare election, 1828, by Daniel O'Connell, an event which led to Catholic Emancipation.

At No. 16, East, lived Lord Frankfort, one of Ireland's best and faithful friends; at No. 7, Lord Carhampton; at No. 23, Viscount Longueville. The Earl of Wicklow

had a large mansion on the south side of the square, the corner of Fitzwilliam Street (now divided); the Earl of Limerick, No. 2, South; the Countess of Massereene at No. 4, South; Viscount Lifford, No. 31, South; Lord De Vere, No. 25, North.

A somewhat remarkable house on the east side was that of Mr. Deane Grady (who took an active part in the Act of Union), which was known as the House of Lords from the fact of the three beautiful Miss Gradys having married into the peerage as Lady Roche, Lady Edward Chichester, and Lady Massereene. I have the portrait of the last of these beauties before me now; and as I look at the glorious eyes, the smiling mouth, and the arch expression of the girlish face, I do not wonder that her conquests were many. Like Mrs. Nickleby, she could count the proposals of marriage she received on the fingers of both hands. "An awful flirt!" I hear Miss Prude exclaim. But what of that? All is fair before marriage; and the beautiful Olivia was the best of wives and the fondest of mothers.

On the south side of the square, No. 30, lived Daniel O'Connell, called the Liberator. This was in the height of his popularity, which sank to zero before his death. If he had not thrown himself so violently into politics, he would have risen to great eminence in his profession, the Bar, where his fervid eloquence and extraordinary quickness in grasping a situation generally carried everything before him. It was from the balcony at No. 30 that O'Connell addressed the

crowd, which had waited patiently for hours in a downpour of rain, on the evening of his liberation from Richmond Prison.

No. 18 on the south side was for many years the residence of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, whose mother, Alicia Le Fanu, was sister to the erratic genius Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Through this lady, who wrote novels (but not such good ones as did her delightful mother, authoress of "Sidney Biddulph"), a considerable measure of the cleverness and a good deal of the eccentricity of the Sheridans descended to Joseph Le Fanu. Eccentricity in his case took no unpleasant shape, beyond a nervous shrinking from society, which distressed his friends, who knew how eminently calculated he was to play a distinguished part on the world's stage. Even in his childhood this distaste for society showed itself; and when friends came to visit his parents, he would get out on the roof, and stay there until they were safely off the premises. Mr. Le Fanu's power of telling weird, ghostly tales has hardly been surpassed, even by Maturin, who excelled in the art of thrilling his readers.

The west side of Merrion Square is principally remarkable for the Duke's Lawn, with the handsome view of the mansion itself. Facing it next the railings stands the handsome ornamental fountain, erected by the Duke of Rutland during his viceroyalty, 1786. The fountain was from the design of Coade; the frieze represented the story of the Marquis of Granby[1] relieving a

[1] Called "Generous" Granby, from his exceeding benevolence, which injured his fortune. He was Commander-in-Chief during the Seven Years' War.

soldier's family in distress. The sculpture has long since been hacked away, the fountain being at different times shamefully treated ; but what remains is still a picturesque object, as will be seen from the illustration.

In 1853 the building of the first Exhibition held in Ireland was erected on the Duke's Lawn by Mr. Dargan, altogether at his own expense. Dargan was one of the first Irish millionaires who thought of benefiting his country. His example has since been nobly followed by the family of Guinness. Mr. Dargan was distinctly a man of the people ; his statue, which stands opposite the National Gallery, represents a sturdy, commonplace individual. We must confess that picturesque Dublin has not been fortunate in the marble effigies of her most distinguished citizens. In the centre of the lawn stands a fine statue of the late Prince Consort by Foley. This site would seem to have been appropriately chosen for one whose efforts through life had been directed towards the improvement of education and the development of art in every branch.

The formation of the National Gallery, which faces Merrion Square, a very handsome building in the Renaissance style, was commenced in 1859, one year before Prince Albert's death. Had he lived, it would have received the cordial support he gave to all such attempts to educate the masses. The collection in the Dargan Hall or Sculpture Room consists mostly of casts from the antique which have been obtained (by a Treasury order) from the British Museum, aided by the funds of the Ancient Art Society. The statuary,

although useful to students, is not by any means up to the Picture Galleries, which contain some really fine pictures; and considering the small sum at the disposal of the Committee, this is extremely creditable. In this regard much was due to the exertions of the late director, Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B.,[1] who exercised

FOUNTAIN ERECTED BY THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, 1784, IN MERRION SQUARE.

wonderful judgment in securing at small expense good pictures for the gallery, and so forming a nucleus for

[1] Henry Doyle was one of the four sons of the eminent caricaturist H. B., and he was brother to the popular artist Dicky Doyle. The Doyles were all clever, and three at least of the brothers possessed social gifts of no ordinary kind. It may be said that such gifts are, in a certain degree, a dangerous possession, especially in youth, as they interfere with more solid advantages. I remember the late Mr. John Forster remarking to the late Lord Lytton, that the Doyles never worked until the wolf was at the door. But in all this account must be taken of artistic nature, which does not easily submit to drudgery. Henry Doyle's popularity was evinced by the sincere regret felt for his rather sudden death.

future extension. A debt of gratitude is likewise due to Henry Doyle for the formation of the National Historical and Portrait Gallery,[1] which comprises "authentic historical pictorial records, not only of eminent Irishmen and Irishwomen, but also of those whose lives serve in *any way* to illustrate her history or throw light upon her social, literary, or artistic records." The result of Mr. Doyle's efforts has been a unique and most attractive collection, to which additional interest is given by the number of old engravings, principally mezzotints (Ryland and Bartolozzi), from the "Chaloner-Smith Collection," which Lord Iveagh, with rare generosity, has presented to the nation.

The present director, Mr. Walter Armstrong, whose judgment in such matters is well known, has rearranged the Portrait Gallery with excellent effect.

Mr. Moore, whose remarks on Dublin are by no means flattering, comments on the fact that on every door in Merrion Square there is a brass plate; "for," as he adds, "there are more doctors and lawyers in Dublin

[1] The first idea of this collection was suggested to Mr. Doyle by the interesting Exhibition of National Portraits which formed part of the attractions of the Dublin Exhibition, 1872. For this a most delightful catalogue was written by Percy FitzGerald, Esq. At this exhibition treasures of art which had long been lying in lumber-rooms in the deserted mansions of the nobility were brought to light. Here appeared for the first and last time the only portrait extant of the celebrated beauty Miss Ambrose, who has been made famous by Lord Chesterfield's sobriquet "the dangerous Papist." It was a very patrician face, but the blue eyes had a rather cold expression. The picture, which belonged to More O'Farrell, Esq., was consumed with other family pictures, when Ballina, Mr. O'Farrell's seat in Kildare, took fire.

than in any city in the world." This we may take for granted is not the result of a close study of the City Directory as compared with other directories; it is a mere haphazard observation: "the brass plate," although it meets the eye frequently, can find its parallel in Cavendish Square and Harley Street.

Rutland Square and the Rotunda.

Mention has already been made on page 181 of this fine square, situated on the north side of the City. The record, however, would be incomplete without a reference to the philanthropic exertions of Dr. Bartholomew Mosse, who may be said to have created the square by the rather unusual method of building a hospital.

Dr. Mosse, who was clever enough to grasp the fact that there is nothing like pandering to the popular taste if you want to get money, began his operations by buying the Barley Fields (now Rutland Square). Here, as before stated, he laid out the New Gardens, supplying them with all the attractions to draw the populace. There was an orchestra, a band of music, niggers, and a coffee-room, all on the plan of Vauxhall or Ranelagh. Such *al-fresco* entertainments were to the taste of the Dublin folk, who frequented the gardens, and with the money thus obtained Dr. Mosse started his hospital. He afterwards confessed he began it with only £500. He was a man of resource, and followed up his first start by a new departure. Lotteries were all the fashion;

especially suited were they to the Irish people, whose superstitious nature made them dream of a lucky number, which, strange to say, did sometimes turn up the winning figure. The Lord Justice, however, refused to sanction Dr. Mosse's wheel of fortune, albeit it was set going for a most laudable purpose. The Doctor, nothing daunted, had another card up his sleeve: he petitioned the House of Commons, with the result that a grant of £6,000—a paltry sum!—was voted. Governors and guardians were appointed, and in 1757 the first stone was laid. The building, which was from one of Cassels' best designs, was carried out with no stint. It forms a fine object, standing on the south side of the square, facing Great Britain Street.

The presence of a hospital, however well designed, at the very entrance to a fashionable square would seem to us nowadays a very serious drawback. People in the last century were, however, less squeamish. Of the fourteen noblemen who had either begun or had finished building fine mansions round the New Gardens, no one seems to have abandoned the idea of occupying them with the exception of Lord Kingsland, whose house in Great Britain Street faced the Hospital. This close proximity was not pleasant; his Lordship therefore never resided there.

As time went on the popularity of the New Gardens waned, and it was found necessary to add to the attractions by adding rooms for balls, etc. The Round Room, eighty feet in diameter, was designed by Ensor. In 1784 the Pillar Room, one of the best dancing-rooms

in the United Kingdom, was added, also the large and smaller concert-rooms, from the designs of F. Johnson.

The funds of the Hospital were in a state of chronic depression, and in 1785 the Governors were granted the duty on private sedan-chairs. This was very high : £1 15*s.* on each sedan, and there were in the City

ROTUNDA AND NEW ROOMS.

two hundred and sixty private chairs.[1] The Duke of Rutland, who was Viceroy in 1786-87, and his Duchess, one of the most beautiful women of the day, patronized the Rotunda, and during the Castle season, "in the weeks intermediate with the Castle balls," assemblies were held, to which admittance could only be obtained

[1] A curious little book, "A List of the Proprietors of Sedan-chairs, 1787," gives a numerical account of all sedan-chair owners.

through lady patronesses. The subscriptions were somewhat high: annual tickets, six guineas for gentlemen; ladies, three guineas. After the Union the Rotunda languished, while the sear and yellow of decay fell upon the New Gardens; the houses of the nobility in Rutland Square displayed the ominous flag of house agents, their noble owners having ceased to occupy them. The last resident nobleman in Dublin, Lord James Butler, lived at No. 18, the house built by Lord Farnham, and afterwards purchased by the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord James Butler's father.[1]

Mountjoy Square,

built after the Union in 1820, is significant of the change that had befallen the City. Here we have houses for second-class respectability; they have a family likeness to the houses in Bloomsbury—Gower Street, to wit. Mountjoy Square has lost even the small prestige it had; its early occupants, judges of the Court and barristers, having moved over "to the other side of town."

Fitzwilliam Square.

Thackeray speaks enthusiastically of this little square —calls it a noble place, "the garden of which is full

[1] No. 18 was decorated by Angelica Kauffmann. During the interval of years between the Union and Lord James's purchase of the house, No. 18 was occupied by John Vance, M.P., his wife being well known in Dublin society.

of flowers and foliage; the leaves are green, and not black, as in similar places in London. The red-brick houses," he adds, "are handsome." The whole tenor of these remarks takes one by surprise. As compared with Stephen's Green and Merrion Square, the genteel air of Fitzwilliam Square, so evidently of this century, would hardly, one would suppose, appeal to a man of letters; but then Thackeray was practical and very English; he liked the order and the gentility, and he knew nothing of the past traditions which are dear to the "Emerald Islanders," as the writer of "Pendennis" calls us, who "love great folks and sham trains, and the memory of George IV." But where did he find the red-brick houses? That is a puzzle.

When George IV. visited Dublin in 1821, he was loud in praise of the beauty of the squares, especially Stephen's Green, although at that time the exodus of the nobility from Dublin had begun to materially affect the leading localities of the City. In connection with the King's admiration the following lines appeared in some street ballad:

'Twas how he thought each scene so fair,
'Twas how he praised each street and square,
'Tis a pity people don't live there,
Oh wirra-sthrew!

X.

THE PHŒNIX PARK.

Phœnix Park.—Its Beauties.—Viceregal Lodge.—Pleasant Associations.—Chief Secretary's Lodge.—Lady Emily Peel.—Theatricals.—Syllabub and Cream.—The Ranger's Lodge.

CHAPTER X.

THE PHŒNIX PARK.

NO two parks can be more unlike than Hyde Park and Phœnix Park—the one with all its natural charms, set off by every new shade of flower and every new fashion of arrangement, while the other rests its attractions on Nature's own gifts. You need not wear your tall beaver or your best frock to walk in the Phœnix; you can take your straw hat and don your cotton gown, and spend a happy but unfashionable afternoon, either lying on the grass, in lazy, luxurious idleness, enjoying the exquisite sweetness of the delicious summer air, or you can get on a jarvey, and be driven in blissful silence through seven miles of an uninterrupted panorama of Nature's own making. Do not imagine that I am decrying the child of fashion: I love to sit under the shade of the trees, and watch the world's fair as it passes me by, its votaries arrayed like the lilies of the field in all their splendour; but here the comparison, if it be a fit one, ends. There is not much of the purity of the lily to be found as the procession defiles through Rotten Row on Church Parade Sunday: the woman of sixty, with a well-repaired face and youthful figure; the young girl touched up by the same skilful

hand; the old man tightened in the waist, with nests of crows' feet round his bilious eyes; and the young man prematurely old; the children—alas that one should have to say it!—nearly as artificial as French children; while even the flowers in their symmetrical beds have an artificial air, as if they too were seeking for admiration, and were painted and powdered for exhibition.

As I look at this shifting crowd of men, women, and children, a longing comes over me for a whiff of the pure air of the "Old Phœnix" coming straight from the Fifteen Acres; and I breathe a sigh of regret for the tranquil stillness of that Sunday afternoon when I drove on an Irish jaunting-car from the North Circular Road, right through the Park, past Foley's equestrian statue of Lord Gough, along the road by the river, past the Magazine Fort, where formerly a viceregal residence stood,[1] through the Furze Glen, round by the Strawberry Beds, reaching the Phœnix[2] Column, erected by Lord Chesterfield in 1745.

The Park originally formed part of the lands of Kilmainham, belonging to the Knights Hospitallers,

[1] It is said that Dean Swift, when in one of his lucid intervals, was taken out by his medical attendant, Dr. Kingsbury, to inhale the fresh air of the Park, and seeing the Magazine Fort for the first time, inquired about it. Being informed that it was a means of defence for the City, the Dean wrote on his tablet:

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a Magazine.

[2] Phœnix is derived from two Irish words—*finniske*, or *finnioge* ("fair water"). The spring supplying the water is said to be a spa situated in a hollow near the Zoological Gardens.

who had in 1541 surrendered their property to the Crown. It was Charles II. who incorporated this portion of Kilmainham with other town lands, and made of both a large deer park, which remained in an uncultivated condition until reclaimed and beautified by Lord Chesterfield. It was likewise this nobleman who gave to the public the right of entrance.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 1784.

At this time the residence allotted to the Viceroys was Leixlip Castle, one of the many defences built by the Norman invaders. The Castle is close to the romantic Salmon Leap, and its antique towers, mantled with ivy, can still be seen rising above the surrounding trees and river. It was, however, too far distant from the City, and was too solitary and unprotected, to suit

the troubled times with which the last century closed; and in 1784 the present Viceregal Lodge was bought by the Government from Lord Leitrim, whose father, the Hon. Nathaniel Clements, had built it for his own use in 1751. It is not a very imposing residence, and the additions made to it have not added to its appearance. Carlyle describes it as a house with wings at right angles to the body of the building, also with esplanade, two sentries, and utter solitude; in his

THE LODGE, PHŒNIX PARK, 1897.

opinion, a dreadfully dull place. We know the sage of Chelsea had no eye for the beauties of nature, otherwise he would have considered that the situation of the Lodge compensates for its unpretentious appearance, and might reconcile one to even its dulness. Moreover, it would be a matter of dispute whether it is duller than the usual run of royal residences —worse than Frogmore, for instance, or Bushey, the White Lodge, or Cumberland Lodge; in fact, it has attractions which these royal seats do not possess.

Of a summer's day no more charming walk or drive can be found than under the shade of the avenue of elm trees, which once was the principal approach. Here you can chew the cud of solitary meditation, dream of your future, or repent your past; there will be no interruption, save the occasional cawing of a venerable rook wiser in his generation than you are. On the other hand, if

AVENUE OF ELM TREES, PHŒNIX PARK.

you should be in a gay mood, you have only to walk a few steps to find yourself at the Polo Ground, where you will spend as pleasant an afternoon with less fatigue than if you were amidst the glare and fashion of Hurlingham—ay! and see as pretty girls as the orbit of man can desire to behold. Then there is the Cricket Ground, where good play is to be enjoyed, especially when the Zingari come in the autumn and play the garrison on

the viceregal ground. And last of all there is the Fifteen Acres, health-giving and breezy as Epsom Downs itself. Here in the early morning are exercised the thorough-breds of the Viceroy or Lord Iveagh, whose residence, Farmleigh, is close by; while in the afternoon come the riding parties arranged in the season at the balls over-night.

The Fifteen Acres has quite a reputation for match-making; for under the influence of the exhilarating air many a halting lover has found courage to ask the momentous question which has been hovering for many weeks or months upon his lips.

In old days the Fifteen Acres was the rendezvous of less peaceful characters. It was the Chalk Farm of Dublin; and here many famous duels were fought, the members of the House of Commons rushing off from Daly's Club to adjust their political differences by making targets of one another on the greensward of the Park. Neither were the learned members of the Bar behindhand. Curran was a first-rate shot, and in his duel with the Attorney-General, FitzGibbon (afterwards Lord Clare), used twelve-inch pistols. Scott, the Chief Justice (afterwards Lord Clonmell), met Lord Tyrawley (on an imaginary charge made by Lady Tyrawley), and also Lord Llandaff. The Chancellor of the Exchequer exchanged shots with the Judge of the Prerogative Court (Duignan), and with Henry Grattan. The Master of the Rolls encountered the Chief Secretary. Hutchinson (the Prancer[1]), Provost of Trinity

[1] So called from his love of dancing. He was a very unpopular character, much lampooned by his enemies.

College, tried to take a dignified aim at Doyle, Master in Chancery; and Deane Grady, King's Counsel, met Councillor O'Mahon and Colonel Campbell. Daniel O'Connell's duel with D'Esterre was fought, not in the Phœnix Park, but at Naas. The North Strand, near Clontarf, was as often selected for duels as Phœnix Park; but it was not considered quite so fashionable.[1]

[1] The record of duelling in Ireland equals that of the German duellists. So late as the Fifties a man who had not stood fire was looked upon as having shown the "white feather"—a term of the greatest reproach. In the last century duels in Ireland were as often fought with swords as with pistols, as at that period gentlemen carried swords appended to their promenading costume. This habit added considerably to the dangers even peaceable men were exposed to, from the fierce temper of some of the regular fire-eaters. In an interesting article on duelling, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago, mention is made of a Mr. Nagle, who met accidentally in Trafalgar Square, close to St. Martin's Church, a gentleman with whom he had an old unsettled quarrel, and without the intervention of seconds to see fair play these two drew their swords, and Mr. Nagle fell mortally wounded.

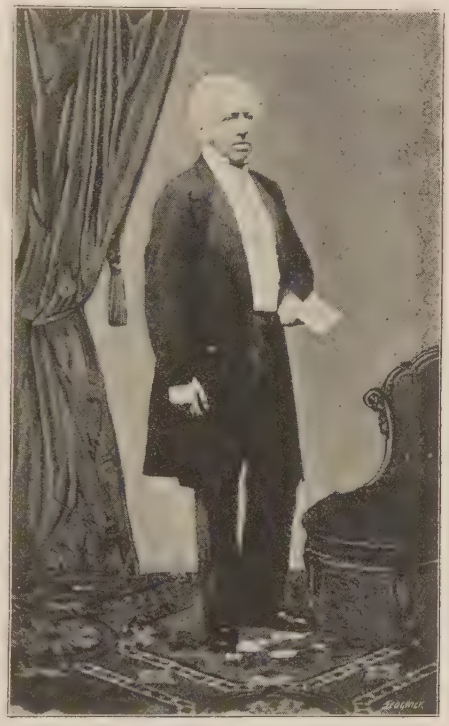
The most celebrated duel with swords on record is that which took place between Mr. Mathews, the eccentric owner of Thomastown, ancestor to the first Lord Llandaff, with two gentlemen, total strangers to him. Mr. Creed and Captain Pack had come from London for the express purpose of giving the Dublin duellists a lesson. On their arrival, hearing that Mr. Mathews had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe, they made cause of quarrel by jostling his sedan-chair as he was carried through the streets. Mr. Mathews, imagining this was accidental, took no notice, until hearing from a friend that the English visitors were boasting that they had offered the champion swordsman an insult which he had not the spirit to resent. On this Mathews, filled with righteous indignation, went, accompanied by his friend, to the tavern in Dawson Street where the English gentlemen were staying. Having locked the door, they handed their cards; and without a word Mathews and Pack drew their swords, and Macnamara (Mr. Mathews' friend) and Creed drew theirs. The combat lasted more than half an hour, when Creed and Pack had to yield; they were in desperate condition, and their lives were for a long time in danger. They recovered in the end; and a close intimacy grew up between them and their antagonists, who had shown the utmost attention to their victims.

The Fifteen Acres is made use of for the purpose of large military displays, which delight the populace almost as much as races, the manœuvres being followed with the utmost interest. The Commander-in-Chief with a brilliant staff is present, and the march past the flagstaff excites intense enthusiasm.

LADY EMILY PEEL AND MR. CREYKE IN "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

There are many agreeable associations connected with the Viceregal Lodge—garden parties in the summer, and dances in the early autumn. The garden parties were inaugurated by that genial if somewhat undignified nobleman, Lord Carlisle, who went in for the pastoral amusements of syllabub parties, the viceregal cows with blue ribbons being milked on the spot by pretty milkers in fancy costume. This example was not followed by other Viceroys. There have been, however, occasional departures from the established form of garden party—as when Lady Aberdeen, who

courted popularity, appended to her invitation the condition that the guests were to come in the national dress. To show a good example she appeared as Hibernia in a green mantle or toga, with a gilt crown on her head, her little son wearing the green cut-away coat and knee breeches, and carrying the national shillelah in his hand. Like Lord Carlisle's syllabub, this was not a success, the Irish being sensitive to a fault, and apt to suspect a latent sneer in such attentions.



THE EARL OF CARLISLE AS "POTTER" IN "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

There is, however, at all times a pleasant absence of formality in the viceregal "at homes" at the Lodge, especially in the hands of the present popular Viceroy and his amiable Countess, who seem to have got the right key to the complex character of the Irish Celt. The Zingari ball, given during the visit of the team to Dublin, is one of the autumn gaieties, when invitations are eagerly sought for.

There are many smaller lodges studded through the Park. These are occupied by the Court officials, who remove there after the Dublin season is over. The Chief Secretary's and the Under-Secretary's Lodges, and the cottage called the Hole in the Wall, are all within a walk; and so a pleasant circle is formed round the Viceroy. It is expected that the Chief Secretary should give an annual ball early in the autumn.

During Lord Carlisle's second period of viceroyalty, 1860-63, the Chief Secretary was the late Sir Robert Peel, whose charming wife, daughter to the Marquis of Tweeddale, was full of *esprit* and originality. She was devoted to both music and the drama; and very pleasant were the parties given under her auspices at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, the passport being, not rank, but social and agreeable gifts.

A prime mover in these entertainments was Mr. Walter Creyke, the Viceroy's Private Secretary;[1] and it was under his direction that a really very fair performance of *Still Waters Run Deep* was given at the Chief Secretary's Lodge in 1862, the part of "Potter" being taken by Lord Carlisle, who proved himself an excellent actor of the old school. The appearance of the Viceroy in any part but that of a sham King was not looked upon with favour, and Lord Carlisle's example has never been followed. Nearly a hundred years before, the Ranger's Lodge in the Park had often

[1] Mr. Creyke was remarkable for his good looks. When in Rome he often sat to his artist friends as a model for "our Saviour."

been the scene of private theatricals, Lord Mountjoy having a regular theatre, where he and his friend Captain Jephson performed all manner of parts with extraordinary ability. The beautiful Barbara, Lady Mountjoy, likewise took part in these entertainments, and many other ladies.

Sad recollections must, however, always attach to the Viceregal Lodge; for here was perpetrated, across the

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LODGE, FROM THE SPOT WHERE LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AND MR. BURKE WERE MURDERED.

road and in view of the house, one of the foulest murders that ever disgraced a country. The tragic elements of the deed will for all time cast a shadow over the scene of the murder of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish. It will be noted in the sketch how near the spot is to the Lodge; so close, in fact, that Lord Spencer actually saw from one of the windows the struggle going on between his two friends and the

Invincibles, never thinking for a moment it was more than a drunken quarrel between some roughs. A cross, as seen in the sketch, marks the ill-fated spot. It is curious, in connection with this memento, that as often as it is placed there it is removed, the desecrators achieving their object in the night-time.

XI.

KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL.

Kilmainham.—Ancient History.—Vicissitudes.—Old Man's Hospital.—Lord Carhampton.—Sir Edward Blakeney.—Lady Blakeney.—Lord Strathnairn.

CHAPTER XI.

KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL.

KILMAINHAM, or Kill-Magnend, we are told in that old-world chronicle "The Four Masters" (which I do not pretend to have read, as I have Malory, under Mr. Andrew Lang's guidance), is formed of two Celtic words—*kill*, a church, and *magnend*, magnus: this being the site chosen by St. Magnus to build his church twelve hundred years ago. This church and cemetery existed when that great chieftain, well known in story, Brian Boroimhe, fought "the Danes from out the lanes" of Clontarf, as the old song says. Previous to this achievement Brian encamped at Kilmainham, or, as it was then called, Kill-Magnend, and laid siege to the City of the Dark Pool, as it was named. The siege lasted nearly a year, and ended in the glorious victory of Clontarf, called the Marathon of Ireland. The slain on both sides were laid to rest in the churchyard of Kill-Magnend, where to this day, we are told on competent authority, the ground has only to be broken to disclose crumbling battle-axes, spear-heads, and shield-bosses, which antiquarians aver belonged to the Danish warriors. The sleep of these giants was, however, soon to be disturbed by

the intrusion of their hated foes, the Anglo-Norman race, who, flushed with conquest, began upsetting everything and everybody. Kill-Magnend was not allowed to escape. Strongbow, of the scorbutic countenance, as soon as he had settled himself in the saddle of government, sent for the powerful order of Knights Templars, and established them in St. Magnus's Monastery, which had to be made more luxurious for these haughty Templars, who soon spread themselves over Ireland, and became formidable, from their wealth and strength. The Prior of Kilmainham, William de Rosse, filled the important office of Lord-Deputy in 1296; but such great elevations often are presages of equally sudden falls, and eleven years later Edward II., when he suppressed the Knights Templars in England, issued a similar mandate for the order in Ireland, with the admonition to the executants of such to lose no time, but do what they had to do before the news of the expulsion of their English brethren should reach the ears of the Irish Knights. It took, however, two years to get hold of all the Templars scattered through Ireland; but by degrees they were all captured and imprisoned in Dublin Castle.

The next occupiers of Kilmainham were the Knights Hospitallers, to whom likewise a large grant was given of the lands now forming part of the Phœnix Park. The Knights Hospitallers were a fine order, their head-quarters in Ireland being at Kilmainham; within their ranks were physicians,

warriors, philosophers, and lawyers—some of the priors holding office as Lord Chancellors. One of their number, one Botellier (head of the clan of Butler), led a large force of Irish kerns in mail armour (with darts and skeynes) to the assistance of Henry V. at the Siege of Rouen, and none, we are told, did more damage to their enemies, "who did tremble at their approach." But their power was soon

KILMAINHAM (FRONT VIEW).

to be a thing of the past. Their ambition, which grew with their prosperity, alarmed Henry VIII., while their wealth excited his cupidity. Their destruction was a foregone conclusion; but their fall was accelerated by the pusillanimity of the Prior, Sir John Rawson, who meekly surrendered to the King the abbey and church, together with the fine pasture-lands and crops growing in rich luxuriance. For this giving of no trouble Sir John was duly reinstated in his sovereign's favour, and was further rewarded

by being created Lord Clontarf, a title which became soon after extinct. When Mary became Queen, the Knights Hospitallers were restored to their dignities, and Sir Oswald Massingbirde was made Prior. He held the office for only a few years, for on Elizabeth's coming to the throne, and the order being given for the suppression of all monasteries, Sir Oswald Massingbirde retired without a struggle, followed by his brethren. And so the Knights Hospitallers sank into oblivion, sharing the fate of all the monastic orders in England and Ireland. The fine monastery and church became a ruin; and when in 1565 Sir Henry Sidney was appointed Governor, he found it unfit for occupation.

It is to Charles II. (who had some of the lands of the Hospitaller Knights enclosed in the area of Phœnix Park) that Irish soldiers owe the erection of what is popularly termed "the Old Man's Hospital for aged and maimed soldiers." In 1680 the first stone was laid by the Earl of Ormonde, Deputy-Governor, whose arms are placed over the door. The large room where the pensioners dine, and where, in the season, balls are given,[1] was designed by Christopher Wren, and is one hundred and eighty feet long and fifty broad. It is ornamented by stacks of arms, piled in artistic confusion, and on its walls hang some fine portraits of twenty-two Kings and Governors. The sovereigns

[1] As I write a ball is taking place at the Royal Hospital, given by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts in honour of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York.

are represented by Charles II., William III., Queen Mary, and Queen Anne The Governors, beginning with the Duke of Dorset, are more civil than military, Dr. Narcissus Marsh figuring amongst these worthies. The list stops in the year 1718, and since then the appointment has been given strictly to officers who

ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM (SIDE VIEW).

have earned high distinction, and who hold likewise the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland. Sir Edward Blakeney, who was Governor of the Hospital for years, was a Waterloo hero; Sir George Browne, of Crimean reputation, Lord Strathnairn, of Indian celebrity; Sir John Mitchell, Crimean; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; Lord

Wolseley; and Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the present Commander-in-Chief.

Not far from the Old Man's Hospital is the Prison of Kilmainham, where some leading patriots have in their time been confined, Charles Stewart Parnell being the last distinguished suspect. It was here that the so-called Kilmainham Treaty, which caused a good deal of stir in its day, but is now forgotten, was said to have been arranged.

XII.

LUTTRELLSTOWN, CHAPELIZOD, ETC.

Luttrellstown.—The Luttrells.—Castle Knock.—Chapelizod.—La Belle Iseult.—Brass Castle.—Lucan.—Mrs. Agmonisham Vesey.—Her Silver Ears.—Leixlip.—Celbridge Abbey.—Vanessa.—Swift.

CHAPTER XII.

LUTTRELLSTOWN, CHAPELIZOD, ETC.

LEAVING the Park, which is seven miles in circumference, we pass through the Knockmaroon Gates, and a short drive brings us to Castle Knock.

At Castle Knock there are the ruins of an old castle or fortress, which, it is said, existed in Henry II.'s reign, when it was presented by its owner, Hugh Tyrell, to his trusty friend Strongbow. Tyrell, of Norman extraction, was a man of extraordinary strength and valour; he built his fortress upon a mound, which, it is thought, was one of those sepulchral chambers or monuments of prehistoric antiquity. The fortress was called Tyrell's Pass, and woe to the force who tried to attack it. Edward Bruce made the attempt in 1316, and failed. In these days of peace, in place of a fortress we have in the grounds of the old Castle the handsome College for Training Catholic Youth. There is also a modern church.

Having passed the Knockmaroon Gates, you can, if you please, proceed by the lower road towards Chapelizod and Lucan, passing the Strawberry Beds on the way. This lower road, which in the coaching days led to Knockmaroon, is one panorama of lovely scenery

—meadow and woodland, banks of fern and foliage, sloping to the river's side. The Liffey widens into a broad estuary after we pass the Marine School, and gets broader until it joins the Rye at Leixlip. Two miles before we come to Lucan we note the beautiful demesne of Luttrellstown, now the residence of Lord Annaly. Woodlands, or Luttrellstown (its original name), belonged to the Lottrells or Luttrells, a somewhat wild and ambitious race, ever to the front in war, love, or politics. The first settler (for they were Anglo-Normans by descent) was of James I.'s planting. The King, who was full of his scheme for peopling Ireland with Scotch and English as a defence against the disloyalty of the natives, gave large grants of land to the new settlers. To Luttrell, who was one of the royal favourites, was allotted a plenteous portion in the best quarter round about Dublin, and here the Luttrell of the day built for himself a dwelling-house, situated in the midst of a sweet, smiling country. Here he lived and prospered, intermarried with high families, and attained great distinction. In James II.'s reign we find a Simon Luttrell Governor of Dublin, a post he filled at the time of James's unfortunate expedition to Ireland. After the Battle of the Boyne, Simon (an unswerving adherent of the Stuarts) retreated with all he could gather of the Dublin garrison to Limerick; from thence he escaped to France. In 1688 he was attainted for high treason, the attainder being reversed later, provided he returned in eight months. Through the treachery of his brother Henry Luttrell, his return

was prevented, and he died in exile, the forfeited estates being given over to his treacherous brother. The Irish historian O'Callaghan calls Henry a bad man, who was father to a bad man, and grandfather to a bad man, meaning that there were three generations of bad men. From a worldly point of view their wickedness prospered, the second bad man being

MARINE SCHOOL, DUBLIN, LOOKING UP THE LIFFEY.

created successively Baron Irnham,[1] Viscount and Earl Carhampton.

[1] After the usual fashion of satirizing any unpopular character, the first Lord Irnham was introduced in a satirical ballad, in which the Devil is represented as summoning before him those who had the strongest claim to succeed him as King of Hell. Having summoned amongst others Lord Lyttleton, the ballad concludes :

> But as he spoke there issued from the crowd
> Irnham the base, the cruel, and the proud—
> And eager cried, "I boast superior claim
> To Hell's dark throne—and Irnham is my name."

This favourite of fortune had married the heiress of one Nicholas Lawes, Governor of Jamaica, and had a family of five sons and three daughters, handsome of person, charming in manner, brilliant, reckless, and depraved. Strange stories were current of the revels at Luttrellstown, of the high play and ruinous wagers; of the duels that ensued, and the hushing up of compromising details; of the family quarrels between father and sons, brothers and sisters. Colonel Luttrell, the eldest son, was a distinguished officer of wild habits, to whom fear was unknown. When he was put forward by the Court party to contest Middlesex against the popular idol Wilkes, policies of insurance on his life were opened at Lloyd's Coffee-house; but he escaped uninjured, being such a first-rate shot that to fight a duel with him was to court death. He and his father, being alike fierce in temper, quarrelled perpetually. On one occasion they disputed as to some furniture in Lord Carhampton's house in Merrion Square, which he had made over to his son. The quarrel could only be adjusted by a law suit; father and son conducted each his own suit in a manner not unworthy of a trained counsel.

During the troubles of 1798 Colonel Luttrell was made Commander-in-Chief of the army in Ireland. He exercised immense influence, and is said to have practised unnecessary cruelties towards his unfortunate prisoners. He at all times showed a perfect indifference to public opinion, and was undoubtedly the most unpopular man of his time. After his accession to the title

he became more arrogant and offensive, and on several occasions narrowly escaped the knife of the assassin. His death was said to have been caused by a curse given to him by a woman upon whom his horse had trampled

LUTTRELLSTOWN.

as he rode away from his own door, hale and hearty ; in an hour's time he was brought back dead.

Of Lord Carhampton's daughters, Elizabeth, Anne, and Lucy, Anne, Mrs. Horton, will be for ever famous, not only for her beauty, which was unsurpassed in a day when beauty was at its highest standard, but for her marriage with the Duke of Cumberland, which

brought about all the stir and commotion of the Royal Marriage Act. She had married when a mere girl Christopher Horton, a sporting squire, of whom little is known save that he was owner of Catton Park, Derbyshire. After a few years he died, leaving his widow a moderate provision, not a quarter sufficient to satisfy her extravagant tastes. She was twenty-four, with bewitching eyes, which, when she pleased, she could animate to enchantment. "Her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist it." Horace Walpole describes her as a coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra and completely mistress of her passions and projects. "Indeed," he adds, "eyelashes three-quarters of a yard shorter would have served to conquer such a head as she has turned."[1]

Mrs. Horton met the Duke, it is said, at a boarding-house, whither he had gone until the scandal of one of his numerous love affairs had blown over. He was no match for the beautiful widow, whose dancing of the minuet completely carried his slight defences, and, finding she was impervious to any proposal save orthodox marriage, he followed her to Calais, where the knot was tied hard and fast, all legal forms being duly executed, and no loophole left through which the royal captive could wriggle. The

[1] For all that, Horace was mightily well pleased when his niece, the beautiful Lady Waldegrave, made the conquest of the Duke of Gloucester, whose mental qualifications were much on a par with those of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland.

Duchess did not gain all she expected. The Royal Marriage Act indeed could not separate her from the Duke, or take from her the title of Duchess; but these advantages (especially the first) hardly repaid her for the snubs of the Court and for the isolation of her life, this latter lasting many years, the nobility being too good courtiers to risk irritating their Majesties by paying any deference to the interloper into the royal circle.

Later, the Duchess and her husband took a fiendish method of retaliation. When the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) came to man's estate, the Duchess wove her toils about him so as to attain great influence over his easily governed mind: neither she nor the Duke made any secret that their object was to intimidate the party into receiving the Duchess, and the plan succeeded; although not publicly recognized, she had the *entrée* to the more intimate family circle. Her triumph, however, did not last long, as much of her glory was shorn when the Duke died in 1790. From that time we get only occasional glimpses of the beautiful Duchess, who survived her husband some twenty years. Of the Duchess's two sisters, Lucy, who was a beauty in a less dignified style, married very young a Captain Moriarty, and was little heard of in her generation. It would have been well if the same report could be given of the eldest sister, Elizabeth Luttrell, called in derision Princess Elizabeth, a coarse, unprincipled woman, devoured by a love of play. This passion

brought about her tragical end. She was imprisoned in the Fleet for her gambling debts, and gave a hair-dresser £50 to marry her, which, according to the then state of the debtors' law, enabled her to procure a release. She went to Germany, where she was convicted of picking pockets, was sentenced, and condemned to clean the streets chained to a wheel-barrow. The unfortunate woman poisoned herself.

Luttrellstown was set up for sale after the death of John, third Earl of Carhampton, when the title became extinct, the estates passing to Sir Simeon Stuart, through his marriage with Lady Frances Luttrell. For many years, however, no buyer could be procured, owing to the evil reputation the place had got; the country folk telling ghostly tales of the satanic revels held at night, when the house was lit up and demoniac gamblers gathered round the card-table, and staked the souls of men. Such stories did not, however, prevent Mr. Luke White from becoming the purchaser of Woodlands,[1] which during the lifetime of Mr. Henry White (created Lord Annaly, 1862) was a gay resort of Dublin society, who clustered round the handsome and fashionable Mrs. Henry White, who kept the ball rolling with garden parties, dances, and private theatricals. I have a bill of one of these performances lying before me now—a memento of thirty-six years ago: all the

[1] Mr. Henry White changed the name Luttrellstown to "Woodlands," under which title the place was known until lately, when the present noble owner reverted to the original and much prettier designation.

dramatis personæ are long since dead, so there can be no ill nature in telling how one of the *corps dramatique*, a lady of much talent in other branches of art, made her first and last appearance as an actress, for, on confronting the audience, she was paralyzed by stage fright, and had to be led off by the stage manager, the late Lord Drogheda. Fortunately her part was a minor one.

The mansion itself is of an imposing character, and is surrounded by thick-growing trees; the upper gate leads to the railway station at Clonsilla, a pretty secluded spot, where is the village church.

Chapelizod and Lucan.

From Luttrellstown the road leads by way of the Strawberry Beds and Chapelizod to Lucan.

The compound word Chapel-izod denotes that here once upon a time, in what we now call the early *Wagnerian* period, there dwelt the lovely princess la belle Iseult, or Isolde. She was daughter to Anguish, King of Ireland, and had for her town residence Izod's round tower, situated near Dames' Gate, close to the water-side. Iseult was betrothed to her father's hereditary enemy, Mark, King of Cornwall—a marriage to which she dare not say nay, but to which she did not look forward with satisfaction, for she was thoughtful beyond her years, and as good as she was lovely. What madness could have possessed the King to have sent his handsome nephew, the Knight Tristran, to escort

this beauteous bride to her new house? But then Tristran was a Knight of Sir Arthur's Round Table; and could he act dishonourably? Nor would he have done so, only for circumstances, very extenuating ones, in his case. The Knight fell sick, and the maiden nursed him, with the result told by Gower, a versifier of the fourteenth century:

> In every man's mouth it is
> That Tristran was of love drunke
> With belle Isolde.

It is a sweet story and an old one; and if you list, you can read it all in Malory.

I do not fancy that the folks who went a-pleasuring to Chapelizod one hundred and thirty years ago knew anything about Isolde's story. I fancy not; for in those days Chapelizod had a barrack, and artillery were quartered there, and there were many little romances more interesting than bygone love tales going on under the poplar trees, which then stood in military rows here and there among the orchards and old timber that lined the banks of the river, for Chapelizod lies in the very Valley of the Liffey, whose waters here have altogether another face from the turbid stream that runs through the City.

Frankly speaking, there is nothing to see now at Chapelizod. Those who remembered it some sixty years ago have left the tradition that there were even then rows of houses with steep roofs and many-coloured hall doors; that there was an inn in the centre of the village with panelled walls and chimney-piece, over which hung

the portrait of King William III. in his "robe, garter, and periwig": likewise the old salmon house, gone many years ago. It was picturesque, but tumbling down, so why keep it? And in this way Chapelizod is clean as your hand of old associations.

There is still one solitary house with a peaked roof: Brass Castle it was called.[1] No one can now tell what is

BRASS CASTLE.

its story; but it looks as if it had one to tell, and so we have reproduced it.

Chapelizod has some historic associations. It is stated by different authorities that both James II. and William III. rested there—the first on his way to Drogheda, the latter on his victorious return from the

[1] In Mr. Le Fanu's "House by the Churchyard," a now forgotten novel, the scene is laid at Chapelizod, where he lived as a boy. Brass Castle is mentioned as being the residence of the villain of the story.

Battle of the Boyne. So far as regards James, there seems no certainty. William undoubtedly occupied an old manor-house at a little distance from the town; it was called in consequence "the King's House," and it would seem that his Dutch Majesty had some intention of returning to it, as he caused the grounds to be laid out after the Dutch fashion of planting. In 1717 the custodian of these gardens was placed on the Civil List with a yearly salary of £120. At this time the King's House was often occupied by the Lords-Deputies, who at that period exercised the function of Viceroys. In 1740 this royal residence was deserted, and the gardens, with their formal yew walks, became a tangled mass of ruin. There is also the village Church, where the Viceroys, who had their summer residence close by at Leixlip Castle, came on Sundays in semi-state, with a guard of honour supplied by the artillery from the barracks. His Excellency rode in a finely emblazoned coach-and-six, with six running footmen hanging on wherever they could, and outriders in grandly emblazoned uniforms.

The Church, which dates from Queen Anne's reign, is principally remarkable for an ancient belfry tower, probably as old as the fourteenth century. Up to 1839 this venerable memorial of past days was covered with a thick growth of ivy.[1] This was destroyed by

[1] The Irish ivy has a larger leaf and grows in a far more luxurious manner than does its smaller-leaved English sister. D'Alton, the historian, commenting on this fact, suggests that the luxurious growth of Irish ivy is due to the multiplied ruins scattered through the country, over which it extends and develops.

the storm which took place on January 6 of that year, and the tower now presents a bare and somewhat desolate appearance.

Chapelizod was at one time the home of thriving manufactures. In the earlier ages it had supplied the raw material used by the Dutch in their cloth and

THE LIFFEY, NEAR LUCAN.

woollen manufactures. Later on, when Philip of Spain, through a misguided and mischievous policy, ruined the trade of his Dutch subjects, these supplies ceased ; but in 1671 it entered into the mind of a certain Colonel Lawrence that the raw material so plentiful in Ireland might be manufactured by the Irish people. In accordance with this idea he imported from Brabant and

Rochelle Dutch and Belgian workmen, and established them with their wives and children in Chapelizod. These men, like the Huguenot refugees, imparted the secret of their trade, and soon a most promising manufacture was established of woollen and linen goods. How this, like the silk-weaving trade, was abolished is a matter of history, and needs no comment here.

A couple of miles farther brings us to Lucan, which can be reached either by the lower road from Knockmaroon Gates or the Chapelizod Road, which is not so romantic. More rural than Chapelizod is Lucan. Situated in a thickly wooded valley, lying at the foot of the sloping hills above the Liffey, it is a miniature bit of Switzerland—peaceful, serene,. tender; and here in the last century came men of note and women of fashion to repair exhausted nature by draughts from the famous spa, which was highly recommended by the faculty. Soon there sprang up fine assembly rooms, said to have been decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, all on the plan of Bath or Cheltenham. To the end of the last century Lucan Spa held its own, and in the spa-house that curious genius Maturin would often be found playing his fiddle for the young folk to dance. But even then the palmy days of the little watering-place were well-nigh over; other health resorts being found more easy of access. The exodus from Dublin of the upper classes gave it a final blow, and for many years the sear of neglect fell upon this charming spot. It was little known except to the residents in the neighbourhood, who in the summer-time picnicked in the woods and

drank tea in the deserted ball-room. It is pleasant to think that since the steam tramcar has brought this pretty suburb nearer to the citizens of Dublin a revival of the old glories of Lucan has set in; a spirited company have started an hotel close to the former one, which had fallen into ruins; it is well managed, the

THE BRIDGE OF LUCAN.

ubiquitous German waiter is here to be found, and there is a certain foreign air that reminds one of a German Wirthhaus. The spa is situated within the grounds of Lucan House, the demesne of Captain Colthurst Vesey, who is the Marquis of Carabas of the locality.

Lucan House, as it was called, has historic associations. It was the residence of Patrick Sarsfield, one of James II.'s generals, who was by him created

Earl of Lucan. Sarsfield was killed at the Battle of Landen, in Flanders, and, having no heirs, his estates reverted to his brother, William Sarsfield, of Lucan, who had married a daughter of Charles I.[1] This gentleman's only daughter and heiress married Agmonisham Vesey, and thus the property passed into the family of Vesey, who have ever since retained it. Lucan House is charmingly situated;[2] the interior, especially the hall, is ornamented with medallions painted by Angelica Kauffmann, who was a personal friend of the artistic Anne, Lady Bingham, who was an amateur artist of much merit,[3] and of her daughter, the beautiful Miss Bingham, married to the Earl Spencer, and with whose portraits by Sir Joshua we are well acquainted. So we are with Mrs. Agmonisham Vesey, the lady who belonged to the Blue-stocking Club, and wore Lady Spencer's silver trumpets in her ears, and who is so well described by wicked little Fanny Burney, that we seem to have known her, although she has been

[1] She was sister to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

[2] The principal feature of Lucan House are the grounds, which present a panorama of varying attraction. The views here reproduced are of the grounds and surroundings; also of the ancient Norman Castle, and the remains of the Monastery of St. Mary, dating back to King John.

[3] The Earls of Lucan descend from Anne, daughter to Agmonisham Vesey, who married Sir John Bingham. This Bingham is said to have caused the loss of the Battle of Aughrim by his desertion on the field from James II. to William III. In 1736 Sir John was satirized:

> Here observe the tribe of Bingham,
> For he ne'er fails to bring 'em;
> Whilst he sleeps the whole debate,
> They submissive round him wait,
> Yet would gladly see the hunks
> In his grave, and search his trunks.

crumbling away in the family vault for more than a hundred years.

"She has," says this most accurate portrait painter, "the most wrinkled, time-beaten face I ever saw. She is exceedingly well bred, and of agreeable manners; but her name in the world must have been acquired

THE WEIR IN CAPTAIN COLTHURST VESEY'S GROUNDS.

by her skill in selecting parties and by her address in making them easy with one another"—an art that seems to imply no mean understanding. She then describes a party at Mrs. Vesey's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Richard Burke, and other celebrities, and the hostess's anxiety to break the stiff circle into groups, insisting upon every group sitting with their

backs to other groups, the chairs drawn into little coteries of three in a confused manner all over the room. Such arrangements do not always succeed, but Mrs. Vesey knew her world, and so Dr. Johnson told Fanny, who was inclined to laugh, as she always was, until she was told to be grave by some one she wanted to toady, for she was a terrible little time-server. And as to the matter of settling her chairs, Mrs. Vesey was right; there is nothing promotes conversation like placing your guests comfortably. "Seat your visitor in an easy chair, low, and with plenty of room," says Madame de Swetchine, "and then you can travel over his mind." But then very few Englishwomen understand the very least little bit of the science of travelling over anybody's mind; nay, even their own is more or less of a blank.

And now we must hurry on to Leixlip,[1] where is the lovely salmon leap, one hundred and eighty feet in breadth, with a waterfall of brilliant, fairylike spray, cool and lovely to look at; and as one stands and gazes at the ever-falling drops with their many prismatic colours, and hears the musical rhythm of the water as it falls over the edge, a rhythm that will go on for ever and ever, how far away seems the world and its petty doings, its miserable nothingness! And, strange to say, this wonderful show of Nature's own doing is caused by—what do you think?—our friend

[1] Leixlip is a Danish name meaning "salmon leap." The salmon leap up the fall, as has been noticed by Cambriensis, the old Irish historian, who calls it "saltus salmonis." The salmon desert the fall in March and April, returning in November.

Standfast Dick, that good-for-nothing rock which runs across the channel of the Liffey, and upon which the Royal Exchange is built.[1]

Not far from the waterfall we have Leixlip Castle, placed in a commanding position, overlooking the river. It is said to date from the reign of Henry II.,

SALMON LEAP, LEIXLIP.

and, according to tradition, was built by Adam de Hereford, one of the Norman followers of Strongbow. Later it was occupied by General Sandford, from whom it was purchased by the Government as a summer residence for the first permanent Viceroy, Lord Townshend. It was from 1769 the scene of many a gay revel—

[1] This statement is made in some of the old chronicles; it seems somewhat incredible.

masquerades and suchlike. Amateur theatricals were given there during Lord Townshend's viceroyalty (1769), when, as is the manner of amateurs, ambitious pieces were chosen, such as *Tamerlane* and *The Fair Penitent*, the performers being Lords Kildare and

LEIXLIP CASTLE AND RUINS OF MONASTERY OF ST. MARY, OVERLOOKING LUCAN HOUSE.

Mountmorres, Messrs. Brownlow and Jephson, and the three beautiful Miss Montgomerys.[1]

In the troublous times of 1798 Leixlip Castle was not thought a safe and convenient residence for the Viceroy, its distance from Dublin precluding easy

[1] These ladies became subsequently Lady Townshend, Lady Mountjoy, and the Hon. Mrs. Beresford.

access; it was abandoned for the less dignified Lodge, which, as before mentioned, was purchased from Lord Leitrim.

Celbridge Abbey.

Four miles from Lucan stands the old Abbey of Celbridge, formerly Marlay Abbey, a most picturesque

CELBRIDGE ABBEY.

house, which has seen many owners and many vicissitudes. There is an old superstition as to the confiscation of Church property, which it is said entails extinction of the intruders through lack of heirs. The superstitious may, if they are so minded, count up instances in point; and Celbridge may be added to the list, as it has changed owners many times. The great interest of the old place, however, lies with Esther Vanhomrigh, whose life, like Stella's, was shadowed by her unfortunate

contact with Swift, whose fatal attraction seems to have been alike to that of the upas tree, which killed all who came within its embrace.

The story of both these women forms an indictment against the great Dean which will last so long as men and women live on this earth of ours. The facts, so far as they are known, have been literally torn to pieces without any very definite conclusion being arrived at, save that the old story which dates from all time of woman's self-sacrifice was here played out to the bitter end. There is no need to recapitulate an oft-told tale: my task is merely to point out the connection between Vanessa and Celbridge Abbey, where she lived for many years.

Taking into consideration the hedge of propriety that encompassed women in the last century, this throwing to the winds of all the well-established rules for unmarried females, and setting up a household on her own account, shows that Miss Vanhomrigh was considerably in advance of her generation. She was, in fact, of a very undisciplined nature, guided altogether by her passions. Her foreign extraction cannot exactly be taken into account, unless indeed some drop of Spanish blood filtered through her veins from some bygone ancestress, who, at the time of the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands, may have intermarried with a Vanhomrigh, this union of Spanish blue blood with the Dutch traders occasionally taking place. Moreover, the Vanhomrighs were merchants of old descent. They had dwelt in Antwerp before the crass bigotry of Philip of Spain had

driven away the bone and sinew of the Netherlands to teach other nations how to carve fortunes out of the resources of the land.

ANOTHER VIEW OF CELBRIDGE ABBEY, PORTION INHABITED BY VANESSA.

The original Vanhomrigh settled in Chapelizod, where Colonel Lawrence had already established a Dutch colony. Near Celbridge are the remains of what was no doubt Vanhomrigh's factory. Vanessa's father, however, Bartholomew, made his fortune in

Drogheda,[1] then an important port for foreign ships. He was Commissary of Stores to William's army during the civil war, and afterwards Quartermaster-General and Commissioner of Irish Revenue, preceding John Beresford in this last-named office. He made a large fortune, much of which he laid out in the purchase of forfeited estates. No doubt Celbridge Abbey was one of these, for we are told that after her mother's death Vanessa with her young sister "retired to Ireland, where her father had left a small property near Celbridge." In the earlier part of this century there still were old people living who dimly remembered or had heard their parents speak of the English lady who dwelt by herself in a corner of the Abbey. The very loneliness of her life must have fostered the strange passion which had taken possession of every fibre of her being. Passion is, as we know, akin to madness, and Vanessa's frenzied love for a man so many years her senior would seem to have been due to some cerebral malady. One would have supposed that the checks administered by the Dean would have cured any affection; but there are women who, as "Nancy" and "Jane Eyre," like to be brutally treated. Swift was a glorified Rochester. What could be more brutal than his manner of treating Stella after his new fancy had seized upon him? His journal and letters grew colder; there was a cessation of the "little

[1] Up to far into the Forties there were Vanhomrighs living in Drogheda who had many traditions concerning Swift and Vanessa. Unfortunately the family is now extinct.

language," and, in fact, says Sir Walter Scott, he exhibited all the signs of a waning attachment. It was at this period also that he began making those remarks upon the advance of years and the change in her appearance which must have been gall and wormwood to poor Stella's jealous heart. This bluntness, as his biographer calls a selfish indifference to a woman's tenderest point, is first exhibited on her birthdays:

> Stella this day is thirty-four,
> We shan't dispute a year or more;
> However, Stella, be not troubled,
> Although thy size and years are doubled.

Very few women would like to be told these unpleasant truths. And again:

> Now this is Stella's case in fact,
> An angel's face *a little cracked.*

Contrast these lines with the portrait he draws of Vanessa in the matchless poem he wrote for her:

> Vanessa, not in years a score,
> Dreams of a gown of forty-four,
> Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind.
> Cadenus now no more appears,
> Declined in health, advanced in years;
> She fancies music in his tongue,
> No further looks, but thinks him young.
> What mariner is not afraid
> To venture on a ship decayed?
> What planter will attempt to yoke
> A sapling with a fallen oak?

It was not likely that the appearance of "Cadenus and Vanessa" would prove a very effectual cure for a love-stricken girl, especially when such lines as the following occurred:

> And when platonic flights were over,
> The tutor turned a mortal lover.

Swift's biographers, however, all hold by the platonic theories. That Vanessa did not share this idea was made evident by her future conduct. Only that the end was truly tragic, one would be amused by the quandary in which she placed the Dean by the ill-advised step of pursuing him to Dublin. He adopted a cold severity of manner towards the culprit of which she complains bitterly. "If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long; it is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I assure you, I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours!" And so on in piteous lamentations, concluding with, "Oh that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me."

Poor, poor Vanessa! and equally unfortunate Stella, whose jealousy was now awakened; and as she could not venture with her "cracked face" to show her feelings as her young rival dared to do, the repression of what was consuming her reduced her naturally

delicate constitution to an alarming condition. Her illness disturbed the Dean, but did not make him discontinue his visits to Celbridge, where Vanessa, who planted a laurel every time he came, formed of these mementoes of her lover's presence an arbour, in which there were two rustic seats and a table. From here a romantic view over the Liffey added to the charm of retirement, while the effect was heightened by the soft murmuring of a distant cascade. In this sequestered spot the Dean and his pupil sat for hours together, their study being not altogether confined to the books which lay upon the table before them.

Sir Walter Scott quotes some beautiful lines written by Vanessa, which, he drily remarks, will help us to guess at the subject of their classical studies. The end of these verses is indeed intelligible:

> My guide, instructor, *lover*, friend,
> (Dear names!) in one idea blend;
> Oh, still conjoined your incense rise,
> And waft sweet odours to the skies!

The Dean, cold at heart himself, was unconsciously playing a dangerous game with a strong, passionate nature like Vanessa's. His real or simulated love for her drove her to the fatal step which she naturally thought would clear the way to their mutual happiness. The result is well known: Swift's last dramatic ride to Celbridge, his wordless farewell to Vanessa, her own letter to Stella returned.

It was the unfortunate girl's death warrant. She

died at Celbridge, and lies buried there—at least, so we are told. But in this day of new discoveries and general upsetting of all tradition, I should not be surprised to hear some day of new developments in the old affecting story of Stella and Vanessa. I should hope not; for, like Maria Josepha Holroyd, I do not like my ideas disarranged.

At what period Celbridge Abbey became the property of the Grattans I am unable to say. When I first knew it, it belonged to Mrs. Charles Langdale, eldest daughter of Henry Grattan's second son and namesake. I remember Vanessa's Bower, as it was called; but at that time I was unaware of the romantic ground upon which I stood. We did not know so much as the present generation do—rightly or wrongly: I am sure I do not know, but will leave it to Mrs. Lynn-Linton to decide.

Near Celbridge lived Valdré, an Italian artist, who was invited to Dublin by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the then Viceroy, to decorate St. Patrick's Hall. Valdré decorated many of the houses in Dublin; his style was very much that of Marinari and Angelica Kauffmann.

Valdré was the hero of an extraordinary adventure: he was a guest at a marriage where the bridegroom failed to put in an appearance. After waiting in vain for the recalcitrant lover, the wedding party broke up. The bride's dejected air of mortification and distress appealed to the kindness of heart for which Valdré was noted. Going up to her, he offered himself as substitute for her recreant admirer. Strange to say, his

offer was accepted; they would have been married there and then only for the refusal of the clergyman to perform the ceremony without the banns being previously published. This caused a delay of a couple of weeks, when the pair were united, and lived together most happily to old age.

XIII.

CLONTARF, MARINO, ETC.

Clontarf.—Marino.—Howth Castle.—The Hill of Howth.—The Traditions of the Howth Family.—Miss Stokes.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLONTARF, MARINO, ETC.

ON the northern side of the City the face of the suburbs is but little changed, except that in some instances they have dropped into the sear and decay of complete old age. This is particularly noticeable after we leave Gloucester Street and pass through the district known as Mud Island, which was reclaimed by the ubiquitous Danish settlers. From here we soon reach Fairview, the entrance, so to speak, of Clontarf. Dear old Clontarf! you are just as drowsy and as behind the world as you were when I knew you in my days of childhood. I can hardly detect an alteration. Your lanes are the greenest of green leafydom, before which the lanes of beautiful Surrey or Devonshire pale; your rows of little cottages with steep steps (I think they are called Sea View, and have green verandahs) are unchanged; so too the more ambitious Crescent, where the houses are mostly to let; your straggling seaboard, where the tide is nearly always out—a circumstance which has suggested a desire on the part of the residents in the neighbourhood that it should be converted into a people's garden. We cannot wonder that this wish should be general, for oh! how can these

long-suffering Clontarfites support the smell of the rotting seaweed and the sight of the disreputable bathing machines, and the curious habiliments of the bathing women—Herculean women, who have been known to whip up a stout and elderly gentleman, and carry him, *nolens volens*, far out into the sea, dip him three times, and bring him back helpless as a child! And yet, despite the unpleasant effluvia, the sadness of the grey sky, and the general stillness of the surroundings, there is a certain charm in the absence from all the stir and turmoil of busy life which is restful. The very tramcar seems ashamed of disturbing the drowsy seclusion, and glides by as silently as it can.

There was a day, however, when Clontarf had more of life and animation than it now possesses, when people of good condition came to stay at the Brierly Baths, when titled carriage folk drove backwards and forwards, and when the grand gates of Marino stood open to receive the fine company that came and went, visiting the Earl of Charlemont.

Marino is nearer to Dublin than Clontarf, on the Fairview Road. It is an old house, having been once the residence of a Cromwellian Attorney-General, Basil by name. It was a gift to the "great Earl" from his stepfather Thomas Adderley. The letter in which this gentleman makes this present to his young stepson shows a nice feeling not always existent in the difficult relationship in which they stood to one another. There is, perhaps, rather an over-strained humility in his address, while at the same time he describes his gift

as not inferior to any house near Dublin, either with respect to situation, taste, or convenience. Lord Charlemont accepted the gift, but soon his craze for building and altering asserted itself, and the Lodge, as it was then called, became a sort of hobby, upon which he lavished large sums of money. The first thing was to change its name to Marino, which was undoubtedly appropriate, as the waters of Dublin Bay wash its southern verge. He likewise altered the entrance, which was formerly on the roadside. He also threw down the stone walls which at this time screened all private property, and gave to the passers-by the refreshing sight of the lovely park with its greensward and ancient trees, where later on the beautiful temple of Sicilian Doric was built as a place for retirement, in which the disappointed and almost heart-broken patriot spent his later days. Not that he began it with this object. He was in the zenith of his mental activity—an activity which required many channels. Architecture was one of these outlets ; and on his return from Italy he was, as it were, possessed with an art fever. We find him writing to a Neapolitan architect for designs for a casino and entrance gate ; but nothing came of this. Then he thought of copying the lantern of Demosthenes erected at Athens by the Greek Lysicrates. It is, we are told, impossible to imagine anything more beautiful. But this was abandoned, probably on account of the expense, a note of warning being raised by good, honest Murphy, who had his former pupil's interest really at heart. "Have a care,

my Lord," he writes, "how you undertake such a building. If the lantern costs you more than £200, or at most £250, it will be an extravagant article."

Mr. Prendergast, commenting on this, says: "Lord Charlemont's heirs might pray that Murphy had left their ancestor to pursue his original resolution, for the casino cost thousands instead of the hundreds Murphy objected to as extravagant."

Lord Charlemont's attention was momentarily diverted by Murphy's remonstrance, and in lieu of the casino he built a banqueting-room in the Gothic taste of the day. This room is in the grounds near some ornamental water. For some reason, connected, I believe, with some fair inhabitant, it was called Rosamond's Bower. It fell later into ruins, and Elizabeth, first wife of the late Lord, made it into a fernery.

Rosamond's Bower was only a temporary amusement; and when Charlemont House was completed, and its gallery and museum crammed with *objets d'art*, the Earl returned to his original idea of making a retreat for himself in the leafy woods of Marino. In 1757 Sir William Chambers (then Mr. Chambers) drew the design, and a beautiful model was made by Bonomi, which is now in the Irish Academy.

There was no limit to the orders given by the Earl for this child of his fancy. Wilton the sculptor designed the four lions that rest with their four paws stretched out on the base of the casino. The architraves, the entablatures, and the chimney-pieces were all done

ST. ANNE'S, CLONTARF, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD ARDILAUN.

ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE
PUBL.ᴿ LIBRARIES

under Chambers's supervision; they were elaborately ornamented with the intaglio of Queen Elizabeth [1] and the small Venus of Italian design, removed from Charlemont House.[2] In the entrance hall were placed the beautiful chiaro-oscuros of Cipriani (now at Roxburgh), the same artist also designing the entrance gates. The view from the roof of the Casino ranges over the Bay of Dublin, with the Wicklow Hills for a background, the Hill of Howth and the Phœnix Park all set in a foreground of grass and fine trees. Nothing can be more delightful. But, alas! it failed to bring much pleasure to its noble owner. The friends of his youth were dead; the country he loved was in danger of being wrecked; in his own family he had disappointments. It is sad to read of the trials and disillusions that darkened his latter days. His son and successor cared little for Marino, and seldom, if ever, went there. It had, however, a strong attraction for the late Lady Charlemont;[3] her very heart was in the place. She often said it was like the love Queen Mary had for Calais, and that she too would die when Marino was no longer hers. Her words came true, for she

[1] See Charlemont House, onyx of Queen Elizabeth, page 171.

[2] Not long since the writer was staying near the pretty village of Rosstrevor, where at the moment considerable excitement prevailed as to a sale of the furniture and house of a certain Captain Hughes. The deceased gentleman was known to have been a collector of bric-a-brac and curios, and to have two cabinets and some Chippendale furniture which he had bought at the Charlemont sale. The fame of the Charlemont collection was enough to attract brokers from London and Chester as well as Dublin. Curiously enough the cabinets went for a mere song. The Chippendale fetched a large price.

[3] She was Elizabeth, daughter to Sir William Somerville, Bart.

only survived the sale of her loved retreat a few months. The writer has many pleasant associations connected with Marino, where many of the days of her youth were passed, that golden age when all and everything is tinged with a halo of glory.

The Crescent, close to Marino, was, it is said, built to annoy Lord Charlemont by obstructing his view on the Dublin side. It has never taken as a place of residence.

At the farther end of Clontarf, on the road leading to the green lanes, is Clontarf Castle, which is built on the site of a monastery belonging to the Order of the Knights Templars. The old Castle, which since Queen Elizabeth's time has been in the possession of the family of Vernon (the same as Admiral Vernon, whose tomb is in Westminster Abbey), was rebuilt in the earlier portion of this century. Its late owner, John Venables Vernon, was for many years a well-known figure in Dublin society.

Another Clontarf mansion is St. Anne's, formerly the residence of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and now occupied by his son, Lord Ardilaun, one of the most unobtrusive benefactors of his own country, Lady Ardilaun being well known as an accomplished artist. The views here reproduced give a good idea of this fine mansion.

The Hill of Howth.

Such a mass of tradition and ancient folklore lingers round the Hill of Howth as to give to it and to the Castle of the St. Lawrences a large amount of

GRAND HALL, ST. ANNE'S, CLONTARF.

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interest. The Hill, called in ancient Irish Ben Edar, the Pinnacle of the Captains, is a rugged mass of rock, and, as it is often said, only needs a volcano to give to the surrounding scenery the last touch that would make the Bay of Naples and the Bay of Dublin twin sisters. The Hill bristles with prehistoric traditions. There is a fine specimen of the Irish Cromlech, called by the peasantry of Ireland "giants' graves"; and in support of this title it must be said that the word "Cromlech," meaning "God and a stone," would suggest that these giant heaps were receptacles for the dead — a theory maintained by the finding of similar heaps in France, where they are called "dolmen," in Denmark "dyes," and in Scandinavian "dos"; even in Africa and India they turn up; and wherever they can be examined human remains are said to be found inside. This explanation, however, is not generally accepted, many antiquarians preferring to consider the cromlech as having been an altar used by the Druids for their human sacrifices.

Again, we have the legend of Finnmacool's [1] wife, who loved not wisely, but too well, a certain chief named Diarmed or Dermot, with whom she eloped, and eluded all pursuit for a year and a day by flying through the country. The peasantry still tell the romantic story of this flight, and point to the cromlechs, which they call the beds of Grace and Diarmed, who, they say, built these stony resting-places whenever the pursuit

[1] Finnmacool lies asleep on the top of one of the Carlingford Hills (or Mountains). He will awake one day: so goes the tale.

relaxed and they had a peaceful moment to themselves. The Howth Cromlech is considered a fine specimen, the table or covering measuring nineteen feet. The pressure of this mass of stone caused the supporters to incline a little: one of the pillars, too, has been broken. The supporters are nearly seven feet high; and Béranger, who visited the Hill more than a hundred years ago, stated that the tallest man might stand and walk within the cromlech with ease.

Another ancient monument is to be found on Slieve Martin, the highest point of the Hill; it is the cairn which marks the grave of one of the Kings of Ireland, Crinothan by name, contemporary of Agricola. Crinothan fort or "dan" stood on the site of the present lighthouse, called "the Bailey," which has in this land of tradition a special tradition of its own; for here, on the memorable Good Friday when the Battle of Clontarf was fought, the most obstinate of the conquered Danes retreated, and of this isolated promontory they held possession until the vessels of their countrymen came to rescue them.

Another point of interest near the Bailey is the little islet known as *Ireland's Eye*, or Inis Meic Nessain, the Island of the Sons of Nessan. Ossian calls it Inisfaithleen—now corrupted into Innisfallen. In the early ages Innisfallen was known as the home of three holy men who dwelt there, spending their time in prayer and meditation, and no doubt in their leisure hours they took part in illuminating the Book of the Gospels, known as the Garland of Howth, which is preserved

in Trinity College, and which bears all the marks of its great antiquity.[1]

Ireland's Eye has another and less pleasant association. About forty years ago it was the scene of a cruel murder, which caused a great stir and commotion at the time it took place. It was that of a lady, Mrs. Kirwan, who was not on the best terms with her husband, of whom she was frantically jealous. They had, however, made up their differences, and on the morning of the deed Kirwan persuaded her to come with him to spend a long and happy day on the Hill of Howth. He took the unfortunate woman out in a boat from the Bailey, and they were seen rowing round Ireland's Eye. From this expedition he returned, saying his wife had fallen overboard. Suspicion was, however, aroused, the sea gave up its dead, when it was seen Mrs. Kirwan had been murdered and then thrown into the sea. Kirwan was tried and found guilty; he had, however, powerful friends, and his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.[2]

Puck's Rock is a wild and singular precipice, which seems at one time to have formed part of Ireland's Eye. Apparently in some convulsion of nature it got detached and almost cut in two by the same force.

[1] The history of the Innisfallen Gospels was written by the late Dr. Petrie.

[2] For many years Kirwan's house in Upper Merrion Street was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the murdered wife, and so strong was the prejudice against it that it remained long unoccupied. When at last it was taken, the new tenant broke up a portion of the garden that lay at the back, when two skeletons were found. After they were laid in consecrated ground no further trouble occurred.

This curious appearance in shape, like a human figure, but so rudely put together as to be hardly recognized as such, is accounted for by a legend which relates that St. Nessan, one of three holy brothers before mentioned, was busy at his work of illuminating the Garland of Howth when an evil spirit suddenly interrupted his pious labour. The saint, alarmed at the demon coming to such close quarters, lost no time in hurling the Holy Book of Gospels at the intruder, and with such tremendous force did he project the volume, that the gigantic form was driven against the opposite rock, which he split, impaling himself in the fissure, from out of which he has not been able to extricate himself, although he has been for centuries hard at work. He has managed to disengage his body and arms, but one leg remains firmly wedged in the fissure.

We come now to the Castle of Howth, which stands on the site of the ancient pile called Corr Castle, of which only one tower remains. The present mansion, however, cannot be said to be in its teens; it is in truth venerable enough to be full of the ghosts of departed joys and dead and gone sorrows. It is bursting with family secrets, has chests full of yellow parchments, stores of letters closely written, over which probably oceans of tears were once shed, and family pictures with stories to match their faces. One of these portraits, by Bindon, is of Dean Swift, who was a frequent guest at Howth Castle. The picture was painted in 1735, and represents him in his

HOWTH CASTLE.

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clerical costume, with his enemy Wood at his feet, writhing in agony.[1]

The traditions attached to the family of St. Lawrence are numerous and interesting. The first has to do with a certain Knight Tristran, who took part in the famous Battle of Clontarf. This Tristran, being a man of pious habits, made a vow, the night before the battle, that if he slew his opponents he would himself change his name and take that of his patron saint, Lawrence, which, as there was no Heralds' Office in those days, he did without the expense of a deed-poll. The sword with which the Knight vanquished those opposed to him in the fight hangs in the hall of Howth Castle, which has been in the possession of the St. Lawrence family six hundred years. For all this, which is as a matter of fact historical, we have the authority of the great prophet of the Peerage, Burke. He does not, however, lend his name to some of the legends, one of which has a certain German flavour. This tells how, once upon a time at a dateless period of the Middle Ages, a violent storm broke over Howth in the night-time, and when daylight came a raft was descried floating towards the rocky hillside: upon the raft lay the unconscious form of a woman—needless to say, of extraordinary beauty. The lovely stranger being rescued, was carried up to the Castle and carefully nursed. She spoke a language no one

[1] The efforts to impose Wood's copper halfpence upon the Irish nation were stoutly resisted by Dean Swift, who wrote his famous "Drapier's Letters" and numerous ballads upon this subject.

understood; but she was evidently of noble birth, and her manners were as captivating as was her beauty. The Lord of Howth, who was a "bad, bold man," of the type usual in the Middle Ages, fell a victim to the charms of the stranger and married her. Previous to the marriage she was instructed in the Gaelic tongue; but his Lordship benefited nothing by this step, as the lady resolutely refused to communicate anything concerning her antecedents. Furthermore she declined to entertain the idea of uniting herself to the Baron until he swore on the Four Gospels to allow her each year to visit her friends for a certain number of days. Such a condition should have alarmed the Baron; but he was deeply in love, and, as is common with men and women in this condition, was blind and deaf to everything but the wishes of his heart. For the rest, the lady was a charming wife, and the Baron saw no cause to regret his union. Years went by, and each year the lady went on her mysterious visit, returning with strict punctuality at the time specified. It was curious that no one in the Castle noticed (possibly because such intruders were common) that during the lady's absence a small and rather peculiar rat attached itself to the Baron, and could not be driven away, even making its entrance into his bed. Its ways were endearing, and by degrees Lord Howth grew fond of it and missed it when it disappeared, which it did as soon as his wife returned. No one, however, associated its disappearance with her, until on one occasion,

when she was on her annual holiday, the Baron was obliged to give a large entertainment to some distinguished strangers who had landed at Howth. One of the suite in attendance on these guests saw the little rat, and, thinking to do the Baron a service, drew his rapier and killed it. At that moment a fearful shriek was heard, coming from the turret-room generally used by the absent mistress of the Castle, and there on a couch she was found in the last agonies of death, the cause being a wound in her neck, which corresponded with the incision made in the poor rat's throat by the stranger.[1]

A more authentic tale is connected with Howth Castle—that of Grace O'Malley, the celebrated Gran-a-uile, whose piracies on the high seas made her formidable to the English Government. Grace was the daughter of the Irish chieftain O'Malley, and she was the widow of another chief, O'Flaherty, belonging to the fierce fighting O'Flahertys. She dwelt at a strong western castle called Carrick-a-uile, where the walls were loopholed for musketry shots. Sidney, the English Lord-Deputy for Ireland, wrote to the Council in London in 1576 that Grace O'Malley was powerful in galleys and seamen. Previous to this, however, in 1575, Gran-a-uile made her way across the Channel, and had an interview with Queen Elizabeth, who treated her kindly, and peace was concluded between the two ladies. It was on her

[1] A story is told by Captain Basil Hall in "Schloss Hainfield" which bears a strong resemblance to this legend, so far as the mysterious visits are in question.

return from this expedition that she brought her ten galleys into the little creek which then did service for a harbour at Howth. The reason why she chose this landing-place instead of coming up the Liffey was no doubt due to the prevalence of the plague in Dublin City. The rest of the story is well known—how this singular woman walked up to the Castle and found the gates inhospitably closed against her, the household being all at dinner. On her return to the beach she carried off the young heir, who was, some say, playing on the strand, others (and it is believed this is the correct story) that he was out at nurse with one of the cottagers. Anyhow, she set sail with the child, and refused to return him to his parents until a large ransom was paid for his release; she likewise imposed the condition that the entrance gates and hall doors of the Castle should for all time be left open during meal-times—a custom carefully observed for three hundred years, and only discontinued during the present Earl's life, he naturally considering that such promises come within the Statute of Limitations. Nevertheless it may be doubted if it is wise to affront a popular superstition.

Another and melancholy tradition attaches to the old stump here reproduced by our artist. It was once a noble tree; but as the male members of the St. Lawrence race died it lost an arm or a branch, until it has shrunk to its present dimensions. The last branch that fell was found lying on the ground the same day that the late heir, the Hon. Kenelm St. Lawrence, expired. These coincidences, if such they be, are

strange, and belong to that world of spirits which lies so close to our more material life.

The sea view from the Hill of Howth is exceptionally fine. Nevertheless the making of a harbour for the passenger ships from Park Gate was found to be a mistake. That pleasant writer the "Knight of Innishowen"[1] makes merry over this port as "a real ould Irish job, badly constructed at the mouth of an estuary, which is for ever throwing up sandbanks." The job was soon found not to work, and Howth as a harbour was abandoned; it is now only used for fishermen's smacks.

CURIOUS STUMP OF A TREE AT HOWTH CASTLE.

Over the harbour, upon the very edge of what was once a sea cliff, stands the Abbey, the older portions of which belong to the thirteenth century. The neighbouring ruin of an old turret has apertures which once held the "bells," which are now in the Castle, where they keep company with Tristran's sword and numberless other heirlooms.

Since the railway has brought Howth within easy distance of Dublin, "the Hill" and the neighbouring localities have found much favour; as a place of summer residence it is in many respects more advan-

[1] "The Knight of Innishowen," otherwise Mr. J. Sheehan.

tageous than Kingstown or Bray, being far less "cockney." Lovers of the sea make their home here, and to those who revel in the ever-changing face of the great ocean one can imagine no dwelling more delightful than this sea-girt hill. Amongst the residents is Miss Stokes, whose admirable books on Celtic ornament and early Christian art are well known to students.

XIV.

DEVILLE AT GLASNEVIN.

Glasnevin.— Delville.— Addison.— Tickell.— Dean Swift.—Dr. Delany.—
Mrs. Pendarves, afterwards Mrs. Delany.—Stella.

CHAPTER XIV.

DELVILLE AT GLASNEVIN.

THE pretty little village of Glasnevin, about a mile and a half from the post-office, has a delightful air of quietude that would have suited that constant dreamer Evelyn to perfection. Here he could have found the restful calm that is never attained in the Great Babylon; here the trees, the flowers, the brooks, all tell the same story they have been telling for centuries—that the end of man is vanity. Glasnevin, indeed, is eminently suited for meditation. We have only to go into God's-acre close by, where the dead lie, as Longfellow says, "in holy sleep. No one comes to them now to hold them by the hand and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair; they need *us* not, however much we may need them, and yet they silently await our coming." If any people should be familiarized with the thought of death, it must be the inhabitants of Glasnevin, fifty or more funerals passing each day, and in times of severe epidemic even a hundred. The bell from the cemetery is tolling all through the forenoon its eternal requiem, and the interminable procession of carriages is ever winding along the road. Glasnevin is, in fact, "always berryin'," as the old sexton said with an air of pride, as if to

say other places lacked this excitement; and then in answer to a question of mine: "We don't mind the work—Lord love you, no!—we likes it; and will like it too when our time comes. Earth to earth for me; none of your stonework a-laying on top of me like a mountain weight, nor your big lonely vaults." "Afeard of what? There ain't nothing to be afeard of. Them that's down there" (with a comprehensive wave of his finger and thumb to the grass) "is the good-naturedest folk going; even the childer ain't afraid of *them*! Our little 'uns are downright fond of the coffins, they is; and all the childer like playing at funerals."

The sexton's observations were slightly creepy; but I reflected that custom reconciles one to everything, and that had I lived all my life under the shadow of a churchyard I might have been fond of the coffins too. It is a fact that the Irish have rather a pronounced taste for such sad functions as funerals. A well-known dignitary of the law always kept an extra pair of horses to do the funeral work, which was very heavy; the pair, which were none of the best, being always busy. For the rest, the Glasnevin Cemetery is made lovely with flowers, shrubs, and finely grown trees. It has a dim religious air about it, a sort of sacredness that impresses even the most frivolous. The monuments are, as a rule, in good taste. Here lie two of Ireland's patriots. The water tower erected to Daniel O'Connell, which can be seen for miles round, is not a very touching record of a life given to his country; but at all events it is a record.

Mr. Parnell's grave is as yet unmarked, save by the floral decorations annually presented by his admirers.

Glasnevin has many associations beside those connected with the grave; it bristles, in fact, with memories of bygone celebrities. A very rural path brings us from the Cemetery to the Botanic Gardens, which had been the home of Tickell the poet, who came to Ireland with Addison, Lord Sunderland's secretary. One of the walks was planted under Addison's direction, and is called in his honour Addison Walk. It is said it was here Tickell composed the ballad called "Colin and Lucy," commencing "In Leinster famed for maidens fair." Tickell's poems are not much read, if at all, by the present generation; but he showed a poet's want of tact when he emphasized the beauty of any particular district. Neither was his assertion correct, as the most celebrated beauties hail from the South and West. Probably Tickell[1] wished to convey a compliment to the noble family of Kildare.

The Botanic Gardens are close to the village of Glasnevin, which lies at the foot of a slight elevation dignified with the name of a hill. There is one long, straggling street, in which there are some good houses interspersed with shops. Life evidently is not at high pressure in Glasnevin. A picturesque bridge crosses the Tolka,[2] the view being delightfully sylvan and

[1] Tickell's grandson married Miss Linley, the sister of Mrs. Sheridan. The family, however, had then left Ireland. Not many years ago there was a descendant of Tickell living in Dublin; he was in humble circumstances, but he always maintained his descent from the poet.

[2] A tributary streamlet dignified with the title of river.

sweet. As I stood on the bridge that lovely summer's afternoon, my fancy pictured all those who had once made this quiet country nook alive with fun and frolic. I saw the large figure of Jonathan Swift striding along in his Dean's hat, with all his satellites about him; for here lived one of his intimate companions, who had built himself a house called Delville at the top of the so-called hill. There it stands, just as it was, the high gates shutting out the curious eyes of the village worthies.[1] Readers of Mrs. Delany have read all about D.D., the Dean of Down, who was the friend of his neighbour Tickell, and of Addison, Swift, Sheridan, and all the wits and literati of the day. Although he had been born in the humblest rank—it was said he was the son of a servant, and passed through Trinity College as a sizar—he got on through the usual means, the powerful patron in his case being Lord Carteret, the Lord-Lieutenant in 1730. The first preferments he received were, however, too small to be of any real service, as he very humorously describes in a letter to his Excellency. This appeal was in verse, a manner of writing then very much in fashion:

> Would my good Lord but cast up th' account,
> And see to what my resources amount;
> My title's ample, but my gain so small
> That one vicarage is worth them all.
> And very wretched, sure, is he that doubles
> In nothing but his titles and his troubles.

[1] The gates are only slightly indicated in the illustration, which gives the *prettiest* view of Delville.

Dr. Delany was a truly Irish character, one that is rarely understood by our English brethren. He was kind, humorous, hot-headed, and variable, as most clever men are. He was an excellent Churchman, and had a certain amount of religion, which by his enemies was called cant. A recent writer says "his chief talent (always excepting his *hypocrisy*, and the most refined arts of

DELVILLE, DEAN T. DELANY'S HOUSE, GLASNEVIN.

dissimulation and flattery, wherein perhaps he excelled all the human race) was that of writing an epigram, wherein he outshone most of his contemporaries." It was this gift, taken together with his social position, that made him one of that brilliant circle of wits which comprised Swift, Berkeley, and Sheridan. These, when they were not supping together, were busy writing to

one another verses upon every conceivable subject. To us who read them now, without the advantage of knowing the *dramatis personæ*, or the circumstances, the wit is sometimes rather obscure; the flow was, however, kept up in the most surprising manner. In 1732 Dr. Delany sends Dean Swift a silver standish with lines:

Hither from Mexico I came
To serve a proud Iernian Dame;
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at Quadrille.
Through various shapes I often passed,
Still hoping to have rest at last,
And still ambitious to attain
Admission to the *Patriot* Dean (or Dane?),
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turned out to serve the poor;
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decayed.
At length an artist purchased me,
And wrought me to the shape you see;
This done, to Hermes I applied,
And Hermes gratified my pride.

. . . .

Be it my fate to serve a sage,
The greatest genius of his age;
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die.
"I grant your suit," the god replied,
And here he left me to reside.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER TO PRESENTS RECEIVED ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

A paper book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil;
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.

Let both around my tomb be placed
As trophies of a Muse deceased,
In praise of long-departed wit,
Engraved on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage
The vandals of the present age.

When Dr. Delany got into easier circumstances, he bought some ground at Glasnevin, on which, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Helsham, fellow of Trinity College, he built and laid out the grounds of Delville, or Heldeville, as it was originally called, from the first two syllables of the owners' names. This sulphur-and-brimstone title was, however, too tempting for the wits of the day, who gave the two doctors such a hot time, that the first syllable was dropped, and the place was known as Delville. But this change did not lessen the attacks of the persecutors, who bombarded the two friends with all manner of satirical rhyming upon their new domicile. The satire, however, was denied by Dr. Sheridan, who dedicated an entire poem to Delville, beginning :

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, sir, I will not gibe;
For who would be satirical upon a thing so very small?

He goes on to describe this nutshell :

You scarce upon the borders enter
Before you're at the very centre;
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight.

Yet o'er this narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety ;
Both walks and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay and grass and corn it yields,
All to your haggard brought so cheap in
Without the mowing or the reaping.
A razor—though to say't I'm loth—
Would shave *you* and your meadows *both* !

The house is treated in a very amusing manner :

Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse,
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian bear ;
For if it's entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

All this gibing was accepted in good part, hard-hitting being a feature of Irish society, where it prevails to the present day—unfortunately in a less witty form.

For the rest, Dr. Delany and Helsham could smile at any effort to decry their charming little domicile, which to this day preserves its unique attraction. The garden is singularly pretty. It is said to have been the first demesne which shook off the stiff Dutch style of gardening introduced in William III.'s reign, and of which an example is still preserved at Hampton Court. At Delville the straight lines were softened into curves, the everlasting terrace was made into a sloping bank ; and there were all sorts of " prettinesses," as Mrs. Delany calls them, scattered through the

grounds—little wild walks, private seats, and lovely prospects. She mentions the Beggars' Seat, which

SWIFT'S TEMPLE AT DELVILLE.

was placed at the end of a cunning wild path, thick set with trees; it overlooks the brook, which entertains you with a purling sound. Through the grounds were

scattered "bowers of delight"; one of these was the famous temple dedicated to Swift.

After all, as in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the principal interest Delville holds for the present generation is its association with Swift, whose giant personality seems to have dwarfed almost to insignificance the men of his time. That Swift admitted Dr. Delany to an intimate companionship is proved by the many mementoes which existed of him at Delville: the printing press in a dark vault, where the first number of the *Legion Club* was printed; the temple erected at the point he preferred; while on the frieze there is the motto attributed to him (*Fastigia despicit urbis*), and inside the medallion of Stella. On each Wednesday in the week he was the centre of a brilliant company of clever men, who were wont to assemble round the Doctor's hospitable board, Mrs. Johnson being the only lady ever admitted on these occasions. The interchange of rhymes that flowed from the pen of Dr. Delany to the Dean and from the Dean to Dr. Delany would fill a volume. Some of these efforts are mere trifles; others are very smart, especially when the Dean takes the pen. I do not wish to weary my reader with too much versifying, but Swift's lines on one of the windows of Delville are very much to the point:

A bard grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself;
This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him to ask what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser;

'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet grows miser;
I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design,
For wherever he lives the Muses shall reign—
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

These lines were prophetic. One of the Muses, as we know, did take possession of Delville, but not for many years after Swift's lines were written; nor was she the first occupier of the house which was too small to hold "a cat."

It was in 1742—Dr. Delany being then a widower, and enjoying the ample fortune of his first wife—that reports began to be whispered that he was about to marry a second time, and to the charming fashionable Mrs. Pendarves, the niece of my Lord Granville, and connected with the highest English nobility. A certain Mrs. Foley spread the news, which caused a great stir. Mrs. Pendarves was herself taken by surprise—at least, so she gives us to understand. She was just about to start on a trip to the Continent with Lady Westmorland, when a letter arrived from the Dean of Down, which changed the whole colour of her life.[1] It

[1] *Letter of proposal from the Dean of Down to Mrs. Pendarves.*—He begins by alluding to the death of his first wife: "You, madam, are not a stranger to my present unhappy situation, and that it has pleased God to desolate my dwelling." Then he acknowledges he has lost one that was as *his own soul.* Still the void in his heart must be filled: "I flatter myself that I have still a heart turned to social delights, and not estranged either from the tenderness of true affection or the refinement of friendship." He is old, but looks older than he really is; and "though not bettered in years, still is in good heart"—a delightful expression. His circumstances come next: "I have a good clear income for my life; a trifle to settle; a good house, as houses go in our part of the world, moderately furnished; a good many books; and a pleasant garden."

s really a very pretty letter, and it is no wonder it touched the heart of the lady; but her friends were indignant at such presumption. A man of no family, a hanger-on to the Castle, and *in gravis annæ*, as Johnson said of him, they would not listen to the bare notion. The lover, however, was persistent. He implored for one minute's conversation, and, this request being granted, the rest followed; for we all know the fate of the woman who hesitates. The marriage was a very happy one; and the present generation must be thankful that it secured for them those delightful volumes of Mrs. Delany's Autobiography, where we mix in the most pleasant society, and feel we know intimately all manner of charming people.

Mrs. Delany's pen photographs for us with lifelike accuracy her household, her mode of life, and her house itself. She had known Delville thirteen years before she came to it as a bride, but she was all anxiety to see it again. "There never was a sweeter dwelling," she writes to her sister. "I have traversed the house and gardens, and never saw a more delightful place." In another letter she describes every room with its furniture and arrangements with the closest particularity. The late Lady Llanover, in her introduction to the Autobiography, tells us that this account is so faithful that when she read it to a lady who had been there in 1860 she declared it might still serve as a description of the place; and I may add that what was faithful in 1860 is also wonderfully correct in 1897, the disposition of the rooms being quite the same, and in

some cases the position of the furniture being much the same as it was one hundred and sixty years ago.

Mrs. Delany was not only a proficient in the delicate needlework in which our grandmothers delighted, but she likewise excelled in what was apparently an invention of her own; it was a mixture of painting and shellwork, the effect being something after the manner of stucco. She arranged her shells in festoons and garlands; and the fame of her work spread everywhere, giving her a reputation for artistic skill, which she afterwards increased by her wonderful "Flora," which was the admiration of the Court of good Queen Charlotte.

ORIEL WINDOW IN THE CHAPEL, DELVILLE.

There might be, however, a possibility of having

too much of a good thing; and to judge from her own account, Mrs. Delany rather overdid Delville with shellwork. But this is a common fault with amateurs. The temple was surrounded with a frieze of shells, every room almost had either a shell frieze or a shell circle round the ceiling. In the portico dedicated to the Duke of Portland (fancy dedicating a portico!) there was a shell chandelier, which fell to pieces one day when some great folks—I think Lord and Lady Chesterfield—were expected.[1]

In 1860 the lady[2] who visited a certain Mr. and Mrs. Mallet, who at that time occupied Delville, saw a quantity of shells which had been taken down when the house was under repair.[3] Mrs. Mallet fortunately left some rooms as they were, and these still remain with the pretty festoons of shellwork, at which one looks with a saddened interest; for is it not curious to think how so slight a thing as a woman's work should survive so much longer than the artist? Of Mrs. Delany's japanning, in which she also excelled, there is no trace.

Mrs. Delany was indeed a woman of many occupations, and never seems to have been idle a moment. She was always perfectly happy, whether she was busy settling the library, where the Dean had added a sort of closet, or whether she was preparing for the reception

[1] This untoward accident occurred from the damp, which made the cement give way.

[2] Mentioned on page 346.

[3] The shells were exceedingly expensive, good specimens, costing from five to fifteen guineas.

of Lord and Lady Chesterfield. How amusing is her description of their visit, written October, 1745! It reads like an event in your life or mine, always supposing we are on such intimate terms with Viceroys:

"Early in the morning came an express from Dublin to say their Excellencies were coming to breakfast. To work went all my maids, dropping covers off all the chairs, sweeping, dusting, until by eleven my house was as spruce as a cabinet of curiosities, and well bestowed upon their Excellencies, who commended and admired, and were as polite as possible. They came soon after eleven in their travelling coach, examined every room, were delighted with the situation, liked the furniture, but were impatient to see my own work, upon which the Dean conducted them into 'the Minerva,' where I had two tables covered with all sorts of breakfast."[1]

Their Excellencies came again; but the bishopric

[1] It might amuse my fair readers to have a glimpse at Mrs. Delany's housekeeping. Here is the *menu* of her first dinner party:

First Course.

Turkey Endive or with Endives.

Venison Pasty. Soup.

Boyld leg Mutton.

Greens. Roast Loin of Veal.

Second Course.

Partridges.

Fricassée of Eggs. Creamed Apple Tart. Pigeons.

Sweetbreads. Plum Pudding. Crabs.

Collared Pig.

upon which Mrs. Delany had set her heart was given to Dr. Clayton, who was not half so orthodox as dear D.D., who had written an excellent book on Revelation, which has long since been committed to the Erebus which receives such old-world theology. Dr. Johnson said the Dean was an able man; but he did not care for his theory about eating blood which was in his book on Revelation.

Dr. Delany was very absent-minded; and one day, being appointed to preach before George II. at St. James's, he entered the chapel after prayers were begun, and seated himself by the side of the reader. The clerk looked about for the preacher, and, seeing a clergyman in the desk, reminded him of his duty by pulling his sleeve. The doctor, angry at being thus disturbed at his devotions, kicked the man, and resisted until brought to a recollection of his duty by being asked for the text, which had to be handed to the King.

There is an end, however, to the happiest of all happy lives, and the day came when poor D.D. was carried away and buried in the Cathedral, and his widow had to leave her sweet Delville, with all the shell decorations. I am sure she felt an added pang that they could not go with her into her new life, which life, by the way, led her into a much higher walk than the one she and D.D. had trodden. And so the chapter closed, as all chapters must.

Delville underwent many changes after Mrs. Delany left. It passed through many hands. At one time it was occupied by Sir William Somerville; in late years

by Sir Patrick Keenan, who allowed Swift's time-honoured temple to be used as a stable. Delville is now in the hands of those who seem to appreciate its simple beauties and to reverence its old-world associations; any improvements made by Mr. O'Keefe are in excellent taste.

XV.

RATHMINES, RANELAGH, RATHFARNHAM, ETC.

Rathmines.—Portobello.—Canal Travelling.—Lord Edward FitzGerald.—Mrs. Dillon.—Ranelagh Gardens.—Marlborough Green.—Tallaght.—The Battle of Tallaght Hill.—Fortfield.—Rathfarnham Castle.—Dolly Monroe.—The Priory.—Curran and his Family.—His Wit.

CHAPTER XV.

RATHMINES, RANELAGH, RATHFARNHAM, ETC.

RATHMINES is, or rather I should say has lately become, an important suburb of Dublin. Not many years ago little better than an enlarged village, it now stretches its interminable rows of houses, mostly built of the same pattern, into Rathgar, which in its turn extends almost to Rathfarnham. We come to Rathmines by crossing Portobello Bridge, which connects the City with Rathmines. In the early part of this century Portobello Bridge was one of the principal "locks" belonging to the canal-boats, which, previous to the introduction of steam, formed a favourite mode of travelling. This snail-like method of getting about had certain advantages; it was an excellent means of seeing the country, and there was a lazy indifference to the value of time that suited the Celtic character. The inconveniences far outnumbered the advantages. To reach Dublin from Athlone or Mullingar took two days and two nights, during which travellers of both sexes had only one saloon in which to eat their food and spend the night sitting bolt upright on each side of the table upon which the meals were served. In fine weather the days could be spent

loitering along the banks or sitting upon the narrow deck; but imagine the long night in the saloon, with the reeking smell of perpetual whisky-and-water. The only other mode of transit was the public coach, unless for those of higher condition, who travelled in their own carriages.

It must be owned that, rapid as is our method of locomotion, it does not bear comparison with the luxurious style in which the upper ten of long ago made their progresses in those large, roomy, travelling carriages, with soft cushions and leg-rests, and coffin-like imperials and mysterious boot-boxes on the top. There was no rushing for trains or hunting for luggage; the horses were changed at every stage; and generally two stages (twenty or thirty miles) comprised a day's work, at the end of which came the comfortable inn, where the landlord welcomed the arrivals with effusive servility.

But to return to our canal-boat, which was the resort of the middle classes and those who hung on to the genteel fringe of society. These, as may well be imagined, never acknowledged their humble method of visiting grand relations, for it must be owned our ancestors had not the healthy contempt for public opinion that now prevails, when no one is ashamed of travelling how he likes. Not long since a man of high position remarked that the best-mannered people were to be found in the third class; and every one knows the saying of the bishop, that if there was a fourth class he would travel in it. Another amusing anecdote is of the gentleman who was going to visit

some aristocratic friend, and who met in the third class a gentleman of distinguished address, who seemed on easy terms of acquaintance with the owners of the fine parks past which the course of the line ran. Mr. D——, as we will call the gentleman, had a habit, upon which he much prided himself, of descending a couple of stations before he reached the end of his journey, which latter portion he performed in the more exalted first class. In this way he did not notice that his travelling companion alighted at the same station as he did. At dinner he was in the midst of describing his distinguished fellow-passenger, who, he declared, was one of the most charming men he ever met, when he suddenly looked across the table, and there in full livery stood the very man. Mr. D—— left his noble friend next morning.

One of the dangers of travelling by canal-boat was "passing the locks," the force of the water sometimes submerging the not too well constructed craft. A most extraordinary accident occurred many years ago upon Portobello Bridge. One evening, when a gale of wind was blowing, the omnibus or coach that plied between Rathfarnham and Dublin was blown into the canal; many people were injured, and Mr. Gunn, father to the late manager of the Dublin Theatre, lost his life.

A short step from the bridge, but at a good distance from the main road, stands a tall, sinister-looking house, with a large garden behind. This was the residence of Grattan, to whom it was presented by the citizens of Dublin in lieu of the gift of money which he declined. A less attractive residence cannot

be imagined. For many years it was occupied by Mrs. Grattan, widow of Grattan's second son, Henry. I believe it has now passed into strange hands.

Yet another association with Portobello is with the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald, who lay concealed in one of the small houses on Rathmines Road, at the back of Portobello Hotel. Mr. Madden, in his "United Irishmen," says it was the house of a widow lady of the name of Dillon, to whom Lord Edward was introduced by Dr. Lawless. Lord Edward went by the name of Jameson; but his real name was discovered by means of his boots, on the lining of which his titles were given at full length.

The first time he was concealed at Mrs. Dillon's he escaped detection, and went away unharmed. He returned in May, when the pursuit after him was becoming very keen. He arrived at Mrs. Dillon's, accompanied by his faithful friends Dr. Lawless and Cormick, the feather merchant. His clothes were soiled with mud, from having lain down in a ditch by the roadside until some people passed. Moore tells how Mrs. Dillon was visiting a neighbour when the news was brought to her, "Miss FitzGerald of Ally" had arrived. The poor woman was so agitated that she fainted. Lord Edward's unguarded conduct was always a source of great anxiety to his friends. "He would take no precautions," says Moore, "and scarcely a day passed without his having company to dinner." He left Mrs. Dillon's house on May 13 to concert measures for the general rising, which was

fixed for the 23rd. The tragedy of his arrest and death quickly followed.

Near Rathmines is Ranelagh, an old-world spot, with mean second-class houses, mostly given over to lodgers. Here in the last century were the Ranelagh Gardens, very popular and fashionable, and a good imitation of Vauxhall. "Ranelagh," says Seward, "was formerly the rural and beautiful seat of a Bishop of Derry, which was afterwards converted into a place of entertainment"; and in all the social annals of Dublin Ranelagh Gardens figure. One of the many versifiers of the day thus describes the scene:

Along the grass full many a group
Are pacing slow, in lightsome talk;
Full powdered wig and swelling hoop
Flutter along the velvet walk.
Coy ribands wave on breast and waist;
Rings flash, and laces' golden glow
Display the deep maturèd taste
Of blooming maid and brilliant beau.
Now comes a light-heeled gallant by,
In ruffles, sword, and curled toupee;
While glitters in his anxious eye
The jest he'll give the world to-day.

One of the most noted frequenters of Ranelagh Gardens was Hely Hutchinson, the Provost of Trinity College, who was notorious for his love of dancing, which gained for him the name of "the Prancer":

In minuet step how he advances;
Strike up the fiddles—see how he dances!
With his well-turned pumps,
How he skips and he jumps!

Clear tables and chairs, for he prances, he prances!
He dancing lectures did ordain,
And drove out all the Muses' train.
Dancing is a prancer's pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet the pleasure that requires no brain!

Provost Hutchinson was not the only celebrity we hear of as being a constant visitor to Ranelagh. There were Isaac Corry, who originated the window tax, and was always spoken of as "having laid a tax upon daylight," and Lord Norbury, who "*shot* up" into preferment. Lord Charlemont and the Duke of Leinster were also often there, as well as many other celebrities and beauties, such as Miss Swete, who jilted John Fitz-Gibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, for the sake of the unfortunate Henry Sheares, whose body lies in St. Michan's ghastly vault. The beauties who came to Ranelagh (and amongst them are mentioned the beautiful Gunnings) are admonished by the ballad-mongers of the day, with great frankness, to desist from aiding nature by cosmetics:

Why lay the noxious rouge upon that face
Where now already blooms the vermeil grace?
Or why with washes strive to add new charms
To the consummate lily of your arms?
Since more true beauties deck one Irish "*toast*"
Than a whole world of painted dolls can boast.
Let Art patch up proud Gallia's olive dames,
And form its beauties on the banks of Thames;
Let the Italian courtesan display
Her white-washed face, spoiled shape, and rich array;

> But cursed be she who first from foreign parts
> Brought upon Irish ground these baneful arts,
> Destroying Nature's, Virtue's loveliest plan,
> And rend'ring woman hateful unto man.

Marlborough Green was another favourite tea garden. The duel which took place here in 1761 between Richard Lord Delvin, only son of the sixth Earl of Westmeath, and Captain George Reilly, in which the young nobleman was killed, caused the *grande monde* of Dublin society to desert Marlborough Green, although it was proved at Captain Reilly's trial that the duel was forced upon him by Lord Delvin, who had taken too much wine and persisted in annoying with his attentions a very handsome lady not of his acquaintance who was walking with Captain Reilly. According to the then rules of society, Reilly had to resent his impertinence. The desertion of fashionable society caused Marlborough Green to be closed.

The attractions of Rutland Gardens drew away the public from Ranelagh ; but later Portobello Gardens came into vogue, and were kept up till a few years ago, when their languishing existence came to an end. As a matter of fact, the damp nature of the Irish climate has always been the great enemy to *al-fresco* entertainments. When Ranelagh Gardens were re-opened by Kolleter, rained poured in torrents whenever any attraction was announced. The unfortunate Kolleter was ruined in consequence.

Rathmines, as well as its neighbours Rathgar and

Rathfarnham, denotes, by the first syllable of the word *rath*, a castle, that here some sort of fortresses once existed. Where Rathmines Castle stood does not seem to be known; but it probably was occupied by Cromwell's troopers after the Battle of Rathmines in 1641, when the Republicans under General Jones annihilated Ormonde's army.

The drive from Rathmines through Rathgar is extremely pretty, the sweet-smiling country suggesting no sanguinary recollections; and yet not more than thirty years ago what was called "a Fenian rising" had its centre in this neighbourhood. All the world has heard of the Battle of Tallaght Hill, which took place in 1867. I do not think it was ever accepted seriously, and I search my memory in vain for any haunting recollections of that time—unless it were that there was that feeling of excitement in the air always pleasant to the young. Guns were pointed on the gate of the Castle, there was no admittance within without a countersign, and dinner parties were apt to lose Lord Strathnairn's presence, and balls were shorn of some of the best dancers, who were out against the Fenians.

It is now well known that, as in Emmet's rising, the country contingents proved false; the reinforcements from Meath, Wicklow, and Wexford failing to put in an appearance. Fortunately for themselves they did not; for Lord Strathnairn, whose Indian experience had taught him to be prompt, had stationed troops at every quarter where the reinforcements were

expected. Deserted by their allies, the rather irregular forces within the capital kept their tryst on March 5. There were rather too few men amongst them to excite great alarm; they were mostly young, inexperienced shop-boys, and they had with them two cart-loads of arms and ammunition. These poor boys—for they were little more—had a nasty walk of four miles over an undulating country, with a drizzle of rain and sleet in their faces: still they went on their way. The following is an account of what followed, from an eye-witness:

"The police barrack at Tallaght is a weak building, incapable of resisting determined assailants. On the night of March 5 there were fourteen constabulary in the barrack, when an excited messenger gave information that the Fenians had risen and were marching on the Tallaght Road. Almost at the same moment the sound of a very large number of advancing men was heard. The inspector who commanded the constabulary ordered his men to move out and face the enemy. These could be heard and seen advancing like an irregular moving wall. It seemed as if the earth had risen five or six feet high, and were pressing forwards. When the constabulary challenged the crowd, no reply was given. Some order was issued to the insurgents, and then a volley came from the rebel ranks, irregular and scattered; but the light of the rifles pointed out the insurgents to the constabulary. These had knelt down, and the insurgents' fire passed over them without wounding a man. Then

the constabulary delivered their fire, all together, like one shot. There was silence for an instant, then terrific yells rent the air, and screams of men in agony. The insurgents recoiled and broke at once. I can compare their breaking up to nothing but that of a 'school' of mackerel. They ran everywhere, jostling, impeding, fighting each other, in anxiety to escape. You could hear the pike-staves and revolvers falling on the ground, as they were thrown away in the panic. The dark mass melted away, but on the ground lay two dying men: one clutching at the gravel, and screaming out, 'O men! O men!' The other was deperately wounded, and insensible. Two others were found next morning. They had been thrown into a ditch to die. The bullets of the constabulary did their work well; no one can tell how many were 'hurt badly' by that one volley. I know there have been several clandestine burials and unhonoured graves; and I believe that there are still many sorely mangled lying in out-houses, a terror to their friends."

This is the account of the Battle of Tallaght Hill, which is summarized by the natives, who are much too quick-witted not to see where the shoe pinches, and who at once gave the name of "Tallaght tall talk" to anything approaching to boasts or menaces with no power to enforce them.

Terenure, which is not far from Tallaght (in fact, you pass through the first to reach the latter), has an exceptionally well-cared-for air: the people look all comfortable and happy; the air is delightful. Some

pretty gentlemen's seats give an inhabited air to the landscape. Amongst these are Bushy Park, Sir William Shaw's, and Fortfield, the handsome residence of John Hatchell, Esq. This was built by Lord Avonmore (Barry Yelverton), one of the circle of

FORTFIELD, THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN HATCHELL, ESQ.

brilliant lawyers whose cleverness gave a prestige to the Irish Bar in the last century.

"In the common transactions of life," says his contemporary Sir Jonah Barrington, "Lord Avonmore was an infant, in the varieties of wrong and right a frail mortal, in the Senate and the Bar a mighty giant."

He began life as a teacher of classics at Dr. Black's

School in King Street, but soon found he was fitted for better work. His progress at the Bar was rapid. As a judge his great fault lay at jumping to a conclusion too rapidly. Curran, who never allowed the weakness of friend or enemy to escape his passion for a joke, demonstrated to a full Court this weakness of Avonmore's. Excusing his delay in attending to conduct a certain case, he referred to the necessity he felt of recovering from the distressing effects on his mind of a scene he had just witnessed. The kind-hearted old judge inquiring what it was, "I will tell your Lordship as calmly as I can," said Curran. "On my way to Court I passed through the market." "Yes, I know, the Castle Market," struck in his Lordship. "Exactly, the Castle Market; and passing near one of the stalls, I beheld a brawny butcher brandishing a sharp, gleaming knife. A calf he was about to slay was standing, awaiting the death-stroke, when at that moment—that critical moment—a lovely little girl came bounding along in all the sportive mirth of childhood from her father's stall. Before a moment had passed the butcher plunged his knife into the breast of——" "Good God! his child!" sobbed the judge, deeply affected. "No, my Lord, but the calf," rejoined Curran; "but your Lordship often anticipates."

Lord Avonmore died in 1805, at the age of sixty-nine. After an interval Fortfield passed into the keeping of another official dignitary, Judge Hatchell, father to the present owner. Mr. Hatchell is under the impression that Fortfield was built after Adam's

design. But this is not so. There is no work of the Adam brothers in or near Dublin. If there was, it would be mentioned amongst the record of mansions designed by them, which extends to twenty volumes, and can be seen in the Soane Museum. Fortfield was probably built after Sir William Chambers's design.

Ten minutes' walk brings you to

Templeogue,

the residence of the late Charles James Lever, one of the best of the Irish novelists, the edge of his wit being so keen, and his knowledge of human nature (especially of his own countrymen) so true, that his books will live when those of, in a sense, better writers are forgotten. It would be indeed an extraordinarily dense mind that could find a dull page in the ever-delightful "Lorrequer." Charles Lever was for many years editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, a periodical that had in its day a place in literature, many good writers being on the staff. It is not generally known that it was in the pages of the *University Magazine* that Miss Broughton made her *début* as a new leader of fiction. The *Magazine* was then being edited by Mr. Le Fanu, to whom she was nearly related.

The Priory.

Retracing our steps from Templeogue, we cross a pretty rustic bridge which spans the winding Dodder,

sweet and most romantic of rivers, and drive along a shady road, which to those who know its associations is full of romance; for here is John Philpot Curran's house, the Priory, around which must ever linger a tender and sorrowful interest in the fate of those two unhappy lovers Thomas Emmet and Sarah Curran. Here they met for the last time; and it was after taking leave of his young love that Emmet was arrested at the adjoining village of Harold's Cross, and then it was that, to his surprise, Curran became acquainted with the mutual attachment between his daughter and the prisoner. Curran's enemy, Lord Clare, made an attempt to implicate Curran in the conspiracy; but he had powerful friends, and the attempt failed.

The Priory, which is an unpretending, comfortable house, was the scene of Curran's unostentatious hospitality. His circle of friends was principally gathered from a younger generation. "The aspect of old age," says his son and biographer, Richard, "depressed him, while youth's joyousness revived his own. Of his early Bar associates, whose countenances indicated the ravages of time, I never remember one as a guest at the Priory." These youthful guests were devoted to their brilliant host, who enjoyed being the centre of an admiring group of young, ardent spirits, who applauded his sparkling wit with boyish enthusiasm. Curran's wit was, like his eloquence, spontaneous; it seemed to burst forth almost without his volition; he could move his audience at will to bitter tears or laughter. One of the many stories told of

his sudden power of repartee was when on one occasion he drove his jaunting car against the gig of a gentleman, who was highly indignant, and insisted upon an apology, which Curran refused to make. Cards were exchanged. When Curran saw the gentleman's name was Shiel, he burst into shouts of laughter. "My dear sir," he said, when he could speak, "I apologize; you have conferred the greatest favour on me; I never expected to see Shiel in a gig, and here I have you. Shiel in a gig! Shiel in a gig!"[1] and with another shout of laughter he drove away, leaving his adversary more indignant than ever.

Stories of Curran's wit have been told over and over again, his powers of retort and repartee being unrivalled. Rogers used to tell a story of how a young girl once threw the wit into the utmost confusion. It was at a Greenwich dinner, and Curran was asseverating loudly that, sooner than submit to a particular thing, he would rather be hanged on twenty gibbets. On this said the young girl, in a gentle voice, "Don't you think, sir, that one would be sufficient?"[2]

Curran has often been accused of being a neglectful husband and an unkind father. It must be remembered that when he married his cousin, Miss Creagh, he was passionately attached to her, and continued to be so

[1] "Shiel-in-a-gig," an old ballad.

[2] Asseveration, we are told, betrays Celtic origin; it is an unconscious effort to impress upon "the gallery" the importance of the speaker. So we find many persons using "I never in all my life" and such phrases, which are all assertive; in fact, the personal pronoun should be kept under as much as possible. "Bannissez-le *moi*," says Madame de Swetchine, "c'est haïssable!"

for many years, until her affectations, her laziness, and her inordinate conceit thoroughly disgusted him. His coldness to his children was very much on the surface; he grieved intensely for the death of a girl of twelve years old, who is buried in the grounds of the Priory, and on whose monument some simple lines testify to the sorrow caused by her death. It is impossible that a man of his nature was not deeply moved by the sad tragedy that darkened Sarah's life, but his was not a nature to lay bare his griefs to an unsympathizing world. The latter portion of his life was full of gloom, as is well described by his intimate friend Cyrus Redding.

Curran's portrait by Lawrence, which is in the National Gallery, Dublin, is a veritable masterpiece. The painter, seeming to have been inspired by the "forcible character of the face before him," rose into power and dignity, two attributes generally wanting in Lawrence's "fashionable portraits." The story goes that the first portrait of Curran painted by the artist was of the ordinary type; but before it was completed he chanced to meet his sitter at a convivial dinner, and at once realized that he had only painted a sort of wooden effigy of the man. He told Curran he must paint him again. The result is the striking portrait, which, once seen, is not forgotten. The colouring and handling of this wonderful picture all show a sudden burst of vigour and dash quite different from Lawrence's usual "florid luxuriance of colour and stroke, which he flattered himself was Titianesque."

After we leave the Priory and drive along the

Rathfarnham Road, we are attracted by the fine gates of Rathfarnham Castle, which is associated with one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, Dolly Monroe, who turned the heads and won the hearts of the *jeunesse dorée* of Dublin one hundred and thirty years ago. Hers is a sad story, although not so tragic as Sarah Curran's. To her befell that unpleasant accident of falling between two stools, although, to say the truth, this tumble was due to the influence of her ambitious advisers. It is an old story this—the preaching down of a girl's heart and setting up therein the golden idol of money or rank. Truly Dolly should not have listened; but she was young, and accustomed to look up to her aunt, Lady Loftus, and obey her as a mother. So she sent away her handsome lover, Hercules Langrishe,[1] and sought the conquest of Lord Townshend, the newly made Viceroy, whose wife, dying since his appointment, had left the post of Vice-Queen vacant. How it was that Dolly did not succeed to the vacancy would take too long to tell; it is all written elsewhere, and is a very useful lesson to young ladies who have two strings to their bow. Dolly got neither of her strings, and would have fallen alto-

[1] Since writing the above lines, I have been informed by Mr. Richard Langrishe that the story of Sir Hercules Langrishe's love for Dolly Monroe is an "*utter invention.*" He admired her, as all the world did; but he was a married man with a large family, and an excellent husband. So perishes a pretty love story. The statement also made (originally by Sir Jonah Barrington) that Sir Hercules took a sum of £15,000 for surrendering his right to vote against the Union is also, I understand from Mr. Langrishe, quite false. The Government paid the money for the disfranchisement of the borough, and not for many years *after the Union.* It gives me much pleasure to make this contradiction, as Sir Hercules had served his country so well it seemed a sad ending.

gether to the ground, only she was picked up by a third admirer, and ended her days as Mrs. Richardson. Her portrait is in the National Gallery, painted by Angelica Kauffmann ; it is rather a formal face, not in Angelica's best manner, and one likes far better the larger canvas by the same artist,—a family group, with Dolly, sweet and girlish, in the centre ; the Marquis and Marchioness of Ely ; and Angelica, then on a visit to the Castle, standing by the harpsichord.[1] The canvas is rather crowded, and suggests the Vicar of Wakefield's friends the Flamboroughs ; but it was the fashion then to get the worth of one's money. We are told that Lord Townshend personally superintended the taking of Dolly's likeness ; his widowed eyes found comfort in looking at her golden hair and sunny eyes, and each day his Excellency's grand coach and six horses, with running footmen to match, made quite a stir as it came clattering along the country road from Dublin. No wonder Dolly's aunt saw in imagination the coronet upon her sweet charge's golden head !

To return to the history of Rathfarnham Castle—for a history it has, written on its massive stone walls.

[1] Angelica Kauffmann visited Dublin in 1771, bringing letters of introduction from her many friends amongst the nobility. She was introduced to Lord Townshend by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her portraits of Dolly and the family group were discovered after Chief Justice Blackburne had purchased the Castle ; they were hidden away with other valuables behind the oak panelling in the hall. Lord Ely presented both pictures to the National Gallery. The large group was then thought to be the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds or Cotes, and it was so named in the Catalogue. It was Mr. Henry Doyle, the then Director of the Gallery, who discovered the signature "A. Kauffmann."

The old tower dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was built by Adam Loftus, Lord Chancellor of Ireland and Archbishop of Dublin. He was likewise created in 1685 Lord Rathfarnham and Viscount Lisburne. This fortunate individual had one crumple in his universal rose-leaf: he had no son to whom his honours could descend, so he was forced to make what he could of his only daughter Lucia, who succeeded to all his grand hereditaments, etc. Lucia married Thomas, Lord Wharton, and her son was Philip, Duke of Wharton, who will live for all time in Pope's damning indictment:

> Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
> Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
> Born with whate'er could win him from the wise,
> Women and fools must like him or he dies.

Philip, Duke of Wharton, was not the man to fancy a home in a retired corner of the world's big fair, such as Rathfarnham; he arrived in Ireland one Sunday, and sold all his property there before the week was out. The Bishop of Elphin, who writes this piece of news to his brother of Derry, adds: "I hear Lord Chetwynd gives him £85,000 English for Rathfarnham, General Wynne £16,000 for his Cavan estate, and Mr. Wesley (the father of Lord Mornington) £30,000 for his Meath estates, which is calculated at forty years' purchase one with another." So there was the end of Lucia's Irish fortune, for the money got by the sale soon was dissipated.

Rathfarnham did not long remain in the Chetwynd

family; Mr. Prendergast seems to say he never paid the purchase money, so it was resold this time to a reverend cleric, Dr. Hoadley, Archbishop of Dublin. He, like his predecessor in the See of Dublin, Adam Loftus, had only one daughter, who marrying Bellingham Boyle, he sold the Rathfarnham property to Nicholas, Earl of Ely, who was a Loftus by descent.

In the troubled days which succeeded the rising of 1798 Rathfarnham Castle was altogether abandoned to its fate. At one time it was a barrack for soldiers, at another a dairy, kept by Mr. Roper, who had a lease of the lands for grazing his cattle. These last were stabled in the fine banqueting hall, decorated by Angelica Kauffmann. From Mr. Roper the Castle passed into the keeping of the late Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, whose son makes it his residence. The entrance gates are very fine, although perhaps they raise expectations not quite realized by the house itself. The handsomest is the one which opens on the banks of the Dodder River, and is classical in style. The architect is not known. Cassels was at one period considered the designer; but dates, those stubborn witnesses to truth, disprove this assertion.

XVI.

FRESCATI, MARITIMO, DALKEY, ETC.

Blackrock.—Frescati.—Pamela.—Lord Edward FitzGerald.—Maritimo.—Lady Cloncurry.—Dalkey.—The King of Dalkey.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRESCATI, MARITIMO, DALKEY, ETC.

"NO town in the world has more beautiful surroundings than Dublin." I quote from a recent writer; and I think few will disagree with this opinion. On the south side we have a foreshore running from Dublin to Dalkey, where, I take it, suburban melts into country; and all along the line by road or rail there is the same continuous expanse of what D'Israeli calls the melancholy ocean—not melancholy, however, on a clear day, when the blue of the sky reflects itself in the blue of the sea, when in the distance we see the Hill of Howth, and farther away the little Islet of Innisfallen (Ireland's Eye). With a good glass, on such a day, it is easy to pick out the man on the Bailey Lighthouse, fully eleven miles across. Farther down this side of the coast is Kingstown, the Cowes of Ireland; its plaster villas glisten in the sunlight like the frosting of a bride cake, and its harbour looks like a loop of ribbon floating upon the water. Far away little white splashes can be made out on the purple-grey horizon: there are the fishing boats and yachts scudding along

under a good spread of canvas; they look from the distance like so many white swans dipping their pretty necks into the cool water. Yes, I do maintain (like the Vicar of Bray) that our Irish coast is our strong point.

The road from Dublin to Kingstown is one long line of suburban townships rejoicing in different names, all of them more or less submerged, so far as fashion goes, in the more important Kingstown and its dependencies, but formerly, before the jerry-builder craze set in, having an importance of their own. Such was Sandymount, the resort of the cockle girls, Merrion, a sleepy hollow, Booterstown, and Blackrock.

The Rock Road is one of the oldest in the country, dating back before St. Patrick landed on the shores of Ireland. In the fifteenth century it was called the Road to Bray, and it was by this road that the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles of earlier times made their "unwelcome" appearance in Dublin.

Blackrock came into existence somewhere in the beginning of the reign of George II., when we read of it as a fashionable resort. People of quality went there to stop at Conway's Tavern, which had a great reputation for its ball-room, seventy feet in length, the ceiling being highly ornamented. In the bathing season the Rock Road was crowded with every sort of vehicle, from the fine family coach to the humble noddy and cart, the great inducement being the facility of bathing on the soft and gently sloping strand.

At Blackrock there still remains traces of its former high estate in some charmingly designed houses which stand away from the high road in a pleasant lawn and shubbery.[1] One of these is "Frescati," which was built for Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, generally called the Prancer. He had a very vulgar wife, of whom he was heartily ashamed; and his

FRESCATI, BLACKROCK.

enemies, who were legion, made capital of this, and invented all manner of stories concerning the poor woman. The great attraction of Frescati, however, lies in its association with the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald and Pamela.[2] Here, after they came to Ireland, some months were spent. In a letter

[1] One of these was *Rockfield*, at one time the residence of the Viceroy, Lord Townshend.

[2] Lord Edward had married Pamela at Tournai in 1791. After the marriage they resided for two years at Hamburg, Lord Edward being a political agent.

to the Duchess of Leinster, dated May 6, 1793, the young husband writes:

"Wife and I come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room,[1] with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered, and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a greenhouse. Pamela has dressed four vases, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati give me, with your last dear letter to my wife before me. So you may judge how I love you. At this moment she is busy in her little American jacket planting sweet-peas and mignonette; her thimble and workbox, with the little one's caps, are on the table. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you.—Your EDWARD."

To us who know the tragic sequel of this love idyll the picture presented of the young wife in her American jacket is full of interest. The young pair did not stay long at Frescati. It was one of the features of their short married life never to have a permanent home. They were for ever moving restlessly here and there,

[1] The book-room in the illustration is marked A. It has a bay window opening on the lawn. It was Pamela and Lord Edward's favourite sitting-room.

according to the necessities of Lord Edward's complicated schemes. But all through the feverish episodes which succeeded one another, Pamela's love and confidence in her husband seem never to have failed. In Captain Jephson's Letters there is a pleasant account of this pretty creature paying Lord Charlemont a visit in his library at Charlemont House. "She is elegant and engaging in the highest degree," he says, "and showed the most judicious taste in her remarks upon the library and curiosities." She promised Lord Charlemont, with great good humour, to assist him in keeping her husband in order. She was dressed in a plain riding habit, and came to the door in a curricle. He adds, "The ladies of Dublin, I understand, mean to put her down."

They could hardly have accomplished this, for not even the sad circumstances in which she was placed dimmed her beauty, which, we gather from the accounts of those who knew her, was more of expression than beauty of feature. In Romney's portrait there is a slight suggestion of Emma Hamilton. Rogers, who saw her when she was a girl, describes her as lovely and quite radiant with beauty. Shortly before her marriage she was at Bath with Madame de Genlis, who went by the name of Madame de Sillery. Mademoiselle d'Orleans was also of the party. When the Master of the Ceremonies proposed putting Mademoiselle above Pamela, Madame de Genlis said, "Non, non, tous sont égaux!" Miss Holroyd, who tells this story, talks of Pamela's eyes as being very fine; but does not seem to

have been particularly impressed by her beauty. At Bath she made the conquest of Sheridan, who proposed for her, and was accepted, but went away, and no more was heard of his offer. She soon after married Lord Edward; and it would seem that they lived very happily together. After his death, however, her career became very disappointing. After a short interval, *only one year*, she married again—Mr. Pitcairn, the American Consul at Hamburg, whither she had returned, and it was said as a political agent. Her union with him was not happy; and after the birth of one child, a daughter, there was a divorce. Pamela reappeared in France, residing at Montauban, where she comported herself strangely, dressing up as a shepherdess and carrying a crook. In 1830 she came to Paris, hoping to renew relations with the royal family; but she was not accorded a warm welcome. She was in bad health, and died in 1831 at the Hôtel Danube, Rue de la Sauvière. She was found to be absolutely penniless, although she had £500 a year. Her funeral expenses were paid by the French royal family.

Not long ago a violent controversy was carried on in *Notes and Queries* as to who Pamela was, some curious theories being put forward. Many years before, the subject had been thoroughly sifted by Sir Bernard Burke, who had singular opportunities for knowing the truth, and seems to have been convinced that she was the daughter of Madame de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans. On the other hand, Mr. Alger, who in the course of preparing his notice

of Pamela for the "National Biography" went into the question very carefully, has arrived at a contrary conclusion, and considers she was the illegitimate daughter of Mr. Sims, of Fogo, Newfoundland. It must be said that Mr. Alger does not assert this quite so positively in the "National Biography" as he does in *Notes and Queries*. There is no doubt the family of Lord Edward did not wish that it should be thought Pamela was in any way connected with the Orleans family; and in this connection it should be noted that Mr. Alger received his conviction that Sims was the father of Pamela from *Mr. James FitzGerald*, of Fogo Island. If she were the daughter of Sims, it is hard to understand why she should have received a pension of six thousand francs from Égalité, and why her funeral expenses should have been paid by the royal family of France. Of her three children by the FitzGerald marriage, the son died unmarried; and of the two daughters, one was Lady Guy Campbell; the other married a clergyman with a living in Essex. Both ladies had an heredity of beauty and charm, which descended to Lady Campbell's daughters in a remarkable degree. Little more than a year ago, Helen Pitcairn, her child by the second marriage, died at the advanced age of ninety-six. She had survived her husband, an American, Hugh McQuordale, and apparently all her relations and friends. She bequeathed most of her fortune to charities, and constituted her maid her residuary legatee, by which means a number of relics of Lord

Edward FitzGerald, medallions and miniatures, have passed away from his descendants. From first to last Pamela's story is a strange sort of enigma.

Not far from Frescati, but nearer to Booterstown than Blackrock, is

MARITIMO,

the seat of Lord Cloncurry. It has the most lovely view that can be well imagined, and for those who love the sea is well-nigh enchanting. The house is unpretentious. It was here that the patriot Lord, after his release from imprisonment, resided. It is always difficult to understand why it was that Lord Edward FitzGerald, Lord Cloncurry, and the Duke of Leinster should have been the leaders of a popular rising against the English Government. They belonged to the party of ascendency, and would seem to have had no cause for complaint. And in this connection it is a singular fact, overlooked by most writers, that nearly all the rebellions against English rule have been led by Protestant leaders. Lord Cloncurry was somewhat of a feather-headed revolutionist, and did his party more harm than good.

Another and perhaps a pleasanter association with Maritimo is the late Lady Cloncurry, one of the most beautiful women of her day. She was a Miss Kirwan, of Castle Hackett, Galway; and was in every sense of the word a typical Irishwoman—warm-hearted, generous, a true friend, full of fun and repartee, and equally prone to sad retrospection and

tenderness. In her later years she retained all her verve and beauty, being as lovely in old age as she had been in the days when she was the toast of Galway. Her daughter, the Hon. Emily Lawless, has won great distinction as a writer of Irish fiction, her story of "Hurrish" ranking with the works of Miss Edgeworth and Carleton.

Dalkey.

"This is Dalkey," says Mr. Moore; and as I have given my readers some of this writer's drastic abuse of Dublin, I think it is only fair to give them his artistic conception of Dalkey, for Mr. Moore is a word-painter when he chooses. But to return. "This is Dalkey. From where I stand I look down upon the sea as on a cup of blue water; it lies two hundred feet below me like a great smooth mirror; it lies beneath the blue sky as calm, as mysteriously still, as an enchanted glass in which we may read the secrets of the future. How perfectly cuplike is the Bay! Blue mountains, blue embaying mountains, rise on every side; and amorously the sea rises up to the lip of the land. These mountains of the north, these Turner-like mountains, with their innumerable aspects, hazy perspectives lost in delicate grey, large and trenchant masses standing out brutally in the strength of the sun, are as the mailed arms of a knight leaning to a floating siren, whose flight he would detain, and of whom he asks still an hour of love. I hear the

liquid murmur of the sea; it sings to the shore as softly as a turtle-dove to its mate. I see white sails scattered over the grey backgrounds of the sky, and through the dissolving horizon other sails appear and disappear, lighter than the large wings of the sea-gull that floats and plunges, sometimes within a few feet of the cliff's edge; a moment after, there are a hundred feet between it and the sea. My thoughts turn involuntarily to the Bay of Naples, which I have never seen; but perfect though it be—Nature's fullest delight, above which no desire may soar—it cannot be more beautiful than the scene which now lies blue and translucid before me.

"I am two hundred feet above a sea striped with purple and violet; and above my head the rocks rise precipitously. From every side the mountains press with voluptuous arms the voluptuous sea; above my head the villas are perched like birds amid the rocks. There I see a bouquet of trees; here I see a green-sward, where the white dresses of the young girls playing tennis float this way and that. From villa to villa a white road winds, like a thread leading through the secrets of a labyrinth; sometimes it is lost in a rocky entanglement; sometimes it vanishes in the dark and long shadows of a pine wood; sometimes it is suspended, it is impossible to say how, out of the mountain-side; and higher still, spread out on the clear sky, and crowning the mountain-brow, is the imperial heather."

Mr. Moore is not given to exaggerating the

beauties of his own country; we may accept his word-painting as fact; and for the rest the comparison of the Bay of Dublin to that of Naples has often been made. The point where the resemblance is most striking is "Sorrento," a name suggested by the resemblance of the sister bays. A fine sea view

SIR FRANCIS BRADY'S COTTAGE, SORRENTO.

can be had from the residence of Sir Francis Brady, lying at the foot of Sorrento Hill, the hill being studded with pretty villas, which give a cheerful air to the locality.

Dalkey has its history and its antiquities. There are old castles mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters." Warner, the Irish historian, says the Danes,

from being pirates, became in 883 masters of the country, and, being animated by their great success, began to build castles and fortifications. They built these especially along the sea-shore, where attacks were most likely. Bullock Castle was one of these Danish defences, and is well worth a visit, having also a quadrangular tower of very ancient date, and its own harbour, whence in 1769 vessels left for England. Bullock had likewise Druidical remains. The rocking-stones used by this mysterious priesthood for the purpose of devotion were formerly to be seen; but these relics, as well as the old cromlech, were taken away when the hideous martello towers were set up to disfigure the country.

In the last century a curious convivial society or club was established in Dublin, which existed for a considerable time, until it became the parent of secret democratic societies in connection with the French revolutionists. Most of the wits and gay fellows of the middle and liberal class of society were members of it. Its president was styled, "King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, and Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, Defender of his own Faith and Respecter of all Others, and Sovereign of the Most Illustrious Order of the Lobster and Periwinkle." Proclamations in connection with this mimic kingdom were issued from "The Palace, Fownes' Street." The last and most popular King of Dalkey was a very respectable bookseller and pawn-

broker of Dublin—Stephen Armitage, who reigned under the title of

KING STEPHEN THE FIRST.

George has of wealth the dev'l and all,
Him we may King of Diamonds call;
But *thou* hast such persuasive arts,
We hail *thee* Stephen, King of Hearts.
—MOORE.

The members of this society met once a year on Dalkey Island to choose a King and State officers, the monarchy being elective. All the nobility of this little kingdom included at one time the *fine fleur* of Irish talent—wits, orators, musicians, and statesmen being amongst its subjects. The whole affair was an amusing burlesque in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's style. The last royal procession, levée, and coronation anniversary of the kingdom of Dalkey was held on August 20, 1797, on which occasion twenty thousand persons were present.

At this time what had been an amusing "travestie of royalty" had been turned into a dangerous political association. From 1792 a new order had been introduced called "the Druids." From every point of view this new development was objectionable. "The Druids' Head" in South George's Street was the meeting-place of the United Irishmen. For a long time this secret society escaped notice; but Major Sirr and his informers got on the track, and the Druids' tavern was one evening surrounded and searched; a number of pikes were found concealed, and a number

of arrests were made. So ended the kingdom of Dalkey.

Dalkey proper has been rather sat upon by her more flashy neighbour Bray. Bray, with its straggling common, its pretence of being fashionable, and its eternal and monotonous "Head," is to my mind vastly inferior to its more modest and simple rival. One whiff of the pure air of Dalkey is health-restoring and reviving. But, mind ye, my reader, I only decry Bray proper, not its ever-delightful surroundings. But these can be easily reached from Dalkey.

XVII.

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN CITY.

Dublin Society as it is.—Changes.—Social Entertainments.—Music.—Theatricals.—Leaders of Society, etc.

Photograph by Lafayette

LADY CADOGAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOCIETY IN DUBLIN CITY.

DUBLIN is decidedly social, the Irish being somewhat akin to the French in character, and possessing that *gaieté du cœur* which goes a long way towards making life pleasant. The hospitality of the little city is unbounded, and a stranger need not fear solitude; he is welcomed with a cordiality which is the essence of good breeding.

But although Dublin so far adheres to its old traditions, no one can deny it has been greatly shorn of its splendour since the days when it was a capital with a resident nobility. I have essayed to give my readers a sketch of what Dublin society was towards the end of the last century. It does not present, I am afraid, an edifying spectacle. Men and women alike seemed to have been possessed by a very demon of extravagance akin to madness. It was a lightning before death sort of business, for already could be heard the mutterings of the storm which was to involve the country in ruin. In fact, the passing of the Act of Union in 1801 only hastened by a few years the ruin of those of the Irish nobility and upper class who had pursued a long course of reckless extravagance. Their downfall was a

foregone conclusion. The end, however, did not follow immediately; the exodus from the capital was not final till after 1846, when the last chapter of the miserable history was written in the sale-books of the Encumbered Estates Court.

Lever, whose portraiture of his own countrymen is unrivalled, gives us a curiously lifelike account of Dublin society twenty years after the Union. His standpoint is taken very much from the same platform as that of Fisher Murray in the "The Viceroy." Lever's pen, however, is not dipped in such acrid ink; and although he does hold up the mirror to some of the patent defects of his own countrymen and women, he does it with good humour and good taste. In the passage here quoted the Irish novelist gives the impressions of an English Guardsman just attached to the Viceroy's staff. The scene is Dublin some thirty years after the Union:

"Everything attested a state of poverty—a lack of trade, a want of comfort and of cleanliness. . . . On we went, threading our way through a *bare-legged* population, bawling themselves hoarse with energetic desires for prosperity to Ireland. 'Yes,' thought I, as I looked upon the worn, dilapidated houses, the faded and bygone equipages, the tarnished finery of better days—'Yes, my father was right; these people are very different from their neighbours.'"

This difference was further accentuated when Jack Hinton (the Guardsman) began to get acquainted with the humours of Dublin Society. Here is the description of a dinner party at the Castle, evidently during the

Duke of Northumberland's viceroyalty (1830). I give it in its entirety, it is such a vivid picture of the day :

"Amid a shower of smart, caustic, and witty sayings, droll stories, retort, and repartee, the wine circulated freely from hand to hand, the presence of the Duke adding fresh impulse to the sallies of fun and merriment around him. Anecdotes of the Army, the Bench, and the Bar poured in unceasingly, accompanied by running commentaries of the hearers, who never let slip an opportunity for a jest or a rejoinder. To me the most singular feature of all this was, that no one seemed too old or too dignified, too high in station or too venerable from office, to join in this headlong current of conviviality ; austere Churchmen, erudite Chief Justices, profound politicians, Privy Councillors, military officers of high rank and standing, were here all mixed up together into one strange medley, apparently bent on throwing an air of ridicule over the graver business of life, and laughing alike at themselves and the world. Nothing was too grave for a jest, nothing too solemn for a sarcasm. All the soldier's experience of men and manners, all the lawyer's acuteness of perception and readiness of wit, all the politician's practised tact and habitual subtlety, were brought to bear upon the common topics of the day with such promptitude and such power that one knew not whether to be more struck by the mass of information they possessed, or by that strange fatality which could make men, so great and so gifted, satisfied to jest where they might be called on to judge."

Given certain exceptions, this description of society

more than sixty years ago might serve as an account of a Dublin dinner party of to-day; but not exactly as to the quality of the repartee, no such brilliant encounter of wits taking place nowadays as when Greek met Greek in the persons of Grattan, Flood, Burke, and Curran.[1] Nor do we "find that deep knowledge of the world and profound insight into the heart which often imparted to the careless and random speech the sharpness of the most cutting sarcasm." There still remains a certain give and take, a sparkle and occasionally a brilliant sally which would be sufficient, and more than sufficient, to make the fortune of a London "diner-out." Society in Dublin does include within its circle men exceptionally gifted, and who can, when so minded, set the table in a roar. Such a one was Father Healy, of Little Bray, who recently passed from amongst us. His wit was as keen in its edge as that of Curran, but it was tempered by kindness; he was never known to hurt any one's feelings—a rare instance of self-denial, for to the jester no one is sacred. Father James (for so he was known to his friends, and the familiar name comes more naturally) possessed likewise the admirable quality of never forcing the situation by leading up to a joke. Fun with him was spontaneous, bubbling over and irrepressible, as if from some fountain of merriment within, which never-

[1] I am here reminded of a certain lady of quality, resident in Dublin, whose principal, if not only, study was the Matrimonial Register. To her a friend one day lamented the decay of talent. Said she, "There are no men such as Grattan and Burke nowadays." "You surprise me," returned the lady of quality; "surely we have Lord G., and Sir B. B., and Mr. ——!" these gentlemen being three of the best matrimonial prizes, but not particularly distinguished for their mental qualities.

theless occasionally ran dry, if any "stuck-ups" were amongst the company. I remember his telling a story about one of the numerous under-secretaries who have tried their hand at concocting "soothing syrups" for Ireland's "congestion." This gentleman, who was as "stiff as starch," but an excellent fellow (there was always this amiable qualifying with Father James), expressed a strong desire to meet an Irish country priest; he felt sure he could get something out of him. "And so you shall," said Father James. "Come and dine off a leg of mutton with me at Little Bray, and you shall have as nice a specimen of a P.P. as you'd ask to see; but maybe you'd prefer a C.C.?" The Secretary looked a little puzzled. "Well, leave that to me," went on the other; "it will be all right."

To hear Father James describe that dinner was as good as a play. The Secretary arrived punctual at 6.30; he was tightly fitted into an irreproachable dress suit, his linen buckrammed like himself. Father James met him at the door, and his first word was, "Have you got me a C.C. or a P.P.?" "Oh, you can have your choice," returned his host, as he ushered his guest into the sitting-room, where twelve priests were awaiting the guest. The Secretary was taken aback. "He looked for all the world as if he had swallowed the poker and would never digest it." But after the first shock was over he came round. A stiff brew of whisky punch aided the process of digestion; the priests were excellent company; the encounter of wits was keen; the Secretary's starch fell away, and the last sight seen of him was going to the

station leaning affectionately on the arms of two stalwart P.P.'s, who guided his rather uncertain steps. "But," said Father James with a sly wink, "I'm thinking he didn't get *that something* out of them."

The last time I met my old friend I noted a change; the sparkle in his eyes was dim, and his laugh had not the hearty sound of yore. He spoke sadly of many friends dead or gone away, and of some tragic events that had happened in the families of those we knew well. His sadness pained me—for sadness sits badly upon the light-hearted, and Father James had never been a melancholy Jacques. But those who were with him at the end of all things said that there was no sadness in his death; such childlike, simple natures as Father James's know they are going home.

The mention of Father James recalls his friend Dr. Nedley, another Dublin humourist, a true jester with a kindly nature. Dr. Nedley's reputation was made by a ballad written in the style of a street ballad, which told the story of a certain excellent lady living in Dublin, who could not restrain the zeal which consumed her to possess herself of the souls and bodies of Catholic children, whom she would buy from their parents, or, failing this, kidnap and carry off to an institution appropriately called "The Birds' Nest." The uproar and turmoil caused by this high-handed proceeding (which was condemned by most of the good lady's co-religionists) are humorously set forth in Dr. Nedley's ballad, which drew the attention of the authorities to what was going on, and a final stopper was put to overmuch zeal.

Dr. Nedley formed one of the pleasant company who for many years were wont to assemble at the country residence of Judge Fitzgibbon, to have what is called a "high time" during a week given up to fun and frolic. Lord Randolph Churchill was one of the merry revellers most constant to the annual tryst; another member was Lord Ashbourne (now Chancellor of Ireland), a man of great ability, and withal as fond of frolic as a schoolboy. Lord Ashbourne rejoices in a truly Celtic brogue nearly as long as that of Lord Morris,[1] to whom is due the thanks of a grateful country for having raised the status of the brogue and caused it to be pleasant to English ears.[2]

[1] One of Father James's good sayings was in connection with Lord Morris's brogue. The story is, I am afraid, rather stale, but it may be new to some. It was at a wedding, and the usual throwing of the slipper at the bride was to take place; but when the moment came, alas! no slipper was forthcoming. "Ah! never mind," cried Father Healy, "there's Morris, he'll throw his brogue after them."

[2] It is not the accent alone that calls down upon us unfortunate Islanders the ridicule of our English friends; it is what they designate our very Irish "turn of expression," which hurts their more delicate perceptions. All the world knows that we are "chartered libertines" as regards "shall" and "will." Our demoralisation does not cease here. We sin in a hundred ways unconsciously. We have an extraordinary manner of using the conditional tense—as, for instance, "You might open the window," "You might let me hear from you"; and again there is the quicksand of "bring" and "take," these important verbs being made use of in an upside-down fashion terribly trying to English ears. I do not know if my readers ever heard of the Irish gentleman who went into a restaurant in London to eat his luncheon. He had some excellent cold beef, but the mustard was out of his reach, so he jogged the elbow of his next neighbour, a law-abiding Englishman, and said he, "I'll take the mustherd from you." "What do you mean, sir?" replied his neighbour, eyeing him coldly. "I'll take the mustherd from you," repeated the Irishman. "You'll do nothing of the sort, sir!" returned the other; "*we* don't allow ourselves to be hectored in that manner; but if you really want the mustard, I'll hand it to you with pleasure." "And shure that's all I'm wantin'," returned Paddy.

And here I hope I shall be pardoned if I make a little digression to say a few words as to the national accent. I am not a student of philology; I do not understand the cause why the brogue exists; I am only conscious of its existence in different forms. I believe there are as many "brogues" as there are provinces in Ireland. There is the grand Milesian, rolling, sonorous, splendid for oratorical purpose, as all who have heard the late Father Tom Burke will testify. Who can forget his voice? It sounds in my ears as I write—most musical, most metrical. Next in order comes the Galway brogue, without the rhythm or roll of the Southern—harder, more assertive; occasionally we detect a touch of vulgarity, the vowel *o* being transformed into *a*. Thus a Galway squireen[1] invariably talks of his "h*a*rse." The Kerry accent is singularly soft; there is a reflex of sadness in it; involuntarily you think of the long-faded glories. But when you come to blustering Cork, oh! then you have the twin brothers of our old friend Dr. Tanner to the right and left of you. And here I am reminded of the Cove of Cork people, who have a sympathising, sleuthering,[2] flattering way with them, caught from perpetually kissing the blarney stone. The Roscommon accent is not suggestive of *culture*, while the Leitrim brogue is too civil to inspire much confidence. The Northern accent, with its curious pronunciation of *tew* for *two*, is cunning and businesslike. The Dublin

[1] "A squireen" means a man with a small property, but not one of the gentlemen of the county.

[2] "Sleuthering," a word foreign to English ears, is an expressive phrase for *insincere compliments*.

brogue is perhaps the most objectionable, for the reason that it is not a genuine brogue: there is an evident effort to try and talk in a higher and more English key, an effort which is never very successful. Brogue, or no brogue, matters little when the speaker is a pretty Irish girl; then the dreadful Irish accent comes softened from her rosy lips, and even the objectionable "shure" is condoned. But what does a man in love not condone?

The two most prominent factors in Dublin Society are "the Castle" and the Military. Of late years the Castle season has been considerably shortened, beginning towards the middle or sometimes the end of January, and finishing on March 17, hardly six weeks. During this period private entertainments are seldom given, unless by such a leader of society as Lady Iveagh, whose fine mansion in Stephen's Green is generally full of English visitors. The night of the first levée, however, is generally seized upon for a private ball, which is sure to be good, as Dublin is full of country people, who come up once a year to do honour to the Queen's representative. Then there are balls at the Royal Hospital. I am told the military do not give so many entertainments as in the days when I knew Dublin, but at that time no regiment thought of quitting the town without a farewell in the shape of a ball. I have an old paper of 1874 lying before me now, with an account of a famous ball given by the Guards in the concert-room of the Exhibition Palace, which, as it held a thousand persons, was well suited to an entertainment of the sort. Here the Dublin world saw the

two belles of London society—"Spenser's Faerie Queene" and the Duchess of Manchester[1] in all the pride of her splendid beauty.

Other remarkable fancy balls given in Dublin

Photograph by Lafayette.

LADY IVEAGH.

between 1870 and 1881 were those of the Duke of Abercorn and Lady Iveagh, then Mrs. Guinness. The first named was held in St. Patrick's Hall, which lent to the scene an added charm. The European quadrille was more like one of Ben Jonson's masques. Mrs.

[1] Now the Duchess of Devonshire.

Adair formed the principal attraction; she appeared as Africa, and carried the key of the Isthmus of Suez. I subjoin the account of Mrs. Guinness's ball, taken from the *Whitehall Review* of 1881. It will have an interest for many readers who since then have passed from joyous girlhood to sober middle age:

"I come now to the last fancy ball of the series. It is not many days old, and it is a curious coincidence that, as the first masquerade ever given in Dublin was on June 6, 1781, this last creation of Fashion's brain has for date February 10, 1881—a centenary, in fact, short of three months and three days. Mrs. Guinness's ball has been for three weeks the one, the universal, the absorbing, the all-important topic. It has murdered sleep for many an aspirant to fashion, for not to be invited was social damnation. As the day drew near the excitement increased. Stories filtered through the clubs of great names rejected; the flying column of Irish aristocracy, who at this season wing their flight through Dublin to the brighter spheres of London society, were amazed to find that the mere announcement of their names at Maple's or Morison's was not sufficient to ensure a card; but Mrs. Guinness can command her company and does not need such reinforcements. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cowper honoured the ball by their presence, and paid their hosts the additional compliment of appearing in costume, his Excellency as a Venetian nobleman, his Countess as a Venetian lady; two most picturesque figures, accurate in detail, and suiting Lady Cowper's dark beauty—altogether, a happy choice. At the

moment of their arrival the scene is most brilliant—lights burning softly, music discoursing, tropical plants in profusion, a sort of Eastern magnificence over all. The large staircase is full of a motley crowd—matadors, Chinese mandarins, cavaliers, and Incroyables mingling with fairies, gipsies, powdered dames, and pretty peasants. The corridors also are full; here and there a startling figure stands out, notably a magnificent Kurd chieftain with turban and wild eyes, a splendid figure, the effect increased by knowing he is a real hero, Major McCalmont; in a corner a very handsome Leicester in white satin doublet (Hon. Captain Denison) is talking to Mother Hubbard (Lady Drogheda), an excellent figure. So also is Lord Granard, the descendant of the Sixpenny Doll;[1] the beautiful Mrs. Dalrymple is *poudrée*. A most quaint figure, charming in its way, is the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Fitzpatrick[2] in a Directoire coat of brown satin with extra long tails, and a startlingly short petticoat, beneath which the dainty feet and ankles show plainly (no 'creeping out' here). This costume is completed by a small bag wig and a long cane. Among such a gathering of fair women and strong men it is hard to particularise; but, as I write, *one face* rises before me with its charming expression—ever changing, but always delightful; Mrs. Cornwallis West has the rare gift of fascination, and she was at her very best on Thursday night. Her sister, Mrs. Brooke, is also a pretty little

[1] The *Sixpenny Doll* was a character assumed by Lord Granard's ancestor at one of "the Fishamble Street ridottos."

[2] Now Lady Castletown.

figure; her dress had the same startling qualities as Mrs. Fitzpatrick's, but she was very attractive, and bids fair to be a Beauty on a smaller scale. Dublin's favourite, the popular Miss Alma Barton,[1] was a faithful copy of Miss Terry, as Olivia; but it is generally thought by her admirers that she never looks so well as when she is herself. Lady Tavistock made a courtly representative of sacque and powder; the Ladies Bourke most charming replicas of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'White Muslin Misses'; Lady Constance Leslie, the most picturesque of Gainsboroughs, just off the walls of the National Gallery, a most delightful figure. So also was Lord William Compton, a Venetian in red silk and cap of the same, with superb diamond aigrette—a striking get up. There was a Chinese mandarin, with the long sleepy eyes and lazy dignity of the native; a Burmese (Colonel Corton), very good; an excellent Dirk Hatteraick; a splendid Lohengrin; a first-rate Incroyable (Captain King, A.D.C.); two Portias; and a crowd of others, all good in their way, especially two or three old-fashioned dresses of the time 'when George the Third was king,' which were well carried out. I have left our host and hostess to the last. Mrs. Guinness, in a white sacque embroidered in gold, and a powdered head, looked the Châtelaine to perfection. With a 'king's ransom' in diamonds and lace, she was a picture. Mr. Guinness wore his violet velvet cloak with infinite grace. And now I take leave of this most unique of entertainments. It will long dwell in the memory of those who saw it,

[1] Now Mrs. Brooke, of Somerton.

with its wealth of flowers, its perfect arrangements, its picturesque effects, and its lovely women."

But to return to the Dublin of to-day. Dinners are much in vogue during the season, especially by officials and legal functionaries ; while those who cannot afford to give them do so on the same scale as those richer than they are. Assuredly nothing can be better done, a certain elegance giving an air of distinction, especially where small dinners are in question. And before I leave the subject of cookery, I would, with all due respect, venture to affirm that the confectionery in Dublin is far more toothsome than in the greater Babylon ; in fact, with the exception of Buszard and Gunter, it is hard to find an eatable cake in London ; there is a stoggy, bad buttery flavour, which makes them uneatable, or, if eaten, indigestible. Even the great Gunter pales his ineffectual fire, or stove, before the productions of Mitchell of Grafton Street. I refer this point to every one who is "from bias free and prejudice" ; but my belief is that the superiority is greatly due to the excellence of the Irish butter.

In Dublin "afternoons" have always been a favourite form of entertainment, being much gayer and more informal than the London "at homes." I read not long ago in some magazine (*Colburn* or *Bentley*) a high tribute paid to the social qualities of a certain hostess residing in Fitzwilliam Street. It is pleasant to add that, although the article in question bears date full five-and-twenty years ago or more, Mrs. Bramston Smith continues her receptions, which are crowded as

heretofore, especially on Levée Day. Music is a noted feature of afternoon parties. Passing through one of the fashionable squares during the season, we note a block of carriages and cabs ; and from the open windows come the strains of some popular duet or chorus. The Dublin amateur is somewhat ambitious, and has a certain standpoint of excellence. The voices as a rule are tuneful and pleasing, and show considerable cultivation. Tenors "robust" and "delicate" abound ; and instrumentalists, although more rare, are of very fair quality.

It seems, however, that the Dublin amateurs of to-day lack somewhat the go and spirit which distinguished their predecessors. It may be that the newer excitements of lawn tennis, golf, and cycling have put music for the moment in the background. From whatever cause, the old musical traditions are undoubtedly not kept up. There are many still living who can remember a certain quartette of musicians who at one time were the pride and glory of Dublin society—Mrs. Hercules Macdonell, Mrs. Edward Geale, Mr. Macdonell, and Mr. Stanford (father to the well-known composer Dr. Villiers Stanford). Of these Mrs. Edward Geale is the sole survivor. This lady (the José of Puckler Muskau's Memoirs) was niece to Lady Morgan, and was possessed of a voice of singular quality, having a tenor register. She had studied under Rubini, had sung with Pasta, and Moore had taught her how to make his melodies touch the hearts of all listeners. Her house in Leeson Street was the resort of the best musical talent, amateur and professional ; and here at

one time operatic recitals were given of *Trovatore* and *Puritani*, the histrionic element being supplied by marionettes, cleverly worked by amateurs also.

I should say this was perhaps the golden age of music in Dublin. More than a generation later a bolder flight of audacity was the production in 1881 of Gilbert and Sullivan's bright operetta *Pinafore* at Dublin Castle, the *raison d'être* being to raise funds in help of the Duchess of Marlborough's relief fund for the distressed Irish. On the whole the undertaking was very creditable to all engaged in it. The sisters, cousins, and aunts were recruited from the prettiest girls, and the scene in the historic St. Patrick's Hall was one to remember.[1] The writer has in her possession a letter conveying a most complimentary message from the Duke of Edinburgh, who was amongst the audience.

As a matter of fact the standard of excellence, both musically and theatrically, is much higher than it was sixteen or seventeen years ago, with the result that the line between amateurs and professionals is by no means so distinctly marked. A couple of years since I witnessed a performance at the Queen's Theatre in Dublin which was quite up to the professional mark. The clever lady who filled the title rôle was Mrs. Claude Cane, of St. Wolstans.

Although the Castle season practically ends with St. Patrick's Ball, there is plenty of gaiety going on in Dublin until May. There are the bazaars, of late a

[1] One of the characters was played by that typical Irishman Mr. Robert Martin, of Ross, better known as "Ballyhooly."

feature in society. They are well organized; some lady of position takes the lead, and under her work a band of ardent assistants, women and *men*. The introduction of the masculine element is a new feature, which probably is at the root of the new success. It matters little. Charity, like love, should be blind. Flower shows, which used to delight one's heart in days of old, are voted slow; and I noticed a slackness as to the once absorbing lawn tennis tournament. But the races—oh, there was no slackness there! It is a sight of sights to see Dubliners go a-racing. No one should miss it. If you, my reader, have not witnessed the sight, come now and stand with me in spirit at the corner of Stephen's Green, and watch the string of outside cars as they tear along Harcourt Street: sober English officers, young men about town, grave officials, lawyers from the Courts, solicitors, bank clerks, pretty girls looking knowing in their covert coats, frisky matrons, husbands out for the day—all off for a day's pleasuring, all overflowing with fun and good spirits. The very spirit of frivolity is abroad. You can hear the ripples of laughter from the dark-eyed girls on one side of that smart little outside car belonging to Major O'Grady. Every one knows everybody, and those on the cars chaff those on the pavement. Here is a cloud of dust; outriders, open carriage and four, followed by carriages and pairs, a general lifting of hats, and a very genuine cheer for the popular Viceroy and his popular consort. They too have cast aside the affairs of State, and are off to Leopardstown.

The real carnival of the year is the Horse Show. Then Dublin may be said to run riot. The Shelbourne is not only full, but has to take lodgings for its *clientèle* in the vicinity. So with the other hotels. The whole place is as full as a beehive. The county of Galway has transported itself bodily. Oh, it is a grand sight entirely! The road to Ball's Bridge is one line of equipages of all descriptions. It must, however, be confessed that the entrance to the Horse Show is not imposing; it has an unfinished look. But once inside! I shall not hazard a description. Not even the pen of Whyte Melville—who knew his *métier*?—could attempt to describe the Irish festival: the tiers upon tiers of spectators, the radiance of Irish beauty that almost blinds the unwary Saxon who in broad daylight looks upon those houris as they sit arrayed like the lilies of the field in all their loveliness; for here we have a galaxy of beauty from every part of the country. How charming to hear their little screams when some horse balks at a high jump or comes splash into the water; or their delight with the Galway horses, as they set their dear little hoofs upon the top of the stone wall (just as a kitten would do) before they jump! At the finale there is the exciting scene of the coaches and teams driving round the arena, the drivers receiving from the Viceroy a whip as each passes. I confess this portion of the show always reminds me of Barnum's Circus. I hope I shall be pardoned for saying so.

For those even who do not go to the show Dublin is very pleasant during the Horse Show week. One is

sure to meet every Tom, Jack, and Harry you ever knew. And then the lots of pretty women to be seen in every direction! Grafton Street is full of these beauties doing their shopping in the early morning, looking so fresh and so sunny, chirruping so brightly to one another, and withal with a certain air of business.

And here I must pause to dilate upon the charms of my countrywomen, especially in extreme youth—colleens, as they call them in the soft language of the South[1]—fresh as morning dew, with those liquid eyes whose colour is all uncertain, so shaded is the grey blue of the pupil by the

[1] Some years ago a poem was handed about privately, describing the Irish beauties of the day (1868). A copy is here reproduced, as it may amuse many who can remember so long ago; it was called—

MY PERPLEXITY.

Oh dear! it's very perplexing
The cause of my troubles to tell;
I'll own it's terribly vexing,
And very bewitching as well.

I've so many fair ones about me,
I know not on which to decide;
Some might love and some others might doubt me,
Should I venture to speak of a bride.

To begin, there's Diana Golightly,
With a fortune of silver and gold;
'Tis true she's so kind and so sprightly,
But, between us, a little too old.

Then fair Ada Ribton's[1] a beauty,
She's charmed every gent. she has met;
But I fear I should fail in my duty,
If I wedded an arrant coquette.

And now of sweet Adela[2] so graceful and tall,
Whose joys are at home, not in banquet or ball;
She is like a young fawn seeking its rest—
Oh that she'd take refuge on my faithful breast!

Etc., etc.

[1] Sir George Ribton's daughter. [2] Miss Vance, now Lady Keane.

long black lashes which lie upon the soft velvet cheek. And then the expression!—so changing you can hardly catch the sweetness before it turns to mischievous roguish fun, and then again to sadness; and now it is knowing, and sometimes assertive, with a little nod of the shapely head. Yes, the great charm of the Irish face is the mobile expression. And if you wish to see a good example of this varying charm, you will find it in Mrs. Bram-Stoker, the wife of the acting manager of the Lyceum. Hers is a perfect example of an Irish face. So too was, in days of yore, Mrs. Cornwallis West. And, curiously enough, Mrs. Langtry (although I believe she has no Irish blood) has a certain measure of this indefinable, not easily caught, but altogether charming expression. The record of Irish beauty is a very long one, extending as it does from the days when Eva McMorrogh, the Irish King's daughter, fascinated Strongbow. Since then the same story has been repeated over and over again; it is in fact matter of history, and the charm of Irish beauty is as potent now as then.

The portrait presented on the opposite page as a type of Irish beauty is of the Countess of Annesley, who as Miss Armitage Moore won all hearts, not alone by her beauty, but by her simplicity and unconsciousness of her own charms.

On page 415 we have a charming blonde, Lady Mayo, who, for all she looks so girlish, is the President of the School of Art Needlework in Dublin—needlework having for her, as she tells us, simply "a special

attraction." It is fortunate for the workers that it is so; for under the new President's fostering care the school of needlework established by Lady Cowper in 1882, and which had sunk almost into decay, has now

Photograph by Lafayette

THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

become a most flourishing institution. "Any work that can be done by the needle," says Lady Mayo, "we undertake to do, and in the best manner; and being in correspondence with the best designers of the day, we can copy or originate according to the wish of the purchaser." It is to be hoped sufficient support will be given to

this excellent work. That Ireland should be in every way encouraged to help herself is the first and most important step towards her taking, as she should do, a first place amongst cultured nations.

The mention of needlework brings me naturally to the question of dress. Irishwomen as a rule dress well, especially in the evening. The morning get-up is perhaps a little overpowering, lacking the trimness of the Englishwoman. The golden rule should always be remembered, "Let no one be sure what *you have on*, but simply recognise that you are well dressed."

Mr. George Moore, in his remarks on Dublin, tells us of a Mrs. Rusville, a fashionable dressmaker, who cheered her clients' spirits with gin-and-water, which did not taste like gin because it was drunk out of a coloured glass! I conclude Rusville is a thin veil for Rus*sell*, once an oracle of fashion, but certainly not a supplier of gin. Mrs. Russell exercised a power over her clients, using occasionally rather strong language, as when she told a gentleman who objected to pay an exorbitant bill sent to his wife, "Is this my thanks for dressing up your dirty little drab of a wife?" I remember a lady relating how, on her first presentation, she was taken to Mrs. Russell that she might judge how she looked, before she went through the Court ordeal. The oracle ordered her up on a chair, where she kept her standing for an hour, while she had roses sewn all over the train as if they had dropped there. What with fatigue and nervousness the poor girl began to cry.

Mrs. Manning, the mother of the present Dublin

Mantilini, was in her way a character, but far more pleasant to deal with than Mrs. Russell.

The most popular of modistes was the late Mrs.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.

Sims, who had an inborn touch of genius, and a cut which could make a large waist look small. Better than these qualities was her unbounded charity, which was evidenced by the grief of the poor when she died. She possessed a certain simplicity of character

which made for her friends even in the most exalted station. She was fond of telling her experiences of high life. On one occasion, when she had been summoned to Marlborough House to fit Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, she was left for some time waiting. Her nervousness was naturally great, when presently a young man came in. He spoke to her, and she answered, supposing he was some one in attendance. When the Princess at length appeared, they were chatting pleasantly. "Ah," said she, "Mrs. Sims, do you know my brother?" Then, seeing the poor woman's confusion, she added, laughing, "Mrs. Sims, the King of Greece. The King of Greece, Mrs. Sims." Another story concerning the Princess's sweetness was the introduction of the Princesses. "Mrs. Sims, my daughters: No. 1—No. 2—No. 3." "Ah!" said poor Mrs. Sims, relating the above, "and when I think of the hauteur of some of my ladies!"

There is little more to say of Dublin society, over which a complete change has passed since the days when Lever wrote his admirable sketches of his countrymen and countrywomen.

All changes eliminate something we fain would keep, and one cannot help regretting that many national characteristics have passed altogether from us. No longer have we the Irish servant (unless on the stage, when Mr. Shine presents him). Yet Corney Delany, with his "Turks and haythins," was no exaggeration. These Caleb Balderstones imparted a flavour to Irish households, which since the introduction of the parlour

maid is lost.[1] Gone too is much of the fun and spirit of the "jarvey" driver; you can hardly raise a laugh out of one nowadays. We must all rejoice at the elimination of the garrison hack, that odious person who was handed on from one regiment to another, and rejoiced in the generic name of "Jack."

Mrs. Paul Rooney, the wife of the wealthy solicitor Paul Rooney, is with us still, "in her sumptuous house, resplendent with jewellery, full of low ambitions, of vulgar tastes and contemptible rivalries." But such as she is not a stranger on the boards of London society. It is of her, and such as her, that the Saxon warrior is wont to carry back those delightful stories with which he regales his "sisters, cousins, and aunts." The late Colonel Crealock, C.B., was a great collector of such *bonne bouches*, many of which were of his own making. As, for instance, the lady who at an after-

[1] I think it is Thackeray who tells the story of the waiter at some country hotel who was in the habit of kicking a piece of the carpet (which had never been nailed down since it had lost its original nail) with his foot into its place, as he carried in a large breakfast or dinner tray. When remonstrated with as to the danger of upsetting himself and his overloaded tray, Pat replied, "Och! shure I haven't the time to be drivin' nails." On this two good-natured young fellows told him they would settle it, and accordingly got a hammer and nails and reduced the carpet to permanent submission. They looked for Pat's appearance with great pleasure. What was their surprise to see him give the usual kick, with the result that, having nothing to meet the uplifted foot, the hapless waiter fell prone on the carpet, the dinner and dishes being scattered in every direction. The smash of crockery brought the landlord, to find Pat cursing soundly. "By the holy Jagers, I'm kilt! Oh, bad cess to thim nails, the dirty spalpeens, to play me such a trick! Och!" turning on his friends, "what business had ye at all, at all, wid me and me trays? Oh, go long wid ye for a dirty pair of blackguards!" To the end of his days he was persuaded the nails were in fault; for as he sapiently remarked, "Shure, when the carpet was nailed down, what threw me but the nails in it?"

noon party persisted in keeping on a well-made seal-skin jacket, fitting like a glove. Distressed at the state of Turkish bath to which the poor thing was reduced, Colonel Crealock laid a bold hand upon the coat, when with a shrill scream the wearer cried, "Oh, Kurnel, shure you wouldn't have me sit in me skin?" This was at all events *ben trovato.*

One salient feature still remains: the Irish have always had a marked turn for giving sobriquets or nicknames. They hit the nail on the head, so to speak, and are sometimes most happy in fitting their victims with never-forgotten sobriquets. I have just heard one which would merit a prize, if such were given, for *ill nature.* I am not going to repeat it here. But the following are a few harmless nicknames (especially as they do not touch the living), which will give an idea of the talent for sarcasm which is inherent in Irish men and women. On one occasion a large musical party took place at the house of the late Sir William Hort. The music was exceptionally good, while the company generally enjoyed aristocratic prefixes. This suggested to the wits of Kildare Street Club the *bon mot* "Handel" Festival. Again, a lady who had married three times, was called the Woman of Samaria; and an elderly spinster rejoicing in the name of Ball, Golden Ball. A certain colonel was left by a deceased father the charge of a sister already advanced in years and size; so the lady was dubbed "The Thumping Legacy." Another very refined and elderly lady, given to fainting, and whose name was Anna, was christened *Die*anna; two

sisters of advanced rapidity, Palpitating Poll and "The Plunger"; and an old gentleman who suffered from tender feet, "Bunions."

I will now conclude this slight sketch of Dublin society with a hope that better days are coming for the bright little city and the dwellers therein. There is every reason to think that a future is in store for Ireland. Helping hands are stretched out on all sides, and kindly efforts are being made to enlarge the resources of the country and educate the people. The prejudices which were so widespread are diminishing, and that air of superiority which was at times very galling in our Saxon visitors is not now so offensively apparent.

If only our English brethren would be "to our faults and our follies kind," if they would shut their eyes and their ears to our occasional deviations from their higher standard, and would not treat our trifling and oftentimes accidental blemishes in manner and speech as national characteristics, and dismiss them with the cutting words, "Quite Irish," or "So very Irish"! These words, as Lever remarks, are indiscriminately applied to an Irish Lord, an Irish Member, an Irish estate, and an Irish diamond. It may be added that they apply to this book, as it has been compiled by an Irishwoman, illustrated by an Irishwoman, and dedicated to one of Ireland's kindest friends.

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